

SCENERY IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS
AND OTHER STUDIES

Scenery in Shakespeare's Plays and Other Studies

By DAVID WATSON RANNIE

Late of Oriel College, Oxford

With a *Memoir* by his Wife
and an appreciation by the
Rev. Duncan Macgregor, D.D.

*Si requiris cunctas partes quales sint propriae viri
boni, ne una quidem illi deficit.*

BASIL BLACKWELL
OXFORD

First published, November 1926
Reprinted, and a short Memoir of Lionel
Helbert added, October 1931

CONTENTS

	PAGE
DAVID WATSON RANNIE : AN APPRECIATION	I
MEMOIR	19
SCENERY IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS	127
CROMWELL'S MAJOR-GENERALS. AN EXPERI- MENT IN GOVERNMENT	179
THE SECRETS OF PROSE STYLE	233
PURITY	253
ELIZABETH ELSTOB (1683—1756). A PIONEER OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN	265
MRS. RADCLIFFE'S LANDSCAPE	285
SIR WALTER SCOTT	299
KEATS'S EPITHETS	317
DR. JOHN BROWN (AUTHOR OF RAB AND HIS FRIENDS)	339
EPILOGUE. LETTERS AND APPRECIATIONS	361
MEMOIR OF LIONEL HELBERT	375

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
PORTRAIT. DAVID RANNIE, IN GARDEN	I
CONHEATH PARK (DUMFRIES-SHIRE)	20
IN THE PARK, CONHEATH, WITH VIEW OF CRIFFEL	36
THE WALLED GARDEN, CONHEATH	43
MISS SUSAN CHRISTINA WATSON	48
ST. GILES'S, OXFORD	53
MOTHER AND SON	60
CHAPEL AND SCREEN, WEST HAYES	67
WEST HAYES, WINCHESTER—THE STUDY WINDOW	69
THE ENTRANCE HALL	71
MUSIC ROOM	73
DRAWING ROOM	75
THE ELIZABETHAN WALK	91
SWEETHEART ABBEY AND CRIFFEL	122

PREFACE

IT was the wish of my husband, David Rannie, that the last task of literary work that he undertook, namely, "Scenery in Shakespeare's Plays," should be published for the use of students and others. The late Professor W. P. Ker had had some correspondence with my husband with a view to publishing it in "Essays and Studies," the organ of the English Association, in which the paper on Keats's Epithets had already appeared. Before the arrangements were completed, however, Professor Ker had left for Switzerland where, as we all know, he died unexpectedly.

My son and I, and many of his friends, feel a strong desire to carry out his wish of publishing his last literary work, with other Papers, and many have asked that a memoir should appear in the same volume. Many of his books are well-known, and the present volume contains work, for the most part, hitherto unpublished.

We have asked my husband's friend and cousin, Dr. Macgregor, to write of his early life before I knew him, and of his literary work. This he has done with much truth and perception, and I add to this appreciation a Memoir written out of the intimate knowledge of his character, as known to me, his wife, with some pages by his son concerning their last years of companionship together.

This memoir has been written at the wish of his friends and for their sakes. I hope that the wider circle of the public who may care to read his studies in History and Literature, may forgive the simple method I have employed. I have only written of

PREFACE

events and of friends who helped him, just as these events happened and as these friends affected him. He died quite suddenly when we believed that he had years of useful life before him, leaving us the legacy of his goodness, and the trust of his unpublished work.

THERESA M. RANNIE.

WEST HAYES,
WINCHESTER.

NOTE

I WISH to express, with gratitude, my indebtedness to the Rev. Dr. Macgregor, Professor Montague, and Miss May Ansty, who have helped me in editing my husband's papers, and also to thank Messrs. Longmans and Green for their courtesy in allowing me to republish "Cromwell's Major-Generals" from the English Historical Review, and to the English Association for permission to re-publish "Keats's Epithets" from "Essays and Studies."

THERESA M. RANNIE.

WEST HAYES,
WINCHESTER.

CORRIGENDUM

Page 63, line 33. For “fifteen years” read “two years.”

DAVID WATSON RANNIE: AN APPRECIATION

By DUNCAN MACGREGOR, D.D.

DAVID WATSON RANNIE was born at Newton, in the Carse of Gowrie, in Perthshire, on the 19th November, 1857, the only child of John Rannie and Mary Anne Watson. His father, John Rannie, was a man of refined taste and accomplishment, fond of country life, much respected and a general favourite. He was the only son of Robert Walker Rannie, who lived for over twenty years at Inchyra House, Carse of Gowrie. He was a man of firm will and strong personality and played a part in Perthshire county affairs for half-a-century. Mary was the elder daughter of the Rev. David Watson, minister of Leuchars in Fife, who had married Susan Ranken, second daughter of Captain Ranken, of Barnsmuir, near Crail. Susan was, by general consent, the most beautiful of three sisters famous in their day in that district; her elder sister, Christian, was that early love of Dr. Chalmers to whom pathetic reference is made in one of the last chapters of the great churchman's Life.

The child born that November day was destined to inherit the ability, good looks, and gentleness of temper of both parents. He lost, however, both parents very early. His mother died six days after his birth, his father before he was eight years old; and the boy was brought up by the devoted care of his aunt, Miss Rannie, a woman of an almost masculine shrewdness and strength of character, and of deep affection. He required all her care. School was

but he was educated by competent tutors, and at sixteen, in October 1873, he entered the University of Edinburgh. The winter climate of Edinburgh proved too rigorous. Early in 1875 severe attacks of bronchial asthma cut short his studies. By wintering abroad, however, his health was restored. An estate, Conheath in Dumfries-shire, had been purchased for him by his Trustees in accordance with his father's will when he was eighteen years of age. Conheath, with its finely timbered park, substantial house, its farms, woods, and open meadows, its grouse moor and its half-mile of salmon fishing, is a most attractive property, over-shadowed as it is by the panorama of the mountain Criffel, the Galloway hills, and in view of the wide stretches of the tidal Nith. In these beautiful and romantic surroundings he steadily pursued his congenial literary and historical studies, varying the pleasant country life with periods of residence in London, and usually the Riviera in spring. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. In 1889 he was able to go up to Oriel College, Oxford, for a belated but successful and remarkably happy University course. There he took both the Stanhope prize for an essay on Defoe, and the Chancellor's medal for an English Essay, and finished with a first-class in History. In 1893 he married Theresa, daughter of the Rev. Melville Lee, Rector of Bridport, Dorsetshire, and sister of Viscount Lee of Fareham. The marriage was one of deep affection and of true companionship. There followed some years of lecturing and tutorial work at Oxford, where his home was the picturesque old house in St. Giles's known at the Judge's Lodgings. Later, Rannie sold his property in Dumfries-shire and removed to Winchester, purchasing and enlarging a house high up on the borders of the Down towards Romsey, which he converted later into a small Preparatory School on somewhat original lines. Apart from the general direction, his own share in

the school lay chiefly in imbuing the boys, with a success which was frequently remarkable, with some of his own love of literature and his high ideals of life. With this, and with a considerable amount of public work, his later years were full and busy. He died suddenly on October 8th, 1923.

Rannie's literary output, handicapped as he was throughout life by delicacy, was by no means inconsiderable. He used to lament what he called his "besetting sin" of desultoriness; but when all is taken into account, the wonder is that he was able to do so many things, and to do them well. Possibly the very characteristics which he mourned as causing desultoriness, formed in reality part of his strength. To original thinking or profound research on any large scale he made no claim. But whatever he undertook, he carried out with scrupulous accuracy and thoroughness, and with a balanced, fair, and sympathetic judgment which always has value. Of partisanship of any kind, or fanaticism, he was absolutely incapable. His outlook on life was wide and tolerant. It was that of a kindly, wise observer, whose own aims and ideals were consistently high, yet who could make allowance for the weakness of human nature. This note of sympathy, with its accompanying savour of quiet humour, pervades everything he wrote; and it formed no small part of the charm of his personality.

How was this personality developed? At the time of David Rannie's death, the fear was expressed that he had left no Reminiscences, and that interesting memories of some notable men of the last generation were thus lost to the world. Happily, this fear was mistaken. A formal autobiography, indeed, one who thought so humbly of himself would probably never have dreamed of; but he left in his son's hands some volumes of carefully written MS., commencing with a brief family history, describing his own early life and memories, and incidentally revealing the

growth of the writer's mind. In these records (which, for convenience, will be referred to in this paper as the *Memoir*) much that would otherwise have been lost is preserved for the writer's own family, and they have furnished the greater part of any value which the present imperfect appreciation may possess.

In the development of Rannie's mind and character the first place must unquestionably be given to the influence of his father and of his two aunts, his father's sister, Miss Jemima Mary Rannie (1815—1908), and his mother's sister, Miss Susan Christina Watson (1827—1909). Miss Watson joined the circle after the death of her aged father in January 1866, and became a permanent member of it two or three years later. Both of them were women of marked gifts and individuality, and it might well have been thought that these very gifts might hamper the free development—the self-determination, if that term may be here applied—of the boy whom they brought up. They guided, but neither checked nor forced, the growth of his own bent. His intense devotion to them both, and deference to every expression of their opinion, were compatible with entire independence on his part, both in speech and action. The right attitude of the young generation to the old—respectful to past experience, appreciative, yet applying a fresh mind and making its own decisions—could not be better exemplified.

The *Memoir's* notes on the contrasted characteristics of the two are interesting. As a girl Miss Rannie had been brought up on good old-fashioned lines : Mr. Ambrose, a typical old-time “ character ” and scholar, gave her lessons, along with her brother, in addition to what they learned from their governess, Miss Black. Of that education and its results her nephew wrote long afterwards :—

“ I am quite ready to believe that there is some magic in even the rudiments of Greek, Latin and Euclid ; and that

the girl who knows these is always and everywhere likely to have a kind of distinction of mind. But our aunt's distinction, her intellectual equipment, was quite as much moral as intellectual. Her accuracy of mind ; her gift of simple, direct, graceful expression, whether with pen or tongue ; her exquisite handwriting ; her faultless spelling ; her careful attempts at singing and playing ; her fine old-fashioned drawing ; her intelligent interest in general reading ; seemed the outcome above all of *conscientiousness*—personal conscientiousness, trained and reinforced by conscientiousness in the atmosphere immediately surrounding her."

Miss Watson, "Aunt Susie," was of a different type, more ethereal and poetic, the fitting complement of the other aunt's practical wisdom. Her nephew's picture of her, as she arrived with her elder sister—the mother he never knew—on their first visit to the Rannie family, is as true to the life, as it is affectionate.

"She has full eyes of a heavenly blue ; brown hair, parted, with a wavy outline, from a brow betokening high intelligence ; her father's short nose, and a mouth with short upper lip—apt, therefore, to look compressed in repose, but full of restless charm and wistful sweetness. Her complexion is rosier than that which mantles on her more stately sister's cheeks ; and though she is not so tall as Mary, she is by no means short . . . She is instinct with poetic and musical feeling, and with a passionate love of poetry and nature."

The feet of the two sisters, he goes on to say, were "winged with destiny" on that September morning, when John Rannie and Mary Anne Watson met for the first time. Little more than child as the future "Aunt Susie" was then, it seemed as if her "magical personality" was the heart and nerve of the whole intimacy between the two families which meant so much to both for many years, and culminated in John Rannie's marriage to the elder sister in 1856. "I do not use the word 'magical' vaguely," the *Memoir*

continues, " as an epithet of paradoxical compliment. I mean that her nature had a vitality and intensity of attraction which made every friendship and relationship in which she was concerned burn like a flame fed by more than ordinary fuel."

The home-atmosphere at Newton with two such remarkable women must have been at once restful and stimulating. There was abundant open-air life, walking and riding, all the year round; indoors, books and study, music constantly (Rannie was a charming pianist all his days), and that reading aloud in the evenings which was always one of his great pleasures. What the *Memoir* styles " the Period of the Tutors " lasted from 1866 to 1874. Of each of these young men Rannie's after-impressions and recollections were favourable, and one at least, Armstrong Black, who became a somewhat well-known minister in Edinburgh and elsewhere, was a man of marked ability. Their pupil's love for literature, however, was not derived from them, though they fostered and cultivated it; it was the aunts that awakened it first. Thus the *Memoir* says of the beginning of the year 1870 that, though each day's routine of lessons, walks and rides continued as it had been for some time, yet—

" Aunt Susie's dear presence, now for the first time continuous, irradiated and enriched and intensified all our experiences. This was especially true of our reading and music. I was myself in my thirteenth year, beginning to emerge from the stage of children's books, and to read more deeply and independently, and perhaps a trifle precociously. Aunt Susie's keen love of books communicated itself to me, and we had some foretaste of a literary sympathy to come. During our walks she would tell me of books that were interesting her. She had given me a one-volume edition of Wordsworth, but of that I made nothing. Longfellow's *Evangeline* and Thomson's *Seasons* had also been failures. But about the time of Aunt Susie's coming, I woke up to Tennyson. I read and loved him with spontaneous ap-

preciation, and for about five or six years, he had no rival in my regard. Especially did *In Memoriam* lay hold of me. What of it I could understand—its landscape, some of its religion, and its metre—laid hold of and possessed me and became my type of beautiful poetry. Aunt Susie had known and loved it since it came out ; and we would gloat together over the Christmas sections, and she would repeat “ Ring out, wild bells ! ” as we took our winter walks about Inchyra garden and Glencarse Hill.”

In the spring of 1867 David Rannie had his first experience of travel. The aunts and he, with the tutor for the time being, went as far as Rome and saw Pio Nono giving his blessing to the multitude in St. Peter's. A still greater epoch came in 1873 ; the little family moved into Edinburgh in the spring, in preparation for David's entering the University the following autumn, and established themselves in rooms in Princes Street. The *Memoir* gives some vivid notes of his impressions. It was natural that the Court of Session, the supreme judiciary of Scotland, should specially attract him ; for it was intended that if health permitted, his profession should be the Scottish bar. There he saw “ John Inglis, the magnificent Lord President, sitting in bland supremacy, with a little smile, more genial than sarcastic, on his face.” There, too, were “ the caustic Lord Deas,” and Lord Neaves “ seeming to crouch behind heavy spectacles.” Still more was he fascinated by glimpses of the University. “ One could stray into any classroom one chose ; and either alone or with Black ” (his tutor at this time) “ I paid several such visits. I saw Blackie, with his beautiful, somewhat unlovable face and his histrionic manner, hitching up his gown with his self-conscious smile, and restlessly coming down from his platform and returning to it. I saw and heard Sellar, always a fascinating figure to me, with his aristocratic bearing, his close-cut beard, his short-sighted eyes, and a habitual coldness of manner,

attributed by some to *hauteur*, and by others (who probably knew better) to shyness. I saw dear old Philip Kelland, of whom no one would wish to say a word after R. L. Stevenson; and Peter Guthrie Tait, with his keen eyes under a phenomenally broad brow.

“Most exciting of all was a visit to David Masson’s class of Rhetoric and English Literature. It met at four p.m., and in the winter months was blazing with gas. The benches rising tier above tier, were always packed to the ceiling, and when the little man puffed in on his way to the retiring-room to don his gown, he was daily received with the rather inane rapture of juvenile applause. Himself an enthusiast, he kindled enthusiasm; and his honesty of mind and kindliness of heart made him a truly beneficent power in the Edinburgh of those days.” Masson’s influence, indeed, on the literary side of David Rannie’s work was destined to be deep and lifelong.

Along with this powerful attraction of the University, Edinburgh brought other influences also to play upon the youthful student and idealist. Politics had not as yet seized him as, under the spell of Gladstone, was to be the case a few years later. But the political atmosphere in Scotland has always been keen and bracing, and Rannie was already not unaffected by it. Then there was the power of the pulpit, on a serious-minded young Scot; especially the great Candlish, now old and somewhat broken, and his young colleague Whyte, destined to be yet greater, in Free St. George’s. Tenderer and more winsome still, there was Dr. John Brown, friend of Thackeray and author of *Rab and his Friends*, to be met any day in Princes Street, “with his tortoise-shell spectacles, and the melancholy beauty of his perfect face.” Rannie’s paper on Brown is one of the outstanding things in the present volume.

His brief undergraduate life in Edinburgh was uneventful. The place he took in his classes, if not

brilliant, was more than respectable ; and a pleasant tribute came from John Stuart Blackie, for whom, it would seem from a reference above, the student had no special admiration. " One day," the *Memoir* relates, " our aunt was greatly delighted, when we met Blackie in Princes Street, and the good man presented himself to her. ' Is this your mother ? ' he said to me. To her he said, ' He's one of the best in the class ; but he must take care not to work too hard.' Alas, it was never hard work that I had to dread ! "

Friendships are often the most precious and abiding acquisitions of a man's University life, and two such, at least, Rannie carried with him from Edinburgh. In the house of Professor Masson, to him the chief influence during that year and a half, the kindest welcome always awaited him ; and the only son of the family, afterwards Sir Orme Masson, of Melbourne, became a life-long friend. With other men for the most part there was acquaintanceship only ; though Rannie's fine face and the note of distinction in his work must have been noticed at the time by many. Cut off as he was, by that constant necessity of the care of his health, from Debating Societies, and student gatherings of any sort, it is not surprising that he should have been a stranger to the general life of the College. Men like Richard Haldane, Hume Brown, the historian, William Archer, the dramatic critic, and George Adam Smith were his contemporaries, some of them possibly even class-fellows ; but the *Memoir* mentions none of these. Two sons more famous still, the old Alma Mater claimed about that epoch ; but the elder of these, Stevenson, was just leaving Edinburgh, and the other, Barrie, had not yet come up.

The arctic weather of February, 1875, settled for Rannie, once and for all, the question of continued life in Edinburgh. He was " ordered South " as imperiously as Stevenson had been.. His *Memoir*

describes the bitter disappointment ; passing, however, into a wondering sense of relief when at Torquay he found bright sunshine and was able to breathe. Existence was going to be possible, after all ! There a new and very helpful influence came into his life in the person of Dr. William Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, now not far from his seventieth year, and retired from active clerical duty. The friendship with Hanna, despite the contrast of youth and age, was yet a true friendship, and the old man and the young one took to each other at once. Hanna's wide experience, his fresh and sympathetic mind, his literary taste, and his serene and benignant temper, made him just such a guide as the young man needed.

His own characterization of his friend is just and penetrating.

Hanna "was not altogether happily placed in the Free Church of Scotland. He was essentially a Broad Churchman, though not in any way polemical ; and dogmatism, theological or ecclesiastical, was repugnant to him. As is evident to readers of the *Life of Chalmers*, he had much literary skill ; and his literary tastes and prominent position in Edinburgh had brought him in contact with many eminent people. My Ruskin mania was at this time approaching its maximum ; what a revelation to walk with some one who had seen Ruskin and was familiar with his appearance and manner ! How stimulating to hear of Froude in the same way, and to discuss Carlyle's mysterious relations to Scottish orthodoxy !

"But our congeniality had its source in something deeper. Hanna's religious world was larger than mine ; it was the kind of world into which my nature had for some time been feeling its way. In Hanna I found a friend who understood my point of view, and was much in sympathy with it. He seemed to hear 'the roll of the ages' ; his tendencies were irenical and comprehensive ; he could speak of

Stanley and Liddon alike, with admiration rather than antagonism." Evidently that spring spent at Torquay counted for much, not only for health, but for growth and progress, mental and spiritual.

Conheath, which had become his home, proved an excellent abode for the greater part of the year, and it was easy to escape fog and cold in winter by going abroad. The household quickly adapted themselves and began to take root in their new soil, and soon had a considerable circle of congenial friends. One of these was the great Carlyle's younger brother, Dr. John Aitken Carlyle, a retired medical man then residing at Dumfries, known for his admirable prose translation of the *Inferno*. He died not very long after the Rannies came to Conheath, but the acquaintanceship in that short period had become pretty intimate, and through it came some acquaintance with the more famous brother. A visit to Cheyne Row in June 1880 is graphically described.

"(June 7, 1880). Carlyle's sister, Mrs. Aitken, had advised me to call on her brother at Chelsea, where, in that childless house, a baby had just been born to her daughter, Mary Carlyle Aitken, who had married her cousin, Alexander Carlyle, and who, with her husband, lived with and looked after the old man. It is not wonderful that I complied with her suggestion the day after our arrival in town. A soft summer rain was falling, and I suppose my heart was beating, when the door of 5 Cheyne Row was opened to me, and I heard a child cry, and saw Carlyle's wideawake hanging in the little hall. Alexander Carlyle received me upstairs, told me that his uncle was too feeble to see visitors, but that in about half an hour he would go out for his daily drive in his brougham, and would be glad if I would come too. Here was a measure of success! I walked about in the rain until the appointed time. When I got back to the house, there at the door stood the brougham, in which Carlyle was already seated. Before getting in, I gave my hand to the shrunk figure, and said I hoped he was pretty

realization of a wish of years back, for David Rannie had known Browning by sight since before 1880; he had seen him more than once, at Joachim's or Madam Norman Neruda's concerts, sitting by the side of George Eliot, who, as any one might see, went on steadily knitting all through the music!

Rannie's first book, an *Historical Outline of the English Constitution*, was published by Longmans and Green. The subject was a somewhat ambitious one for so young an author, but competent judges at once recognised it as a sound piece of work. It was the fruit of a very thorough study of Stubbs's *Constitutional History*, and much other reading. Two men of eminence, Oscar Browning and Archdeacon Cunningham, had given very valuable help during the writing of the book, but neither of these was its real originator. The suggestion of the subject came, in the first place, from the girl who was, some years later, to become the author's wife. Her words were the fruitful seed, and they fell on soil already prepared, years before, by old David Masson in Edinburgh. It was Masson who had again and again urged the young literary aspirant to aim at once at a *book*—not mere essays or occasional compositions, but a solid and substantial task, on which thought and study might be concentrated. It was gratifying to the author, years after, to find the little work in use as a University textbook, both in America and the Dominions.

All through Rannie's life, history was one of his favourite studies, and what he did in this field is so well done that one could wish he had done more. The editing for the Clarendon Press of two volumes of Hearne's *Collections*, a laborious task, he carried out with characteristic thoroughness. The *History of Oriel College* is a model College history. Alike in the choice and the handling of his material he shews a true historical sense. Controversies are touched on sufficiently and no more, the "praise of famous men"

is not exaggerated, and all is done with a charming lightness of touch. The *Student's History of Scotland* is no less excellent. Scottish historians as a rule have either been picturesquely partisan or drily impartial. The *Student's History* is neither. It is fair-minded and discerning, without losing the glow of colour and life. None of his books perhaps reveals more of its author's spirit and temper—both the light and sweetness, and the *præfervidum ingenium*.

His chief interest, however, was literature, and the present volume contains some gleanings from his work in that field. He had a rich and full mind, stored with reading and knowledge of every sort, with a delicate yet keen power of judgment, an exquisite sense of style and proportion, and a quiet genial humour. All these qualities are seen in his chief book, *Wordsworth and his Circle* (1907). It contains some really fine criticism, and throws an interesting light on several periods of the poet's life, especially, perhaps, that which immediately preceded the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*. Hardly less valuable are the chapters on several of Wordsworth's contemporaries, especially Coleridge and Lamb. The volume will always be worth reading and referring to. It deserves praise also as one of the earliest books to recognise and do justice to the stronger and more passionate side of Wordsworth's personality, much overlooked by earlier critics. This was before Professor Harper's researches brought to light an unsuspected chapter in the poet's early history, and showed the personal reference in such pieces as *Vaudracour and Julia*. But Rannie had already noted the fiery and explosive elements in Wordsworth's personality which, though repressed in later life, had expression there; and therefore the new evidence did not take him by surprise.

The same delicate instinct and careful study which characterizes everything Rannie published in his lifetime will, it is thought, be found in the papers

now collected in this volume—notably, perhaps, in those on *Keats's Epithets* and *Scenery in the Plays of Shakespeare*. But indeed each piece now submitted contains something distinctive. Some of the author's friends will perhaps regret that the selection is confined to literary and historical papers. Though always a student, Rannie had never been a student only. His life, and especially his later life, was full of wide and varied practical interests, whose cause he served by tongue and pen, and it was felt that to include such matter would somewhat alter the character of the book. An exception has been made in the case of the address on *Purity* which made a remarkable impression when spoken, and is still spoken of by those who were privileged to listen to it. It shews, I think, how this critic and student had something of the prophet also in his nature. In the end, perhaps, David Rannie's greatest achievement was his personal influence. Deeply religious, reticent, the soul of honour, this quiet man was a kind of Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche." A public-spirited citizen, he bore his share of the burdens of the community and the age he lived in, up to and beyond the limits of his strength. That was why the work of education so specially appealed to him. He saw in it one of the grandest of all opportunities to form character, guiding and inspiring young lives, helping to make men and the future. His own serene elevation of character, his quiet wisdom, his constant courtesy and kindness, none who knew him will forget.

DAVID WATSON RANNIE

Memoir by his wife

DAVID WATSON RANNIE

I.

WE first met David Rannie at the Hotel Beau Site, Cannes, where my mother and I were spending the winter for education, languages, and a good climate. The Rannie family had been there for some months, and I was asked by his Aunt to join an attractive Italian class which was held under a pepper tree in the garden of the Beau Site, where I heard Dante's "Purgatorio" read for the first time. People said of David Rannie at Cannes that he was a good-looking young man with an air of distinction, which he certainly had.

Having just been introduced to the study of Italian pictures and sculpture at Florence and Venice, it was of great interest to talk in the evenings on these subjects with anyone so well informed concerning them as David Rannie was. He continued my education in Ruskin, which Dr. Robertson of Irvine had so lately begun at Florence. This is not the place to tell what I owe to "the father of my mind," Dr. Robertson, or how his enlightened and accurate teaching, his ever-glinting humour and broad sympathy, prepared me to become the friend of David Rannie. I soon found that he had a great deal of quiet enthusiasm and of hero-worship; Ruskin, at that time, being his teacher above all others. He introduced me to "Fors Clavigera" and also to the story of Ruskin's childhood in "Præterita." We had a piano in our rooms at the Beau Site and I was learning to play the Duetto (from the *Songs without Words*). David Rannie played us a good deal of

Mendelssohn, Scarlatti, and other composers ; he was a quick reader of music and played with force and fire.

When the Rannies visited us in London in the following May, they invited me to be their guest at Conheath, and some time later, when paying visits in Scotland, I went to the Malcolms of Burnfoot, Dumfries-shire, and on to Conheath in the late Autumn. Here a new world of literature was laid open to me ; in those long Autumn evenings after dinner in the drawing-room at Conheath, I understood for the first time the wonder of English literature selected by a master hand ; Chaucer, Spenser and Milton were revealed to me ; we hastened through the less attractive writers such as Dryden, Pope and Addison, we enjoyed to the full Burns, Shelley, Byron and Keats. I reached the glorious threshold where he first revealed to me the magnificence and intimate interpretation of nature in Wordsworth's great poems ; Tennyson, beloved before, was made of much deeper interest by the range of his knowledge of the poems. Robert Browning and Mrs. Browning I got to know for the first time, Robert Browning taking the grip of one's mind, and giving the intellectual satisfaction which his best work must ever inspire. But perhaps the reading that David Rannie enjoyed most himself was his interpretation of Ruskin's masterpieces, and of Carlyle's gospel of work.

He would read to me such words as these from Carlyle's " Past and Present " : " All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble . . . a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god . . . A gifted Byron rises in his wrath, and explains that he is not ' happy.' It evidently has surprised him much. ' Happy,' my brother ? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not ! To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterdays ; and then there is no question whatever of the ' happiness ' but quite another question. . . . ' I have no

appetite,' says the patient, 'I can't eat.' 'My dear fellow,' answered the Doctor, 'it isn't of the slightest consequence.'

"The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not 'I can't eat,' but 'I can't work!' that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man, that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled."

With such words as these David Rannie spurred himself to lead a useful, well-ordered life. He battled continuously through life with the handicap of his delicacy, a daily discouragement he always ignored and treated as the Doctor did in the above paragraph: "My dear fellow, it isn't of the slightest consequence."

If for Carlyle he had respect and discipleship, for Ruskin he had devotion. His hero-worship was aroused, and he delighted in Ruskin's word-pictures, his reverence, and his lofty conception of life. He lived on most intimate terms with Ruskin's books, knowing them thoroughly and reading them aloud constantly. "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps," and all the books of his later and more practical endeavours were most eagerly read and appreciated. "Ethics of the Dust," "The Queen of the Air," what do I not owe to his readings to me of these books? Ruskin's account in "Sesame" of what women ought to be still seems one of the noblest descriptions and the most inspiring; his story of the starved-to-death Shoemaker in "The King's Gardens," we are only now beginning to understand.

David's reading of his favourite passages, such as:—Ruskin's "Approach to Venice at Sunrise," the passage on "Mosses," and on the "The Keel of a Boat," was unforgettable; his love of Ruskin proved a lasting one. A short time before his death he was reading to me "Unto this Last," and also

Ruskin's Life, showing me a picture of his fine instinct and sympathy for the poor, and the deprived.

It is impossible to recall these favourite passages without attempting to give the setting of the picture, by describing the surroundings which made such quietness and leisure possible. He was the owner of the beautiful property of Conheath from an early age. Its great natural beauty and remote loveliness suited him exactly ; he seemed entirely identified with it, and with the old-fashioned country house with its air of neatness, its ticking Grandfather clocks, its cheerful meals, and its constant open-hearted hospitality.

The two cultivated ladies who kept his house, his father's and his mother's sisters, were interested in all that he read or that concerned him. The drawing room was large, looking across the beautiful trees of the park to the tidal Nith, with its everchanging water, and away beyond the Merse to the noble mountain Criffel. The changing colours on river and mountain were a constant joy to the eye—softest blue and green in the early morning—the mountain green, purple, grey brown, shadowed by every light, soft cloud, and lighted up by morning sunbeams. Criffel was indeed a presiding, potent personality, beneficent and inspiring, at all our readings, talks and walks abroad. The old dreamy walled garden full of brilliant colour—the clumps of shapely beeches, and the lines of ancient sycamores in the peaceful park, all added immensely to the thoughts and inspirations he gave us through his daily evening readings, for it was the custom of the family to dine earlier than the fashionable hour—and so secure a long evening of Music, and reading aloud.

In these days, David Rannie had to a large extent outgrown his early delicacy ; he was very vigorous in mind and took a great deal of active exercise, playing golf on the Dumfries links, taking long walks and drives, and being very fond of a day's shooting over Conheath with his friends. There were grouse on the

moor in August, and plenty of partridges and hares in the fields in September; later there were blackcock, wild duck, woodcock, and pheasants. There were salmon and grilse in the river, but though the property of Conheath included half-a-mile of the river Nith, the people of the cottages enjoyed it all; they were to be seen in stout waders standing motionlessly and patiently in the water for half-net fishing for salmon. He was fond of walking to Dumfries, four miles along the shore, to get newspapers and magazines, to go to the club to meet his friends there, or to lecture to a Working Men's Club.

It was on my second visit to Conheath, that, the rest of the party staying in the house being engaged in various directions, I walked with David Rannie to Dumfries by the shore. He seldom spoke of the things in life that he felt the most, which was perhaps a reason why I listened so attentively to a few words that he said about the Cross. He said half meditatively, almost as if reasoning it out in his own mind, and yet as being convinced and satisfied that it was so, how inevitably the Cross had to be borne in every life, that we ought never to evade it, but to accept it and adjust ourselves to it with courage and hope. I think he said nothing more, but after all these years I can never stand by the Nith with its windings towards Dumfries and see Kingholm Mill and the Galloway Hills beyond, without remembering what he had said about the Cross and how to bear it.

His manner had become assured, often humorous, and he constantly played at a light cynicism, especially when with his Irish friend, Charles McCarthy, whom he had met when they were both in Cambridge. Together the two were very witty, sometimes playfully teasing Aunt Susie about the evangelical publications that she so loved to read, and full of comical quizzing. He was at this time very deeply imbued with Mathew Arnold's views, as many young men of that time were. He was influenced by George

Eliot, R. L. Stevenson, and Frederic Harrison. He was fond of shewing hospitality, he liked also his work as a Governor of the Dumfries Infirmary, and sitting on the County Bench. Yet his deeper nature was held most by modern religious thought, the teaching of Newman, Ruskin, and Carlyle, and by the joys of music. He was thoroughly musical and seldom lost an opportunity of hearing the best orchestral concerts that were within reach. A little later, when reading for the Bar and living at the Reform Club, London, gave him all he wanted of good music, and also of first rate plays, for these were the best days of Sir Henry Irving and Dame Ellen Terry, and he would stand for hours to get into the pit at the Lyceum if he could not get a seat elsewhere.

In these days he visited at my mother's house in Kensington. My mother was a gifted woman whom all men and women appreciated ; she was beautiful in face and form, bright and witty, intellectual, wise, and noble-hearted, with great width of outlook. She and David Rannie understood each other ; she used to say of him in these young days, " When I talk to David Rannie, I am not obliged to listen to the crude opinions of ridiculous youth ; his mind is educated and thoughtful, and he knows what he is talking about." I was too young then to understand the value of this knowledge, but later I rested with a sense of peace in his fair judgments and well-balanced thought. He was never a " high brow," and never a prig ; he was too essentially modest, and aware of the absurdity of conceit. He was quickly responsive to sympathy, especially to that of intellectual men. At this time, Canon Liddon influenced him as a preacher, and when in London he seldom lost an opportunity of hearing him at St. Paul's. He described Liddon's perfect diction, his clear-cut, refined ascetic face, and his command of beautiful and restrained language, which came without effort in response to his deep spiritual insight and strong faith.

Though David Rannie intended ultimately to devote his life to the study of English history and English Literature, he adhered to the original intention of his Edinburgh days of being called to the Bar.

He read (in Chambers) with the Special Pleader, Mr. Baugh Allen, in Paper Buildings, Temple, and lived much at the Reform Club, where he had a circle of intimate friends. To go to tea with him there and to sit in those soft chairs behind noiselessly-shutting doors, was an exciting experience to me, and my brothers, who dined with him there, said that "David was a very good inventor of a dinner."

Hospitality was natural to him ; he liked to entertain his friends and to exchange thoughts and ideas. He was popular at the Club, and when he was elected to the Athenaeum later, one of his intimate friends jokingly complained to me, that I must be the cause of his leaving the Reform.

Though he had already published a book on Constitutional History (Outline of the English Constitution, Longmans), he felt handicapped by not having been through the mill of reading for the Honours School in History at Oxford. He therefore went up to Oriel College, and devoted three or four years to Modern History, living at Conheath in Vacation. He was rewarded by gaining the "Stanhope," the Chancellor's Prize for an English Essay, and a First Class in the Final Honours School.

It was a memorable occasion when his Aunts came to stay with my mother in Oxford for Commemoration, for David had already asked me to be his wife. We all went together to the Encaenia to see him stand up in the Rostrum to read his "Stanhope," the subject of which was Daniel Defoe. On his reaching the phrase "The tyranny of royalty," the undergraduates in the gallery, always on the lookout for a bit of fun, cried out derisively : "The tyranny of royalty ! oh, Sir ! oh, Sir !" and made an attempt to begin singing "God save the King." David looked up at

the gallery, where many of his friends had gone to hear him read his essay, and thoroughly enjoyed this incident. He was the guest of Sir Thomas Raleigh at the All Souls luncheon, where he met Sir H. M. Stanley, the traveller.

II.

WE were married on January 26th, 1893, at All Saints' Church, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, my mother, my brothers and sisters, being around me for our wedding. My brother Arthur, in the Artillery, was then stationed at Golden Hill, and my mother was temporarily living near him. My brother Willie, of the Warwickshire Regiment, gave me away. My husband's dear Aunt Susie and his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Mackenzie, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie of Earl's Hall, came from Scotland for the event. Through the kindness of Miss Hamond-Graeme, and as a surprise to us, the church was beautifully decorated; and the aisle was almost filled with our personal friends. A fortnight after our marriage we started for Egypt to gratify a long-standing wish of my husband's to see Egypt and the Nile, and to please me by seeing the country to which General Gordon gave most of his life's work. From Paris we went to Marseilles and after passing Corsica and Sardinia, (where we found that spring had already begun,) we spent some delightful days in the Mediterranean, passing between Scylla and Charybdis, where, towering above the coast of Sicily, we saw Mount Etna with a small white cloud resting on its summit. The coast line of Africa broke upon us under a stormy sky, but while resting in the Hotel at Alexandria, and looking out of the window at mid-day, I was amazed at the quality of the sunshine, and felt as though I had never really seen light before.

Colonel "Keggie" Slade had given us introductions to many of his diplomatic and military friends among

whom were Sir Edward and Lady Zorab, Archdeacon Butcher, Major and Mrs. Wingate and others*.

The Hotel Continental, where we stayed in Cairo, was at this time a sort of Claridge's and the hub of the place. One did not need to leave the Hotel in order to know what was going on. Lord Cromer gave his luncheon parties there, and the Embassy Balls were held in the ballroom leading out of the Egyptian hall, where we used to sit in the evenings. The 42nd Regiment (The Black Watch) was quartered in Cairo, and many of the officers took their meals in the Hotel, and after dinner, showed us in the ballroom "how the 42nd dance Scotch reels," putting an immense amount of individuality and verve into it. One of the many scares, caused by friction between the English Army of Occupation and the Khedive, was in progress. The citadel had been provisioned, and we women were told that we might be ordered off to quarters in the citadel for our protection. We did not trouble ourselves much with these fears. Lord Kitchener, then Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, dined at the next table to ours, night after night, with a few officers of his staff. He was a magnificent figure as he came forward in uniform with his soldierly bearing, for officers were not allowed out of uniform during the scare. He looked sufficiently strong in his own person to keep order and to protect any number of helpless people. He would unbuckle his sword and lay it beside him and talk pleasantly, but with nothing marked or outstanding in his conversation. His face was masculine and competent, conscious of power, but apparently without personal vanity. The expression of his eyes reminded me of a faithful vigilant dog. The Khedive was frequently to be seen in the Egyptian hall of the hotel, sometimes looking dark and stormy, at other times extremely affable as he

* Major Wingate, R.A., was then head of the Intelligence Department, and was later Governor-General of the Soudan and the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army.

conversed with English and French friends. Major Wingate used to drive high-stepping well-bred horses, in a high dog-cart, not without an intention of showing the Turkish population how well and how happy a horse might look, the Arab horses being so weak, ill-fed and over-driven, that a pair was required to pull the lightest victoria. I think of Cairo as all sunshine, with mornings that were like an exquisite July, though we were then early in February. How happy and bright David was in this atmosphere, and in his morning walks abroad, amused by the vivacity and friendliness of the Arabs, and delighted by the gay costumes, buildings, and wares in the bazaars, brilliant in colour, even to the green bundles of clover carried by coachmen on the box seat of their victorias.

After three weeks in Cairo we started by night train for Girgeh (360 miles up the Nile) to join the Mail steamer there.

It was immensely delightful when up the Nile to land at a place like Edfu, where a cavalcade of donkeys with their red trappings, were waiting in charge, by the riverside. It was great fun to canter along the banks of the Nile in this amusing cavalcade, donkey boys laughing, and shouting, "hoosh, hoosh," to their donkeys, until we arrived at the magnificent Temple of Edfu. Gigantic figures of a crude, fantastic description were sculptured on the facade, but on entering the courts of the Temple we came into well-proportioned colonnades, the pillars surmounted by capitals, carved with coloured lotus flowers. The Priests' rooms were arranged round the Holy place and the Holy of Holies, but instead of the Ark of the Covenant, as in the Jewish Temple, the god Hor-Hud, the local Horus, with man's body and hawk's head, seemed an unsatisfying object of contemplation and worship. The Tombs of the Kings, at Thebes, are full of wonder and mystery, so hidden in winding valleys within outer winding valleys, as to seem impossible to find, even by those who had made them.

The door in the rock once entered the chamber is soon found, with the painted effigy of the dead, and the huge marble sarcophagus in which the embalmed king had once lain, but whose mummy is now in the Museum at Cairo. It was delightful to ride ahead of the party, or at its rear, and so get solitude, for the beauty of the ochre-coloured sand, the soft contours of the foothills with the intense blue of the sky above us, awed one to silence. The camel's cushion foot makes no sound, and the vast distances of desert away to the pink Arabian hills appeared of unearthly beauty, in that land of glorious light.

Our three days at Assouan were truly delightful. The broad Nile, with its carpet of exquisite verdure, the rocks of the cataract, burnt as black with the sun as the faces of the Ethiopians whom we saw around us; above us the ridge of rocky mountains, covered with soft white silver sand, with rocky spurs peeping out, blackened with the sun's rays. On the shore were low white-washed houses, groves of immensely tall palm trees, and pretty little girls dressed in beads, who came down to meet us at the river's bank, wreathed in sunny smiles, saying, in English, charmingly pronounced, "How do you do? How are you? You are my friend." They followed us to the Hotel longing for piastres and for gifts. In the Hotel were servants and clerks belonging to the Bishari tribe, with bobbed hair, through which they thrust a white quill, a strange contrast to the fuzzy black that surrounded their faces. At night we saw the Southern Cross just above the horizon, and heard, until we fell asleep, the untiring dreamy music of the Shâdûf for watering the land.

We were soon made much aware of British hospitality in this distant spot. The Camel Corps and the Sudanese regiments were stationed out in the desert near, commanded by British officers of the Army of Occupation, and a young officer came on board to greet us on our arrival with an invitation from Lord

and Lady Waterford to go out to the Mess next day. On Sunday morning at Shelall, we sat above the Nile, reading the Lessons for the day, and looking down at the blue-green water circling round the red wheel of the stern-wheeler among the rocks and eddies of the river. The expedition to the Mess in the afternoon was merry and inspiring. We rode on galloping donkeys, over the carpet of wide verdant clover, until we came to the cheerful precincts of the English Camp, where the British and Egyptian flags were flying. Lord and Lady Waterford gave us a cordial welcome and a happy time in surroundings which were entirely charming and new. Her knowledge of Egypt and of its art was thorough and sympathetic. She saw us off by Nile boat next morning and promised to get me all my photographs, which she chose with a knowledge which makes them valuable as a life-long possession. After visiting the Island of Philae, we had an exciting experience in rowing down to Assouan and shooting the Cataract, which I believe is no longer permissible for visitors to Egypt. The stout Nile boats were constantly caught in swirling currents, and almost whisked round, when the strong Arab rowers put out amazing strength to save the boat and keep it off the rocks, calling on the Prophet to help them. We both thoroughly enjoyed this adventure. On our return journey down we stopped at Dendera, where we met with Canon Ainger (afterwards Master of the Temple), and his friend, Mr. Dan Cave. They afterwards became our travelling companions, and with them we voyaged to the Piraeus, by Khedivial steamer from Alexandria. Canon Ainger became meditative as he looked at the phosphorescent water and he soon produced this delightful Limerick :

There was an old man of the Bosphorus
Who sat and looked out at the phosphorus ;
He lowered his lip
To the stern of the ship
And lighted his pipe at the Bosphorus !

After landing at the Piraeus it seemed quite natural to look up and see the hill of the Acropolis and the Parthenon. With Canon Ainger we went to glorious Eleusis, he quoting Tennyson with fine, clear enunciation.

Our favourite walk in the evening was to the Acropolis, where, unannoyed by guides, we could wander and gaze to our heart's content at the proudest ruin I have ever seen,—the purple height of Lycabettos showing behind the diaphanous columns of amber-coloured marble, of such exquisite proportion as to make all other Doric and Ionic architecture appear clumsy and stupid in comparison. Here, on Sunday morning, before church time, I found Canon Ainger, standing alone on the top of Mars Hill imagining St. Paul saying to the Athenians in the midst of the Areopagus: "In Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are his offspring.'"

His steadfast far-off gaze seemed to bring again the scene of two thousand years ago.

With Canon Ainger and his friend we travelled to Corinth, to Mycenae, to Argos, and to Nauplia, where we heard the watchmen, as in mediaeval times, singing the watches at intervals through the night hours, to a haunting chant. We sat under the Acro-Corinth on a Sunday morning, in a ruined Doric temple which St. Paul must have looked upon. We went to Olympia and wandered among the scenes of the games, seeing the great statue of Hermes by Praxiteles. Then we travelled to Patras, and took ship to Corfu.

From that jewel of the sea, Corfu, we had a rough passage to Brindisi. An hour after casting anchor off Brindisi harbour, we landed and began our long journey to Rome soon after dawn, travelling all day, passing Caserta at sunset, where we saw Vesuvius smoking, and arriving in Rome late in the evening of the day before Good Friday. It was not my husband's first journey to Rome; the Fountain of

Trevi and Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Transformation" had played a great part in his imagination as a boy of nine years old. Perhaps the things that impressed us in Rome, even more than St. Peter's, were the Palace of the Caesars, the Coliseum, the Baths of Caracalla, and, above all, the church of "St. Paul Without the Walls," with its exquisite Cloister.

Returning via Switzerland from this memorable journey, we went straight to Oxford to 16 St. Giles's (the Judge's Lodgings), which was to be our second home for twelve years. How stately and attractive the house looked as we drove up to its gates on that May afternoon, with the lilac and laburnum in bloom and the wisteria on the front door just beginning to show blossom—we had seen it in full bloom in Rome a month before! My mother greeted us at the front door. She had worked hard to prepare the house for us, and we felt that we had come to a most entrancing home after our far wanderings. Here we began our home life together, amid a growing number of delightful and interesting friends, and with my dear mother back again at her house in Oxford.

My husband's ideas of home-life would, if carried out, make the happiness and peace of many homes. His view of marriage was the highest I have ever known, and with him, it was actually lived out from day to day. The vow that he made in Freshwater Church was never allowed to be something promised under emotional exaltation, but it was a life-long reality. Day by day and week by week he carried out that vow, "To love and to cherish till death us do part," with a simplicity, a dignity, a loveliness only known by his wife; through prosperity and adversity he gave the help, comfort, and companionship which he believed to be inseparable from a true marriage.

It was Nature's gift to him that he had no instincts which were not those of a gentleman, full of the most delicate and penetrating intuitions, he was considerate

and indulgent to a fault. Of his true chivalry, it is difficult for me to speak. It is impossible to believe that in any knight of old there could be a higher degree of this quality. Many instances of this cannot be given, for they belong to the silences and hidden sanctities of life. But it rang true on all occasions and was always there.

He thought that husband and wife should be representative of each other in their daily life, that there should be entire candour and confidence between them. "Life is made up of days," he would say, "not of crises where heroism is required," and he tried to make the day happy with little things. He was at once severe and indulgent. The people he loved he desired to be perfect, and to be above all foible and error. He wished people to be sane above all things, with a sense of proportion, humorous if possible, intellectual, serious, and ready to learn. There was something of truth and honour in him unbreakable and immovable. In all weighty matters of duty it was true of him: "I could not love thee dear, so much, Loved I not honour more." How much I admired and loved this quality in him. This sense of truth was the key to understanding him in his tenderest relationship.

Though we dined out a good deal in Oxford in our early married days and went to Lectures, Union Debates, and the Musical Club, he loved home life, and hoped that our going out in the evenings would be the exception, and not the rule. He was not a person who longed to linger on summer evenings on the river, as is the Oxford custom with many families, so we liked each evening when we were alone, to read aloud some books worth reading; in this way we read together, as the years went on, many of the masterpieces of English literature, also modern books and poetry. New and important publications he read and criticised. He believed that the reading of *The Times* was almost as important as the daily reading of the

Bible. He had a fine judgment, always thoughtful and often trenchant and caustic, and by one of those rare combinations which exist paradoxically in human nature, his seriousness was at once relieved and illuminated by his subtle and delightful humour. This might take the form of gentle chaff, or of incisive description, of witty anecdote, or of brilliant parody. He often said that he had no knowledge of the world whatever, and that he was so different from other people that he ought never to judge them, as no one but his Maker could possibly know or understand him.

In his home life his tenderness and solicitude for others was apparent in all he did. He was royally generous, and cared little for money except for the requirements of his home, with enough for travel, music and the buying of books worth having. He had a particular objection to lecturing anybody. He seemed to think that he stood more in need of being lectured himself.

It was only on rare occasions that he would blame or set anyone right. Yet there was an austerity in the high standard of conduct which he expected from those around him, though felt, rather than expressed, and he held the instinctive respect of men and women of every class.

His humour was like shafts of sunlight. Sometimes, when things were at an impasse, he could dissipate the cloud by a few quiet words which, like a ludicrous flash photograph, set everyone smiling. Books were his friends and his daily food, an inexhaustible treasure-house, the good of which he diffused amongst others, by his readings, his lectures and his writings.

Our plan of life was to live at St. Giles', Oxford, in Term time and at our Scottish home, Conheath, in Vacation. We accordingly left Oxford in the first days of July and travelled to Scotland.

Our first arrival at Conheath after our marriage

was a great event. We arrived on a fine summer evening. Some of the tenants were in the avenue to receive us ; they had decorated it in our honour with flags and bunting, putting up a trophy for our present King and Queen, who were to be married during that week. The household were ready to receive us at the house, my husband's aunts having left everything in a perfection of order before they vacated. The days that followed were full of beauty and happiness. He had longed for this solitude for us two, after the stir of Oxford, and the long travelling abroad. Conheath was home to him, everything was dear and familiar, from shining grass and gleaming river to mountain top and clinging woodland. He was fond of quoting on summer mornings on our way to Church, as we looked up at the wooded Galloway hills :—

“ The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades, far up, like ways to
Heaven.”

This beautiful view of the hills was a joy and refreshment day by day. It was delightful to wander with him in the old garden, or cross the park to the Gean wood (wild cherry), or to Upper Conheath to the green loaning, returning by the Nine Acre Wood, with the cheerful sounds of the young pheasants in the brushwood.

It was a busy summer ; many friends and relations from the neighbourhood welcomed us. The social duties were constant, from the County Ball to the Camp Dance, the entertaining of the Militia, and meeting them at an endless number of garden parties and social entertainments.

During this year David greatly enjoyed a day in the open, shooting with his friends on the moor for the first grouse of the season, or, later on, in the turnip fields and in the woods for partridges and pheasants, liking to give his neighbours a day's sport

with such game as Conheath could produce. Except that we were troubled by poachers and night fires at the farms, destroying fine ricks of corn, these early years at Conheath were full of pleasure and beauty. The study, with its southern and western views over the Park, was always a room of work, "Cromwell's Major-Generals," and later "The History of Scotland," being mostly written here. The slow Scottish twilight, with David's readings of "Redgauntlet" and "Guy Mannering" by long daylight, gave a glow of romance to this first summer of our married life.

The life at St. Giles's, Oxford, was of a different character. My husband was appointed Lecturer in History at Exeter College, and later, also Lecturer to the Delegates for the Women's Colleges. He prepared his Lectures with great care; nothing with him was scamped or hurried. He was absolutely punctual and methodical in all he did. On one occasion when dining with Professor York Powell at Christ Church, they were speaking together of the writing of a short political paper on a subject of the day. David sketched out his idea and plan on the back of a menu at Professor York Powell's suggestion. He seemed much pleased and gave his opinion that the writing of history was David's *métier*, and advised him to give his life to it. A well-known man of the day once remarked to me: "Other people can write history, no doubt, but David is an historian, which is a very different thing to writing history." He made the acquaintance of Professor Gardiner a few years before, and went to visit him at his house in Kent. David described Professor Gardiner as a man rather carelessly dressed, and looking over-worked and tired, but immensely kind and outgoing. About this time he was writing his "Student's History of Scotland."

During this period at Oxford, we met many persons of note. Professor and Mrs. Max Müller (whom we had both known before our marriage) gave us many

opportunities of meeting their guests, among whom were Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mary Anderson, James Anthony Froude, the Empress Frederick (our Princess Royal). At this time whenever Oxford won the Boat Race the German Emperor (her son) would send a telegram of congratulation to Professor Max Müller on Oxford's victory.

We met at St. John's, Mr. Augustine Birrell, who delighted us with his wit, and at Sir John Burdon Sanderson's, Lord Haldane, who took me into dinner and who was most racy and entertaining.

David had a great love for the Isle of Wight, where we had been married at Freshwater, and had spent our first married days at Ventnor. We often went there at Easter, instead of going to Scotland.

At Freshwater and Totland the nearness of the High Down and the poet's home at Farringford were a happiness to him, and he loved to look upon the scenes which had inspired the poet whom he had loved from his youth. When a boy, he had so ardently desired to possess a Tennyson, that he prayed that someone might give him a copy. Nobody made him this longed-for gift.

I had been to Farringford several times before my marriage, and on one occasion the poet had read aloud to me some parts of "Maud" and "Enoch Arden." He died the year before we were married, but two years after, the present Lord Tennyson asked me to go to Farringford. We had tea with his mother, Emily, Lady Tennyson, who was then a vision of fragile loveliness, confined almost entirely to the sofa in the drawing room. She was all spirit and outgoing kindness, her blue eyes tender with a sort of girlish charm; her movements when she rose from the sofa were full of grace and of an instinctive graciousness to her guests because she cared to make them happy. Knowing my husband's love for the poet, she said to us, "Your husband would like to

see the summer-house in the field where he read to you," and on my assenting with gratitude, she seemed for a moment overcome by having spoken of him, and with great gentleness, as though speaking with difficulty, she said : " Tell Hallam." The ever-watchful son took my husband to see the summer-house while I remained with her. The next year she had died, having lived to complete her part of her husband's life under her son's direction.

The Isle of Wight is a fitting home for the poets. At Westover, well known for its beautiful trees and army of stately peacocks, was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton Barrett and their family. Mr. Moulton Barrett was Mrs. Barrett Browning's brother. He would talk about poetry with an amusing twinkle in his eye, for he was full of wit and fun. Mrs. Moulton Barrett's charming and sympathetic personality made it always a pleasure to go to Westover. In the dining room is a pleasing oil painting of Mrs. Browning in her youth. There is also a fine miniature of her as a girl, with an amusing observation, in her handwriting, at the back. David loved to look at the face which had inspired " By the fireside," " One word more " and " O lyric love." Her spiritual beauty is visible in the miniature, and the larger portrait suggests the wide outlook expressed in " Aurora Leigh."

Our little son was born about two years after our marriage. We had let our Scotch home for the summer and went to Totland Bay, where, on the 28th of June, our son was born at Chine House. In what words can my husband's joy, his perfect tenderness and happiness at this time be described ? He was so gentle, considerate and gay !

For his little son he ever had the tenderest love, and there was no stage of his babyhood or boyhood in which he was not indeed a father to him.

During my convalescence he was always at hand

to cheer me. I remember his reading to me "The Vicar of Wakefield" one morning at five a.m. by early summer light. One day when I was suffering, he suggested simple remedies, and when not successful he said gently: "And if everything else fails, try to bear the pain well." These words, which have been with me ever since, as the ultimate help in physical pain, were said by one who, though a young man, had already known but too well when this last remedy of the mind had to be called forth.

He had a fixed habit of enduring physical ills uncomplainingly. This made it more difficult to help or guard him than others who were more selfish and made more fuss. From a child of nine, when he had first developed asthma at Cannes, he had had to realise the difference between himself and other boys. Sometimes this had been exceedingly bitter to him, but his aim was always not to give trouble, to say very little about his own sufferings whether physical or mental, to diffuse kindness and help towards those around him, and to do the work that he felt capable of doing. It simply did not occur to him to play for his own hand in life, to try to get the better of anyone, or to exploit anything for his own advantage. He often appeared to be a half-amused spectator of life, so little did he claim to understand the ways of the world.

When our baby boy was a fortnight old my mother came to us, and soon after my brother Arthur from Canada. How much I had longed for his coming! Later we took our baby to the home of my childhood, Bridport, in Dorsetshire, that he might be baptised in our beautiful old Church. We took a house where his god-fathers came to us: the Rev. Alfred Dicker, my cousin, and Mr. Benecke of Magdalen College, Oxford, one of my husband's closest friends. His godmothers were Mabel Walker (of Crawfordton, Dumfries-shire) and Edith Rotch (of Boston, America), both dear friends of ours, but

they were far away. Mrs. Nantes and Mrs. Dammers therefore stood proxy for them, and the baptism, on a summer evening in the old parish church, with so many friends around us, was an hour of much joy and solemnity to David and me.

III.

WE lived twelve years at St. Giles's, Oxford, going to Scotland each year about the end of June. When we travelled by night train we arrived at Conheath about 6 a.m. The loveliness of our home and of mountain and river, wrapped in early morning sheen, appeared unbelievably beautiful in our eyes. Our life was enriched by the presence of our little son, and gladdened by his early years with all the music that childhood brings. At our Scottish home, the coming of "Mr. Rannie younger" was appreciated by tenants and cottage friends alike, as well as amongst the Rannie family and friends.

During the summers at Conheath, David's aunts often lived near us, at Glencaple, and the daily visit to them of the little boy in his perambulator made a great deal of their happiness and of the young father's also. It was a glad life for a little boy with his devoted nurse, and a father who played tunes to him on the piano, and read to him about the White Cat in Grimm's fairy tales. He would wander in the old walled garden, bright with magnificent colour, or have picnic-tea at the upper farm, sitting among the wheat-sheaves, and listening to the pleasant hum of the threshing machine. At evening the broad river Nith with its changing tides reflected on its waters the rugged purple outlines of Criffel, with the accompanying peak of Knockendoch. These things were watched by the little boy from his nursery window, and as the September twilight grew shorter, he was allowed to delay going to bed, until he could see, across the quiet park and over the still river, the light of Gibbon Hill Farm shine out, and wonder

“wnether all the little fishes had gone to sleep in their house.”

“ I sent a message to the fish,
I told them this is what I wish.
The little fishes of the sea
They sent an answer back to me.”

This Lewis Carroll poem, often read to him by his father, gave a great personality to the fish of the river, which delighted the boy very much.

During this summer at Conheath, he was planning his “ Student’s History of Scotland.” He had enjoyed his researches at the Record Office and at the Bodleian, which he now turned into use through his notes, and being a member of the London Library, he was able to get, though in the country, the books that he needed.

I quote a paragraph of this history, in which the author pictures the first meeting of the gay young sovereign, Queen Mary, fresh from the court of France, with the Scottish Reformer, John Knox :—

“ At the beginning of Mary’s reign there was among the party of compromise led by Moray and Lethington great hope of two things—that Mary would become a Protestant, and that Elizabeth would acknowledge her as her successor. But Knox and the preachers generally could not share that hope. Knox had an interview with Mary (the first of several) soon after her arrival. It was a wonderful moment—when the beautiful young woman, standing for the venerable and assured faith of ages and generations, met face to face the bold and stern and simple man to whom that faith was sin, and who was yet clad with a power that seemed irresistible. Knox has left us an account of what passed between them, every word of which bites like an acid. At the end of the interview Knox said to the Queen : ‘ I pray God, madam, that ye may be as blessed within the commonwealth of Scotland, if it be the pleasure of God, as ever Deborah was in the commonwealth of Israel.’ But there

was no hope in the respectful words. Knox, even thus early, said to his familiars : ' If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgment faileth me.' The party of compromise worked hard. They were very anxious that Elizabeth and Mary should meet, and a meeting was nearly brought about in 1562, but it broke down because Elizabeth espoused the cause of the French Protestants in their first civil war with the Roman Catholics in France."

Our favourite expedition at Conheath was to walk to the village, cross the Nith by ferry boat, and land on the opposite side of the Merse with its open fissures and clumps of sea-pink.* We landed on the property of our friend and neighbour, Colonel Wytham of Kirkconnell. After crossing this estate we were at Barr Hill, and descended upon the village of New Abbey, where, almost under the shadow of Criffel, stood the ruined abbey, built of the rose-red sandstone which patient hands had brought from Dumfries-shire, across the Nith, spurning the cold granite of Criffel. Sweetheart Abbey was founded by Devorgilla (the founder of Balliol College, Oxford), who buried her husband's heart in a shrine in the Abbey. It is open to the sky, being a ruin of much beauty and architectural charm. The hospitality of the Manse, which adjoined the Abbey, was an added attraction. Here lived the minister, the Rev. James Wilson, a man of the Charles Kingsley type. His wife was a sister of Dr. John Brown (author of " Rab and his friends "). Mr. Wilson had collected all the records of the history of the Abbey that he could obtain, and he had done much for its restoration. He enjoyed showing visitors round, investing the old place with the life of his descriptions. When he first went there, if a hearthstone was needed in the village, the mason used to exclaim : " I'll go and cut a fine piece out of the Abbey and bring it to you in the morning." On

* If the tide was too low for the boat to reach the shore an ancient mariner came out and carried us on his back.

one occasion, when Sir Thomas Raleigh of All Souls was a guest at Conheath, he went with some of us for this expedition, and afterwards wrote the following lines in the manner of the "Ancient Mariner."

THE RIME OF THREE PILGRIMS

NEW ABBEY

- The Departure. It was an Ancient Mariner
Took up wi' pilgrims three
To guide them safe across the Nith
Ayont Glencaple Quay.
- The Journey. The pilgrims loupit ower the moss,
And stachert through the clay,
And syne they warsled up the hill
And daunert down the brae.
- Miss Copeland,
her croquet party. They came unto a pleasance fair
Beside an Abbey wa',
And there they saw three bonny bairns
That croque'd at the ba'.
- The Abbey
Church. They passed them by wi' friendly words
They stood within the Kirk
They marked the rose-red pillars fair :
It was a goodly work !
- A pilgrim speaks. Then out and spak' a pilgrim man
That cam frae Owsenford
" There is no goodlier kirk than this
" In Scotland, by my word :
- " And (but for fear of papistrie)
" Here would I gladly dwell
" Contented wi' my twa-three books,
" My grey gown, and my cell.

Being (as they say)
a Fellow of All
Souls, he prays for
the repose of the
Foundress.

"Peace be with Devorguilla's soul
"Who wrought this noble deed
"May such good women never fail
"Our country in her need."

The pilgrims are
well entertained.

But now the day was wearin' thro',
And by a happy chance
'Tis but a step that separates
The Abbey frae the Manse.

"Come in, come in," quo' the Minister :
A cheerful man is he :
We'll no forget his words o' lair
Nor Mistress Wilson's tea.

The Return.

Of tea, and talk, and sense and fun
Thae pilgrims had their fill ;
And syne they warsled up the brae
And daikered down the hill.

The Ferryman,

But when they cam beside the Nith
The water was but slack :—
That Ancient Mariner came forth
And bore them on his back.

The Sunset.

They landit safe, and sought Conheath ;
The road they couldna' miss :
Heaven grant all pilgrim souls to see
An evening bright as this !

Miss Maria Raimes (one of "The Pilgrims"), and her sister, Miss Bessie Raimes, were very favourite cousins of my husband's. Miss Bessie Raimes painted the picture of the park at Conheath, one of the illustrations of this book.

It was delightful to pay short visits together where, as a girl, I had visited alone. Sometimes we went for a few days into the adjoining county of

Kirkcudbrightshire to friends of my girlhood, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart of Culgruff. They were a handsome couple and very popular in a wide neighbourhood. Culgruff, set among mountains and lake scenery, was as beautiful without, as their daily life was within ; for this was spent in kindness, hospitality and good works. He was a sportsman, cheery, witty, and original, with a surprising vein of idealism ; Mrs. Stewart was a steadfast, consistent friend, noble in look and in heart, and a great inspiration to her friends. Talks and readings with her in her sitting room are treasured memories. Sometimes we stayed at Southwick on the other side of Criffel, with Sir Mark and Lady Stewart, where a young and lively party usually gathered, and where, a few years later, we went to the wedding of my husband's barrister friend, Mr. Seton, to Janet, Sir Mark's eldest daughter, in the picturesque little church at Southwick.

Nearer home we spent happy days with his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. John Fortune at Blackwood (and later at Bengairn). Comlongon Castle, seven miles from Conheath, was a romantic drive from Nithsdale to Annandale, through pine woods with glimpses of the Solway shore. Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone Douglas and their delightful family were a great centre of attraction ; it was a real home, and the old house, restored by Lord Mansfield, with its many treasures of art and quaint chairs from Scone, made a charming setting for Mrs. Johnstone Douglas's sweet presence and gracious welcome of her friends. She loved her garden, where she spent many hours, and as her sons and daughters were gifted with excellence in the arts, in one direction or another, we enjoyed music, poetry, and acting together. The twins, Daisy and Nina, had a studio in the grounds, where they devoted themselves to animal painting, and many a shapely and spirited racehorse looked out from its canvas with a knowing air.

Many of our friends from the south visited us,

amongst whom were Sir Henry and Lady Geary, Professor Montague, Mr. Robertson, of All Souls, Mr. Cyprian Webb, my brother and his wife, Mr. Benecke, and many of David's relations; and his old friend, Mr. Walter Evans-Jones, whose charming mother was an intimate friend of the Rannie family.

His cousin, George Mackenzie, was a frequent visitor and a much trusted friend. With Mr. Dickson's aid he managed my husband's property, and his son David after him was equally helpful to us.

In the year of the Diamond Jubilee, our neighbours, Lord and Lady Herries, gave a delightful entertainment in Caerlaverock Castle, with a banquet on tables within the old courtyard. It was very picturesque, and full of the old style. At Conheath we gave scenes from the Lives of the Queens of England and Scotland in the Park in front of the house, Mary Queen of Scots at Solway (by Swinburne) being one of the most charming scenes; the Johnstone-Douglas family from Comlongon and my brother helping us. A large assembly and a fine day, and a happily constructed speech from the laird, made the occasion a happy one for all of us. Our little son represented the Prince of Wales at the knee of his Grandmother—a previous scene having presented Queen Victoria as a girl of eighteen, receiving the homage of the Archbishop and Lord Conyngham on her accession to the Throne.

Our neighbour "over the march," Mr. Akers-Douglas (then First Commissioner of Works), also gave a Jubilee party. Through his grouse land and ours ran the peat moor, on which, in Scott's novel, Guy Mannering loses his way in riding out from Dumfries to "Ellangowan Castle." Conheath is said to be the "Woodbourne" of "Guy Mannering," and the description answers in all essential particulars, our peaceful lawns and "policies" being the scene of the fight in the latter part of the book. In any case, we like to think that Scott had been to Conheath

and had found it picturesque enough to put into his novel.

Visits to Dunbar to see Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate were interesting to David. Lady Wingate and he enjoyed each other's humour. For Sir Reginald Wingate he had a very great respect. He admired his constant kindness, his generosity and his painstaking industry; he believed him to be a great administrator, succeeding in carrying through reforms in the Sudan and benefits for the education and trade of the country with wisdom, imagination, and sympathy, combining as he did the spirit of conciliation, entire loyalty to England, and a high-toned conduct of affairs. His intimate knowledge of Arabic had impressed us much in Egypt, bringing us in close touch with the people, in his conversation, and in his books.

My husband enjoyed visits to my brother Willie (Major Melville Lee) at Headington. Wherever my brother was, he created a homelike feeling around him; he was a most interesting talker, and possessed a rare sympathy and personal touch. Being full of tact and gentleness, he warmed David into confidence. He responded at once to the atmosphere of sympathy which surrounded him in the house of my brother and sister-in-law.

At Oxford, two of the most delightful entertainments that I recall were Mr. and Mrs. Hassall's evening party in Christ Church Hall, and the Max Müllers's musical party in college, when Professor Max Müller (who was a gifted accompanist), played songs by his father, Wilhelm Müller, the poet, which were sung by his daughter Beatrice, Mrs. Colyer-Ferguson.

Our friendships with Archdeacon and Mrs. Gifford and their daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Skene of Pitlour, and my dear young friend Hilda (now Mrs. Elles), were a constant source of pleasure to us. Mr. and Mrs. Skene lived as we did, between Oxford and their Scotch home, and they had the open hearted hospi-

talities of the North. We saw much of many Scottish undergraduates from our northern neighbourhood, who were glad to come to us for simple dances, which ended before midnight with two or three Scotch reels, or they took part in our concerts of Scotch ballads, acted in character, with the help of our Oxford and Dumfries-shire girl friends. When we did not go to Scotland my mother, my brothers and my sisters, came to spend Christmas with us in St. Giles's and many a cosy time we had together, with Mother's witty sayings and with music and reading aloud and games. In all this family life David joined very heartily. Our cousin, Alfred Dicker, (the diamond sculler), who was much attached to my mother, also sometimes joined the party, and it was a great occasion, when a few years later we offered to have his marriage from our house. He married Miss Mary Dunkin in the spring of 1900—his brother Gerald, and his sister, my old friend Alice (Mrs. White), coming for the wedding. We rejoiced in his happiness, and later on we paid delightful visits to them at Winchester, where he was rector of St. Maurice.

Among other interesting experiences of this time was a breakfast at All Souls, where David was the guest of Sir Thomas Raleigh, to meet Mr. Gladstone. This was in his old age, and the word went round that no subject of conversation should be started which would lead to controversy, lest it should be a strain on the "Grand Old Man." He also met Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, who congratulated him on his historical essay, "Daniel Defoe."

His short friendship with Mr. Lewis Nettleship was especially dear to him. Mr. Nettleship had charm, and a quality of sympathy which was all his own. For the time being one felt that one's affairs were his own, and he cared as much as one cared oneself for one's immediate joy, trouble, or difficulties. Walks with such a "philosopher and friend" were a rare experience to him. Mr. Nettleship died in the Alps,

alone, except for the company of his guide, whom he cheered by singing to him until he himself became insensible in the whirlwind of snow. His mother, Mrs. Nettleship, remained our friend until her death. We often went to see her, passing on the stairs large pictures of Alps and glaciers sorrowfully recalling the tragedy of her son's cold and lonely death.

Mrs. T. H. Green was also our friend. She was oftenest to be met in the cottages of the poor in her Nurse's dress, or on a Committee of useful work. Her quiet voice, her eyes full of beautiful sympathy, and of conquered sorrow, made her very presence a blessing, and we revered her as our Oxford "St. Catherine of Siena."

Our friend of earlier days, Mrs. Sellar, visited us at St. Giles's, delighting us with her irresistible wit, and her affectionate friendship. Who could ever forget her wonderful personality?

Cecil Rhodes was a frequent visitor to Oriel College when he was in England. On one occasion he came to receive an honorary degree on Commemoration Day, somewhat to the displeasure of a small section of the University. Lord Kitchener was among those on whom the same honour was conferred. He took Cecil Rhodes under his wing and appeared anxious to shelter him. We met them after the Encaenia at the All Souls luncheon. Our present King and Queen were also there, as the University conferred on him an honorary degree on this same occasion. In the evening of that Commemoration Day, my husband met Cecil Rhodes at dinner at Oriel, where he made a speech which was something of an apology, to the effect that it was all very well for the people at home, in a land of settled Government, to say what they would do in an hour of political difficulty, but in a new country where the control of multitudes is difficult, those in authority must use rough and ready methods, and take strong steps which may not be approved of here.

A few years later, Cecil Rhodes had died, leaving his magnificent bequest to Oriel College for its new buildings and endowment, and the Rhodes Scholars were beginning to be talked of in Oxford.

On a visit to my brother in London for the Coronation, we had met Sir George Parkin, who became our friend, and often stayed with us in Oxford, where he became head of the Rhodes Scholars, in the sense of travelling round the world to find them, selecting them according to his own judgment and the rules of the bequest.

Visits to Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Strauss at Lancaster Gate, were very pleasant to David ; he played classical duets with Mr. Strauss, who was a cultivated and interesting man. Mrs. Strauss, with her good looks, and her considerate, thoughtful care for the happiness of her guests, and surrounded by her young family, made a charming picture of home life. Mr. Strauss died in 1906 from the result of an accident in Paris, but our friendship continued with the family, and Mrs. Strauss was one of our last guests at West Hayes before my husband's death.

IV.

DAVID'S life at Oxford was a busy one, as Lecturer in History and in English Literature, reading with the pupils sent him by Mr. Hassall of Christ Church, and by Exeter College, and having always some literary work in progress. He was editing two volumes of Hearne for the Clarendon Press, writing a History of Oriel College, and various articles in the current magazines. Music was his recreation, from Richter Concerts to the Musical Club of which he was a devoted member. It met on Tuesday evenings, and he had many friends among its members. He dined in College on Sunday evenings, but returned in time to read aloud to me, as he liked our Sunday to close with poetry or some good literature. "Ecce Homo," and Caird's Philosophy, were favourites with us both. He also launched a reading Society in Oxford of such a simple and unpretentious character that it flourished, and has remained until this day. To this society belonged only a few members : Miss Wordsworth, The Warden of Keble and Mrs. Lock, Mrs. T. H. Green, Mr. Benecke, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Poole, Professor Montague, Dr. and Mrs. Godley, and ourselves. We met twice a Term in the home of one of its members, and we read poetry, or prose. My husband greatly enjoyed this society, and we were often invited to attend its meetings in after years from Winchester. Perhaps it was an echo of his happy undergraduate days, and the meetings of

a small Literary Society called the "N. or M." * That society met in College rooms, and on Sunday mornings after the University sermon, the members often walked together to Boar's Hill, had bread and cheese luncheon at the "Fox," and on to Bablock Hythe. Walks to Stowe Wood to hear the songs of birds, or to Elsfield and elsewhere were to him full of delightful memories.

David's influence over the young men who read with him was quite unconscious. They always cared to please him, and they treated him with respectful friendliness. It was only after years which revealed the impression he had made on them. When he lectured for the Women's Colleges he occasionally had a lady pupil, amongst whom was a daughter of the Comtesse de Gasparin. She was remarkable for her mental powers and her personal beauty. Her mind was lively and full of fun and of innocent refreshing satire. She became our affectionate friend and stayed with us at Conheath, reading History and Literature with my husband. When my son and I

N. OR M. SOCIETY. (NOTE BY MR. BENECKE)

* The Society bearing this name was founded in 1887 by three undergraduates, Mr. C. Aitken of New College, Mr. G. C. Meade-King of Merton, and Mr. A. S. Hichens of Magdalen. The object was defined as being the reading aloud of English literature, and it was arranged that the Society should meet weekly during term in the rooms of the members in rotation. It was usual to select passages from poets and from prose writers for reading at alternate meetings, and it was considered essential that any discussion which might take place in regard to what was read should be informal in character. Other undergraduate members were subsequently added, among whom was Rannie, who joined in 1889. The Society was always predominantly undergraduate, but those who, like Rannie, remained in Oxford after taking their degree, continued to be members and attended as regularly as the undergraduates. It continued to exist till 1900, when Rannie and the few other members who remained in Oxford came to the conclusion that it was no longer practicable to continue it on the same lines.

That a Society founded in this way should have lasted for 13 years is perhaps remarkable; but the "N or M" has a still greater achievement to its credit, as it led indirectly, largely through the agency of Mr. and Mrs. Rannie, to the promotion of a Society calling itself "The Reading Society," which is still functioning in 1926, after having lasted for twenty-five years. The members of this Society are ladies and gentlemen resident in Oxford, who meet twice a Term, read poetry and prose authors at alternate meetings and maintain the tradition of the older and less distinguished Society by carrying on all criticism and discussion in an informal manner.

saw her in Paris in April, 1922, she sent affectionate messages and many requests that David would visit her. When she heard of his sudden death, she wrote to me most tenderly : " Mr. Rannie was really one of the most remarkable men I ever met, because he was at once a great character, a noble soul, a fine intelligence, and full of personal charm, of natural refinement, of sweetness and humour. I am sure he was far more distinguished mentally than I had the opportunity of knowing . . . I know what a Christian he was. There lies the only comfort for you, poor friend, in your deep and acute sufferings. Let me pray God to help you, and to give you, and Alan the strength necessary to live without your beloved husband and father. Give my sympathy to your dear boy who is now all your joy, and so much more so because he is in so many ways like his father."

Our visits to David's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Earlshall, were especially enjoyed by us both. From there he wrote to his little son, left behind at Conheath with his nurse :

" Dearest Alan Boy,

I want to thank you for all the love you have sent : I like it so much. We are living in such a beautiful house—an old Castle near the blue sea—and Cousin Bob and Cousin Ramsay are so kind to us. We went in the train yesterday across a river so broad that it was like crossing the sea ; and Daddy showed Mammy the house where he was born, and the church he went to when he was Alan's age. Daddy is going out now to see the church yard where his grandpapa and grandmamma have been lying oh ! so many years, and he will think about Alan and love him very much and hope that he will live to be a strong and a good man.

Please ask Nanny to ask Shillito to meet the 1.35 train to-morrow with the waggonette. Daddy and Mammy hope to come home then, and kiss their dear boy.

Goodbye, dear Alan,

Your loving Daddy."

When he was older, little Alan used to accompany us on visits to Earlshall. Once, at a New Year's gathering when George Mackenzie and his son and daughter were there also, the boy had the pleasure of staying with his nurse in the Gate House, with its mysteriously opening gates, recalling Tennyson's poem :—

“ Fear not thou . . .
 . . . the myriad world, His shadow, nor the
 Silent
Opener of the Gate.”

How affectionately do these gatherings remain in our memory, recalling the strong clan feeling and family affection which can be shown no more on earth! David was never wanting in this essential loyalty of true hearts. The gentle lady of Earlshall, dear Ramsay, was a gracious and affectionate hostess, and her husband had a delightful gift of entertaining. Days spent with them were truly happy. It gives a poignancy to recollection, knowing that these days can be no more as they then were in the fullness of life, with none missing. It is still a happiness to go to Earlshall, and to be with Robert Mackenzie in his loneliness, for he understands and mourns for David, as we do for Ramsay.

The place itself in its ageworn strength, and noble masonry, the quaint courtyard, the characteristic rooms, the ancient garden, the scent of flowers, the cawing rooks, all breathe an indescribable charm.

In walking there last year, I recalled all that David told me of his childhood, and his cousins.

He told me of his wanderings when a boy in the fir park and by the shore, and his intense excitement concerning the Bell Rock Lighthouse, with its glorious beams at night, immortalised in Ballantyne's book. He told me also how he had longed for boy-companions, and was almost out of his senses when he had the chance of being with his cousins on Christmas Day

at Perth, or with them on their return visit for New Year's day at Newton ; the cheerful doings of the boys filled him with glee and happiness, mixed with jealousy at what the cousins could do, or at the superior popularity of Bob Mackenzie. Once when he was at Elie among several families of cousins, he did not like to be separated from them for a single minute, not even for meals or bed. He was simply intoxicated with the joy of young companionship, and though it sometimes came to quarrels, and many secret pangs were suffered, happiness predominated.

If I could name a happiest time in David's life I think I should say the two summers we spent at St. Moritz and Pontresina. He was so buoyant in spirits, just "the degree more cheerful" to which he had so often aspired. No hay fever or asthma disturbed him. Long walks, glacier expeditions, or ascents to the shoulder of a mountain were keenly enjoyed by him, but perhaps the morning stroll round the Lake at St. Moritz, with its depth of green colour, surrounded by its mountains, and in view of the homelike village, pleased him most. Thus in a poem of his beginning :

"When times were bright and pleasant life was young
And birds were all astir on every tree,"

these verses occur :

"Was not the world mine where free-will led ?
Mine the magnificence of mountain lands.
The happy smoke that from the homestead curled,
The peerless morning that its fragrance gave
To common things and words of every day,
The jewelled night that draped life's unlit way.

I knew the triumph of God's handiwork,
The shining trophies of man's regnant soul :
The stream of good, cleansing where evils lurk,

The power that heartens strivers toward the goal.
The love that knits men's hearts from pole to pole.
These things are mine, and they are happiness,
For all the ills of life a sure redress.
And best of all, into my life there fell
The star-beams of the golden fire of love,
The light that lightens early home—the spell
Of Mother's kisses, Father's smiles—above
All spells that man can ever feel and prove,
Save that last crowning spell that Heaven bestows,
The lover's love the wedded lover knows."

He was never so physically fit as he was in the high Alps. I had hoped from his high health at St. Moritz, that he was cured from hay-fever for ever, but on our journey down to Schulz, through the lower Engadine and the Tyrol to Landeck, the old trouble began again with the dust of diligence travelling and horses. At Innsbruck he rejoiced at the nearness of the mountains and the rush of the mountain torrents. The remoteness of Eagles among the Tyrolese mountains, the wayside crucifix, the fields of maize, the peasants at work, were all strangely charming. From the Tyrol we travelled to Munich, to hear opera in the native land of Wagner, and went to two performances of "Tannhauser," and "Lohengrin" at the Grand Opera House, where we heard Ternina in "Tannhauser." David greatly admired her interpretation of "Elizabeth." From Munich we went to Nuremberg, where we heard unforgettable part-singing in the streets at night. We went to a harvest festival in the Hohe Kirche reminding us much of a Scotch service. From there we travelled to Rothenburg, a never-to-be forgotten experience.

Next summer we went again to the Engadine and again David rejoiced in perfect health. In September we went down to Italy, over the Maloggia, and to Menaggio on the lake of Como. We had made

friends at St. Moritz with the American Ambassador (Mr. Choate), and with his wife and daughter. He asked my husband to walk with him; he was a brilliant talker, full of quaintness and shrewd wit, with a hearty, infectious laugh. He appeared so unburdened and merry. His daughter came to stay with us for the Oxford Commemoration in the following year, and we met him again at Oriel College, where he was the guest of the Provost. He died prematurely, and I am sorry to think how much breezy common sense, and hearty cheerfulness were lost to the world, when he died.

Another gay Commemoration for us at Oxford was when the University bestowed on Sir Reginald Wingate (Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Soudan) the D.C.L. Degree.

He and Lady Wingate came to stay with us with Colonel Keggie Slade and his wife, who were our guests. Sir Rudolph Slatin, who wished to witness any honour paid to his chief, also came to us.

King Edward had commanded the Sirdar to wear the Sash of Egypt on the occasion, so he looked very gorgeous in the Sheldonian with the scarlet uniform of the Governor-General and the Egyptian sash, with his array of medals, and the crimson and scarlet D.C.L. gown. Professor Goudy presented him to the Vice-Chancellor with graceful and appropriate Latin phrases. His reception in the Theatre was magnificent. It must have gladdened the heart of Sir Rudolph Slatin to see him receive yet another honour. We remembered going to the Sudanese Mission in Cairo, and meeting there that remarkable man Father Ohrwalder, who had escaped from the Khalifa's custody—this had been the work of Sir Reginald Wingate through the Intelligence Department of which he was then head. Father Ohrwalder had told us in Cairo that Slatin Pasha was still in the Khalifa's custody, "He is chained to a pillar in the courtyard of the Khalifa's palace and his food is raw

durra—but I shall see him yet, he will be rescued through Wingate Pasha's wonderful Intelligence Department as I was myself." And here he was, in Oxford going with us to the All Souls Luncheon, and in the evening dining in Christ Church with the Sirdar! That evening he showed us among his Orders a wonderful Cross given him by the Pope for being, as he said, "such a good Catholic." He told us that his good teeth had been the saving of him when rationed on durra and also his cheerful disposition, inherited from his mother, which gave him an unfailing hope that he would make his escape. He had been captured by the Mahdi's army and forced to become one of his bodyguard. His captivity lasted over ten years.

At Magdalen College we met President Roosevelt. He was stimulating to converse with, and most kindly. He had a quick perception of men and women, and soon found common ground with them, being full of good-will.

In appearance he was well-built and soldierly. His prominent teeth earned him the name of "the benevolent wolf," but in reality he was gentle in disposition, those closest to him describing him as "a very noble gentleman." He came to Oxford to deliver a lecture (at the Sheldonian Theatre) which was packed with interesting facts, but perhaps too discursive for a critical Oxford audience. Young Oxford gave him a hearty reception. Had he remained President of the United States what great results he would probably have achieved by his war policy! Had the war been shortened by the arrival of the American Expeditionary Force at an earlier date, how many of those on whom he looked in the Sheldonian that day might have been alive to help England now?

Before David resigned his Lectureship at Exeter, he had become interested in Oxford Extension

Lectures. He eventually undertook a centre in South Hants, the Isle of Wight, and Haywards Heath. The climate of Oxford had begun to be a trouble to us, and the warning given to University men, "Do not stay in Oxford too long," had weight. When my husband undertook the centre in the Isle of Wight we removed to The Briary, Freshwater, in order to be near. This was a very pleasant interlude.

The Briary, Freshwater, is a romantic home-like place; it was the home of Mr. Frederick Watts, and Mr. T. Prinsep. It is a Philip Webb house, built on lines of great simplicity in the style of a French château. The two Studios proclaim it an artist's home, and something of the genius of Mr. Watts seems to linger there. The small prim Dutch garden, the tall macrocarpa hedge with its feathery green, the sunk garden with its many roses, and the large pleasant trees with peeps through their branches of Freshwater Down, fold the house in an exquisite sense of peace. I think no former inhabitants of The Briary could have been happier than we were there. An Oxford boy friend came to work with our little son. Miss Marion Crook, whose inspiration had been Bedale's School, came to teach the boys and with the help of a Bombadier from Golden Hill for drill, and later a tutor for Latin, we were well supplied with occupation. Our fox terrier, Van, and Nicholas the dove, completed our family circle. David was happy, lecturing in different University Extension Centres in the Isle of Wight and on the mainland, and beginning his book on Wordsworth. Into this book, published by Methuen and called "Wordsworth and his Circle," he put a great deal of himself. He was happy in writing it and its composition took him a long way into his early days at Winchester. Methuen published the book in 1907. Though the subject of Wordsworth and his poet friends was a congenial theme, he was not unaware

of Wordsworth's limitations. On page 15, speaking of his lack of humour, he says :—

“ Probably this lack, so common yet always so lamentable, apparently so unimportant but really so far-reaching in its power of hindrance and harm, is one of the chief sources of what is unpleasant in the “lakishness” of Wordsworth. It makes it possible to feel his poetry old-fashioned : an epithet complimentary to furniture and landscape-gardening, but hardly to poetry. For poetry, at all events of the rank of Wordsworth's, should always be fresh, fresh with the eternal freshness of the spring of the morning. And if this freshness, this unmistakable, inexpressible, irresistible gusto is sometimes lacking in Wordsworth, is it not very often because humour is weak ? For humour is much more than the parent of wit, though this is not to be despised in poetry. It is a phase of intelligence, an exercise of sympathy ; and the lack of it involves, possibly earnestness, but certainly dulness, and some insensitiveness, both of the understanding and the affections. Such insensitiveness was undoubtedly present in Wordsworth ; and it prevented the man, as it prevents his poetry, from being wholly and unfailingly fresh and charming. It explains also the occasional lapses into individual self-satisfaction which flaw the noble self-consciousness of the great poet. For humour, even better than humility, makes a man immune from the possibility of conceit.”

My brother Arthur was married in America, where he was Military Attaché at Washington, during the Boer War. What charm still lingers round the memory of a certain Sunday in June when he unexpectedly arrived in England, bringing his young wife, Ruth, to see David and me at Oxford ! I had cared very much for his happiness and one had only to see her to love her. Later, when they stayed with us at St. Giles's to meet my mother, David and I grew to know her and a most happy relationship began. A romance attached to the marriage

in my eyes, as the greatest friend of my girlhood was American. She lived in New England and was like my new sister-in-law, in candour, sweetness and strength of devotion. The best Puritan strain was in them both. Ruth's kinship of nature with my mother and the sympathy which grew up between them brought David and me much joy. We were always faithful to our first impression of her. He valued the books she sent him Christmas by Christmas, so well chosen to suit his individuality.

In 1900 my brother Arthur was returned to Parliament as Conservative Member for the Fareham Division of Hants. There was a fitness in his getting this constituency, as our naval grandfather, Sir John Lee, had lived in South Hants at The Elms, Bedhampton, where our father is buried in the family grave at Bedhampton Churchyard. Later, when my brother lived near, at Rookesbury Park, David and I were there on several occasions, and he especially enjoyed a Christmas visit when my dear Mother's presence added joy to the sisters and brothers, and our nephew Rupert, and our Alan, were the boys of the party.

When they went to live at Chequers, we, in agreement with the rest of the world, were enchanted with the beauty and harmony of this gem of Elizabethan architecture. All that could be done to enhance its beauty and to bring it back to what it had been in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, my brother and his wife carried into effect, with the help of Sir Reginald Blomfield. The prison room with its iron door at the top of the house, where Lady Mary Grey, sister of Lady Jane Grey, was shut up for fifteen years by Queen Elizabeth's order, gave a tragic thrill to the house, especially when my brother had facsimiles of Lady Mary Grey's letters (now in the Record Office), hung in small frames round the room, so that one could read her pathetic story and the pathos of her many appeals to the obdurate Queen. Her offence

was that she had married a Commoner, in spite of being in such near succession to the Crown. By Elizabeth's order she was not released until two years after her husband's death. Through the iron door there is a winding staircase to the ground floor where one enters the Cromwell room which my brother made a library. Here is a life-mask of Oliver Cromwell, which is so skilful as a likeness that one feels to know him through those contours with a conviction which no picture can bring.

Of the visits that David and I paid there, the days of Christmas were especially charming. I recall the Christmas morning service in the church where John Hampden worshipped, and the wonderful view in silver sunlight of the vale of Aylesbury on that wintry day. In the evening there were fourteen tables of presents in the Long Gallery, each of us as a family giving gifts to the others. This was very amusing as the members moved from table to table to find their packages. Later in the evening my two brothers acted inimitably in dumb show in the Long Gallery, now so often seen in illustrated papers as a background to the "reigning" Prime Minister. At the end of the Gallery my brother had restored the stained glass with its emblazoned heraldry, adding his more modest coat of arms at the bottom of the window, and the words: "Arthur and Ruth Lee having loved the house greatly, restored it." The date of its restoration is given.

David and I were there at Whitsuntide when the Dutch garden, with its Elizabethan rest-houses, and the fore-court, with its graceful statue, had greatly improved the exterior of Chequers. I saw the place again in war time, when my brother had gone to France on the Staff, and my sister-in-law made the house into a military hospital for wounded officers. In 1917 my brother and his wife decided, in the general sacrifice all round, to relinquish this beloved possession, and to give it as a country residence for

the Prime Ministers of England, making an endowment so that both house and grounds should always be kept up in their ancient state. "That which we give up we possess for ever."

Batheaston Vicarage always attracted David, with my sister Ethel's welcome and brightness. Her husband, the Vicar, the Rev. Arthur Downes, was companionable to him in excursions after flowers, and on one occasion they drove together to Alfoxden to see where Wordsworth and Dorothy lived for some long time in order to be near Coleridge. In writing "Wordsworth and his Circle" he long looked back on this excursion with pleasure.

Having eventually decided to give up our Oxford house, we were now in a position to build a new home. We had sold our Scotch property of Conheath to the present owner, Mr. Pickering, who fell in love with the place. My husband yielded, feeling that his work was in England, and that his son's education made the south dear to him. Mr. Pickering has been faithful to his first love for Conheath. It is always a pleasure to go there, because it is well-cared for and revered.

V.

Work is alone noble . . . a life of ease is not for any man. . . .

Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over ; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished. . . . But our work,—behold, that is not abolished, that has not vanished ; our work, behold it remains, or the want of it remains ;—for endless Times and Eternities, remains ; and that is now the sole question with us for evermore ! Brief brawling Day, with its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone ; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come ! What hast thou done, and how ? where is thy work ?

ABOUT this time we seemed to experience a sort of spiritual conversion to this view of life. Neither the life at Conheath, nor at Oxford had altogether satisfied us ; there was too much society, with its constant claims, its absorptions, and its fritter of time. The last years of our son's life before he went to school had been idyllic for us, but our minds were stretching out beyond. The influence of Sir Michael Sadler, his cousin Miss Gilpin, and our friend and governess, Miss Marion Crook, (from Bedales School), was irresistible. The Art of Education became an absorbing study. We took a great decision to adapt our lives to conditions of simplicity which would enable us to work for education together, and my husband for his literary aims, to try to add something to the world's love and knowledge of literature. The duty to express himself with his pen was to him a binding obligation. He feared desultoriness and idleness through having been, as he said, "cursed with a competence."

To me, the going of our little son to school came harder than to many mothers, because it meant, not only the loss of him but of the boy-friend who worked with him, and the pleasant atmosphere of education in the house, which had been so very dear to us. My husband had been at Oriel with Mr. Lionel Helbert, though senior to him, and they met again when my son was about to become a West Downs boy. The school seemed to include all we had wished for, as the second volume of the book of education for boys of which we had been working out the first volume in our home education. A scheme was thought out in which we, who already knew and loved little boys, and had experience in their upbringing and education, should prepare boys for West Downs in our home, in the hope of doing a really useful work, and as a consolation for the loss of occupation when our son went to school.

The project was full of fair promise; we moved to West Hill above Winchester; it seemed a favourable and delightful spot on the edge of the Downs and surrounded by beautiful country, in which to begin what we hoped might be "work." We were both young in enthusiasm, if not in years, and full of hope. Dr. Burge, then Headmaster of Winchester, gave us great encouragement, saying that such work was needed. In course of time this educational work grew until it eventuated in something different to the first intention, and it has had a much wider field than was then thought of. It is difficult to speak with sufficient gratitude of Mr. Lionel Helbert, for his practical help and inspiration, constant through so many years; and also of the affectionate loyalty of the boys, and especially of their parents, creating an atmosphere in which it was delightful to work, and most repaying to such toil as we gave.

These first days at Winchester, however, were very lonely ones. We were separated from our large circle of friends in Oxford and Scotland, though we re-

turned to Dumfries for Christmas with my husband's aunts. A few friends, such as Mr. Benecke of Magdalen and Sir Michael Sadler, sympathised with our educational aims ; but had it not been for the friendliness of West Downs and Mr. Helbert's humour and sympathy, and the support of such friends as Mrs. Sumner (of the Mothers' Union), and Dr. and Mrs. Burge at Winchester College we should have felt almost cut off from our former sociable life. Mrs. Burge was much interested in the P.N.E.U. and asked me to join her committee. I also learned much from my Scotch friend, Mrs. Douglas Carnegie, *née* Johnstone Douglas, who lived out at Longwood and who had brought up her children on P.N.E.U. teaching, instructing them herself. She is by nature a competent and gifted teacher. David went to see Miss Charlotte Mason at Ambleside, having a great admiration for her educational work, and especially for her pamphlet named "The Basis of National Strength."

The building of our house, in which we tried to combine something of the stateliness of our house at Oxford, with the charm of a country home like Conheath, was an absorbing interest to us. Now that we had begun this work among boys, the great joy was in the thought that we were building also for them, and not only selfishly for ourselves. The house was to be large and homelike, with plenty of sunshine and air, and with as much as possible of all that a boy can desire, and the grounds laid out for amusement and delight, as far as it was possible for us to do so. The place became to us a sort of poet's dream, as though its counterpart was in the land of ideals and this its imperfect image. David's Library, where he combined his Scottish and Oxford libraries, was a large and sunny room opening by windows on to the lawn. Here he wrote and here he loved to welcome his family and friends. The building of our music room with its little chapel,

with everything adapted to youth and simplicity, was a great delight. This chapel, from the first, seemed the heart of our attempt at serviceable work. Mr. Helbert, sometimes discouraging, sometimes amused, but always eventually sympathetic and helpful, watched our progress sometimes with pride, sometimes with playful bantering. He was very staunch in commending our industry and sending us the right sort of boy. From the first we were most fortunate in loyal helpers on our staff. The school was young, and young teachers came to it. Of our masters, first and last, and of our lady helpers, I can only think with a grateful heart. Of these, Mr. Sidney Smith of Queen's College, Cambridge, now a distinguished member of the British Museum Staff, was the most companionable to my husband, and I had the loyal and devoted friendship and help of Miss Evelyn Kirby, whose loving ministrations were surely unique among friends and teachers. Mr. Williams, with his cheerfulness, humour, and musical talent, did much for the boys and for us all. Mr. Godber Ford gave us and the boys devoted service all through the war in a way that was past praise.

Mrs. Rose, the wife of Major Rose of West Downs, helped us with the boys' music and singing. Her musical talent was of great benefit to us all. She wrote us a beautiful School hymn, setting it to music :

Father Divine, encompassing our path.

She was unflinching in service and in kindness ; her young people helping us in School plays, in which they showed unusual talent and artistic gift.

It may be asked what was David's aim as a teacher, whether at Oxford, or in the later years at West Hayes ? During the last year of his life he was writing a paper on what education is, in which he sets forth some of his ideas, and I hope this paper

may yet see the light by being published in another volume. In practice, with the boys who came to us at West Hayes, he aimed first that the teaching should be first rate, accurate and sympathetic ; that it should be redeemed from dullness by careful preparation and reading beforehand on the part of the teacher, but that the boy should be taught to work for himself by handling books, and by his curiosity being awakened in the subject. He thought that nothing could justify teaching that was second rate or unintelligent.

He believed in the beaten track rather than in eccentricities of education, and thought that our Public and Preparatory Schools, though they might need progressive reform, yet, like public opinion, represented the collective wisdom of the ages. He thought that the less eccentric a teacher was the more power he would have to launch out into any original method should he feel called upon to do so. He kept his eyes open to modern methods and found much to admire in Bedales School at Petersfield, Miss Gilpin's remarkable school at Weybridge and Miss Mason's House of education at Ambleside. He gained the respect and liking of the masters who taught under him and of the boys themselves, and West Hayes justified itself under his guardianship by a number of successes. He inspired the boys with his own reverence and sense of duty, and to put forth effort in the grind for excellency and scholarship ; but he desired all gladness and encouragement possible to be given them to lighten the burden, opening windows in their minds, and showing them vistas of imagination.

The success of the boys was his justification. One of the first eventually gained a Winchester Scholarship, Alan Fletcher was First Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, Hugh Francis was King's Cadet at Woolwich, Christopher Macgregor, who had been thoroughly well taught before he came to

us, won an Exhibition for Winchester ; they wrote after his death in grateful memory acknowledging their indebtedness to him. But this was by no means all he desired to give them. He taught them a certain grace in life and a desire for the things worth having. "As one who feels the immeasurable world," he aimed at awakening them to their rich inheritance in the book of Nature. In summer he took the boys for walks on the Downs and on the Roman Road, showing them the beauty of colour in flowering shrubs and singing birds. He knew the note of every bird, having been associated with Mr. Warde Fowler while at Oxford. The boys were taught to listen for the songs of the various migrants as they came to England, throughout the year. They were taught to find the fly orchis, the bee orchis and the butterfly orchis each in its season at Farley Mount, and to find wild lily-of-the-valley in Parnholt Wood. They brought home these flowers to paint, and in Autumn the leaves of the black bryony, the berries of the spindle, and the wayfaring tree. Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall" expressed his attitude of admiration and wonder for the mystery of flower life.

" Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little Flower but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Though he had been something of a sportsman, especially in his early days, he greatly disliked callousness in dealing with bird's nests, butterflies and all living things, or the despoiling of trees and flowers. He told the boys of Wordsworth's "Nutting," where the poet speaks of happy days among the hazel woods and recalls how he and his compan-

ions had wantonly torn the branches of the richly laden nut trees :—

“ Then up I rose
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage ; and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being.

Ere from the mutilated bough I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky, . . .
Then . . . with gentle hand
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.”

In the winter evenings, he played to the boys in the drawing room much good music to teach them musical appreciation.

The games, boxing and drill, were in the hands of the masters and a very competent sergeant. He was fond of quoting Goethe's words in “ Wilhelm Meister ” about the necessity of teaching boys reverence and hope.

He talked to them about the great events that were happening in the world, and often gave them a simple address on Sundays in chapel ; to this he gave great thought and preparation ; he liked the hymns chosen for the service to be good music, carefully sung, and within a child's comprehension. He gave care to the readings aloud of the Bible to the boys, which he did every morning in chapel. Reverence in prayer he insisted on, and always gained from them. He was very humorous with them and amused by them, and strange to say, they always understood his irony and only said : “ Oh, Mr. Rannie, you are so funny.” In a rhyme called “ A leaving boy at West Hayes ” these verses occur :

“ Kind master of West Hayes, we thank
Thy gentle courtesy,
Respecting all who dwell within
Thy hospitality.

We know thee faithful to thy word—
We know thy scholar's mind,
Thy quiet joke, and never yet
To any boy unkind.

Wherever in the world I'll try
Respect from thee to win,
A man upright and fair thou art
To all thy walls within.”

After his death, the mother of one of the boys, in writing to us said : “ In the passing of this fine gentleman of culture and scholarship there also passes one who was loved, and will be loved for ever.”

I give the words of some of those who taught under his direction :

Miss Marion Crook (now Mrs. Coad) writes :

Mr. Rannie appreciated youthful enthusiasm and treated exuberant expressions of opinion (so often ill-judged) with kindly satire. He had a whimsical expression “ a trifle enthusiastic ”—which bade youth to think again, more wisely perhaps. Mr. Rannie's way with young students was the perfect essence of kindness combined with dignity. His occasional severity “ struck home ” and was so rare as to make a great impression. The memory of his teaching and still more of his gentle life and critical mind now comes to one in the postwar days, and brings with it the impression of having lived in a more gracious age—when the “ very parfit gentil knight ” was a part of life. He was never sentimental, never fussy, but he loved young creatures. His love of Nature brought him near to them—and he

believed that training could not begin too early—training in self-control and truthfulness. His mind was too cultured for youth to understand or appreciate. To know what he thought and felt was to the untrained “the desire of the moth for the star.”

If only we could remember and recall his spirit and live in the light of his critical goodness! I can see his smile, he was so humble and yet so splendid.

Mr. Sidney Smith, of the Egyptian Department of the British Museum, says, referring to his teaching of English :

It is given to very few to preserve in the middle years the liberality of mind which admits the good in ancient practice and in novel theory alike, while condemning the bad in both. This equable balance, for which there is no better word than sanity, distinguished the outlook of David Rannie to an exceptional degree. The opening years of the twentieth century were marked by an acute intellectual unrest. An incipient revolt from the accepted standards; in the sphere of educational practice and theory, as in other directions, change was constant, and in some quarters welcomed for its own sake.

Interested in the subject of juvenile education, Rannie carefully followed the course and progress of innovations in teaching methods, without losing his own standpoint about education; himself a formidable critic of the old standardised training given by schools and colleges, he nevertheless appreciated very highly its value. One subject he made peculiarly his own, and in his method of teaching it, his opinions were tersely expressed. The object of his care was to instil a taste for, and appreciation of, English literature, the subject in which, he held, the old curricula were lamentably deficient.

But he did not adopt the method of using extracts from great works; nor did he use modernised versions of old authors adapted to the intelligence of the young. His principle was, I believe, to select some one work with a

theme of such interest that it could be handled in serial fashion, as it were, but one of such literary merit that inevitably it should mould the taste of his pupils. For this purpose I have known him choose a poem of Scott, a historical novel of Charles Kingsley, a tale of adventure by such a one as Robert Louis Stevenson. Once chosen, the work was read aloud, week by week, to the pupils, in its entirety. The result was very interesting to watch ; the livelier minds—the boys were aged from 11 to 14 years—would not infrequently put down the pencils with which they were allowed to busy themselves, and lose themselves in the story. Sometimes an interjected question would prove at once the ignorance and keenness of an individual boy. Occasionally the whoop of sheer delight would reward the reader's labour.

It is worth while to recall those apparently effortless hours because in them I have often thought Rannie exhibited a faith and an understanding to which few attain ; they were due to his sanity. Only certain kinds of food are suitable to the appetite of the young mind ; the particular kind having been chosen, it is the duty of the teacher to give the best, and to give it in its entirety, without more interference than is necessary. The principle is no doubt accepted by most, yet how few have carried it out so simply and logically ! The teacher bound by the requirements of an old curriculum has perforce to make a great author a means of teaching something else than literary taste ; but the questions about the parts of speech or the derivations of a word confuse the juvenile mind, and the greater purpose is lost in the lesser. Better a single exclamation of delight than a thousand correct answers. Or perhaps the teacher who follows more modern methods may interpose himself too much, or not have the necessary faith in the work he has chosen. Better the long, continual contact of the child with a great work it can understand, than a brief glimpse of a mangled version.

Rannie's attitude was in fact the direct result of his intense belief in truth and beauty ; set before the young a work true, beautiful and not beyond their limited experi-

ence, and they must necessarily profit. Whether they could pass an examination upon it was a matter of indifference to him.

The sanity which marked his teaching of English to the young is the outstanding merit of his book "The Elements of Style," his contribution to the more advanced study of the subject which lay so near his heart. Believing as he did that criticism has to deal with certain standards, Rannie attempted to lay bare the ponderable elements of that elusive quality whose imponderable character he would have been the first to assert. By that book his quality as a teacher may best be judged. As I turn over the leaves I am continually reminded of the balanced judgment, the logical enthusiasm and inquiring caution of the scholar; but best of all I remember the wise and moderate reformer whose hope it was that in English schools of the future English literature might occupy a new and more fruitful position. The improvement he looked for lay rather in the simplification of teaching than in novel methods; above all he believed in the power of literature itself to arouse good taste and inspire critical understanding. To his unquenchable faith I owe a lasting debt.

Miss Evelyn Kirby writes :

My work under Mr. Rannie soon led me to know what he considered to be important in our teaching. It must be accurate. He could not bear slipshod, badly prepared work. It must be thorough, and no pains were to be spared to make it so.

One felt too that his ideal of education was that it should be for life—not just for passing show. It was to form character, and one felt the underground current all the time of his deep religious instincts. Our work had to be considered from that standpoint. He was ever ready and anxious to guide and help anyone who really desired such assistance, and he was always so very humble about his own attainments and his great knowledge, and drew one out and listened attentively, whilst he should have been expounding.

I think I never knew anyone with such a deep, earnest love of Nature, and he was always so glad to meet anyone who had a similar love and joy in it. Then he would with great delight take one to see the treasures of the neighbourhood and point out what should not be missed, and help to identify the plants, etc.

Astronomy to him was a nightly joy. Every evening about ten o'clock I would hear his library verandah window open and his steps outside, and I knew that he would be gazing at the stars and probing into their secrets, or watching for the first appearance of a certain star or planet. Sometimes he would come up to the schoolroom quite excitedly to tell us some news of the heavens, or to ask us to look at a certain star or planet.

The birds were his dear friends, but he liked, I think, to be alone with them best, as they are so shy and timid, and he being gentle and quiet did not disturb them. He was always the first to hear the new arrivals and joyfully told us the exact dates. Their songs meant much to him and he knew them all.

I am indebted to the same friend for the notes of my husband's address to the boys on a June Sunday.

Mr. Rannie began the address by saying he would like to draw our attention to the two Collects—one for the day, the fourth Sunday after Trinity, and one for St. John Baptist's Day. It occurred to his mind in Church that morning how they both shewed the *strength* of Religion, i.e., God. Many people looked upon religious people as soft or rather weak, but the first Collect pointed out that "without Thee *nothing* is strong."

Then the other Collect bids us "constantly speak the Truth"; that was not an easy thing for any of us and needed great strength. "Boldly rebuke vice." This is harder still; to be ready at all times to flash out if we perceive any wrong and by doing so can put it right. We must not of course be prigs—but we must be ready and willing. Then also "patiently suffer for the Truth's sake." This needed the most strength of all. Physical suffering was perhaps the

easiest to bear and mental the hardest—also slight and unkindness.

Conscience. St. Paul before Felix—"and herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."

St. Paul was a strong man and yet he says he had to exercise himself. This shows that it was a difficult task. We must believe that Conscience was a true voice—the voice of God in us—God in us, God about us. But we must appeal and listen to the voice, it did not thunder out its commands and we could not command it at our wish—we have often to wait and it cannot be hurried, but if we believe in it and make it our guide it will never fail us.

A great philosopher said there were two mysteries which always filled him with awe—the starry Heavens, and our Conscience that always chose the right and spurned the wrong. Our bodies are temples of the living God. How much more real is it to believe that God dwells in us and about us and is grieved at all our faults and failings and smiles approval when we obey and please Him.

Prayer. Pray without ceasing. If we obey our Conscience this *must* follow—not giving all our time to saying prayers but living them always—never being without God and seeking His help in all our actions, not being hasty and rash. We must not think of God being "above the sky" but very near, and in us and knowing all about us.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains

Are not these, O soul, the Vision of Him Who reigns? . . .
Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit
can meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

All living things were dear to him. In winter he loved to encourage robins to come to our bedroom window for an early breakfast. Our fox terrier, Van, and our parrot, lived much in the study with him, and he took great pleasure in their companion-

ship. He had been a fearless rider in early days in Scotland. Later he took to cycling, and he and his son went constantly for pleasant runs together.

During the early days at Winchester, my husband went frequently to Dumfries to see his aunts, who were now both very frail. It had been understood between us from the early days of our marriage that it should make no difference to his constant care of them, and he never failed to act towards them as a devoted son. Their loss by death within a year and a half of each other, though he was convinced that they had lived to the utmost limit of their strength, left a gap which could never be filled. Though perhaps the growing friendship with his son was taking the place and comforting him more than he knew.

It was on one of the days of the Winchester Pageant of 1908 that David received a telegram concerning his aunt's illness which made him decide to start immediately for Dumfries. It was on that wonderful evening in June when the light stayed, and put out all calculations for the lighting up of the Pageant, that we, who remained behind, knew that through that curious prolonged daylight he was travelling in deep anxiety lest he should be too late to comfort her who had been his earliest friend,—but happily it did not turn out to be so, and she lingered many days after he reached her side. Death did not come easily to her; her vigour of mind and body were remarkable, and though she often said in speaking of events of the future with utmost cheerfulness, "Oh! I'll be away before that," when the time came, it was physically very difficult for her to die. She was delighted to see him, and received him with all the old affection, her merry eyes still sparkling with life. But for many days and nights she lay in great discomfort, as if her strong body could not yield up her spirit. One evening near sunset he was with her alone, trying to think of anything that would alleviate this physical misery. He picked up the Bible by her bedside and

began reading the 14th Chapter of St. John, saying : " Attie, this is what you used to read to me when I was a boy," when all in a moment, with the rays of sunset brightening her room, a wonderful peace fell upon her, and even as he gazed at her she seemed to turn to marble, and her spirit fled without a struggle.

Our later visits to Dumfries were to Aunt Susie only. Though she felt the withdrawal of an immense support in the loss of the older aunt, she believed she was entering on a new existence in having her own will in the house. This buoyed her up for the time and gave her new interests, but though much the younger of the two, her physical strength had been undermined by a slight stroke. David went to Scotland to see her and writes to his son as follows :

DUMFRIES,

January 20th, 1909.

MY DARLING ALAN,

You have been a dear attentive boy to me, and I am ashamed that I have not sent you a word in reply to your three nice communications.

I am glad to say dear Aunt Susie is all right to-day. She began to mend yesterday afternoon, as I told you ; and a good night's sleep quite restored her. It is delightfully cosy for her in her warm bedroom.

I wonder what my two dear ones do all day and how West Hayes is looking. I shall soon see it again I trust.

Very tender love to your dearest Mother and to yourself.

Ever your devoted

DADDY.

At Easter he again went to Scotland and writes concerning Aunt Susie's condition :

DUMFRIES,

Monday.

MY DARLING, -

Very glad of your card. All is well with us. Aunt

Susie was at Church yesterday, and has come into the sitting room early to-day, in spite of the cold.

I think with satisfaction that you have your boys round you, darling, for I believe they will keep you well and happy.

Aunt Susie hardly ever speaks, and does not seem *very* much interested in what one says to her. But she likes the piano, and gets, I hope, some comfort from my proximity.

Tender love to you both,

Your own

DAVIE.

He was so anxious about Aunt Susie, that he went to Scotland in July, and writes of her from Dumfries as follows :

45, CASTLE STREET,
DUMFRIES, N.B.

July 14, 1909.

MY DEAREST ALAN,

Your dear spontaneous letter has given me great pleasure. I was very thankful to find dear Aunt Susie, not only still with us yesterday morning, but much rallied. The improvement continued all yesterday, and the report this morning was pretty good. As the day gets on, however, she does not seem so well, and I am again very anxious. She is restless and distressed, and not taking food well to-day. I think we must not allow ourselves to hope very much. She is in God's hand and how truly, oh how truly ! she has loved and served Him ! I will give her your loving message the first opportunity. I have just had a little note from Mammy. All seems well.

If Aunt Susie gets out of danger, I will try to return on Saturday or Monday ; but all seems very uncertain to-day.

I hope you are well and happy, dear boy. Mr. Benecke has written congratulating on your Nomination.

True love to you,

Your ever devoted,

DADDY.

During our summer visit to Dumfries after this, Aunt Susie's strength was rapidly declining,—our presence, and even David's seemed a greater emotional strain than she could bear. I sat by her side one August afternoon hardly speaking to her, but thinking over all her sweetness and humility of nature, and of the great unselfish devotion of which she was capable, and which she had shown to David's parents and afterwards to him throughout her life. To me, and to our son, she had been equally loving, and we were great friends. She never asserted herself and was perhaps too meek. She might perhaps have said "too crushed," because, much as people loved her, she had voluntarily relinquished both love and ambition. After a somewhat broad upbringing, she had found her rest of mind in the Evangelical School. She was fond of quoting Bunyan's words :—

" He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride."

She had laboured much in good works at Conheath and Dumfries. Now she wished to be with her God and Saviour alone, and to die in solitude, like a winter leaf falling silently into the snowy field below. She persuaded us at length to leave her, it being most evidently her wish that we should go home, and a fortnight afterwards she died, so peacefully that it was difficult for those who watched to know at what moment she passed away. Among her books afterwards I was so glad to find my name in a short list under the heading : " People who I think love me." Truly I did love her, and this was precious to her for she valued love as a child does.

David returned to Winchester after Aunt Susie's death. At this time we wrote together a book of boys' prayers, of which I will quote one sentence of his, which explained his attitude to life. " O Father, may I learn to bear all things that are against me

without trying to evade them, let me not fear to meet things hard, difficult, or painful." He always said Christ's cross was not a gilded or jewelled one, but hard, rough wood, and we must be content to take up such a one ourselves if necessary.

He held childhood in great reverence and believed that those golden hours were all important. He wanted to awaken the boys to their relation to the Universe, to the understanding of the world about them and of the things worth caring for. He felt deeply his responsibility to the boys. He had an overwhelming sense of what was due to every human being as such. He knew from experience the far-reaching influence of elders upon the children, and how often they can be unworthy of this trust, in the words of the Prophet: "Where is that flock, that beautiful flock that I gave thee? . . . What wilt thou say when He shall punish *thee*?"

O Fathers, Mothers, make your sons obey!
Of childhood's gracious hour how short the day—
'Tis gone! 'tis past! hard, selfish wills must break,
They will not yield an hour for duty's sake.
How self-deceived we let the hours pass by,
'Tis *now*, not *then* by strictest industry,
'Tis ours to fashion those whom God doth lend,
Lest life be squandered and make dreary end.
Mark their young faces, glad and clear of sin,
Thine image is impressed—the chamber's sweet within,
Why care ye for your sport, your business, strife,
When such a treasure is within your life?
They are encompassed by thy power most utterly,
To make or mar their endless destiny!
O God! Give us Thy help lest most unworthily
We fail in trust, and do most miserably!

VI.

“**L**A chose a quoi l’on pense le plus est souvent celle dont on parle le moins.” David was reserved towards his friends in speaking of religion. He was never a propagandist or a preacher ; he would suggest, but never dogmatise.

On the first Sunday after our marriage we went to the Parish Church at Ventnor—the psalms happening to be for the 29th day, and after service he spoke to me about “ O God Thou hast searched me out and known me,” saying it represented to him one’s exact attitude to the Creator. His words were unusual and they left a very great impression, perhaps because it was rare with him to speak so under conviction. After 30 years of the closest of all human ties I can truly say that God was in all his thoughts ; that the act of prayer was to him awful—and in practice most deeply reverent and genuine ; his soul was instinct with the realization of God. At family prayers a child would know that he was speaking to an unseen friend, but one who yet was near, brought close, by the intense reverence of his approach to his Maker. This faith was the secret of his consistency in friendship, and his compelling sense of duty which no physical weakness could obscure.

The church of his youth was the Free Church of Scotland, but as the current of his life drifted southwards, he adopted the Church of England ; he was confirmed, and was ultimately Churchwarden for many years of St. Thomas’s Church, Winchester. It was therefore natural that his religious horizon should be a wide one.

He attached great importance to public worship.

He considered churchgoing not as optional, but as an obligation to the whole community, a national duty, a loyalty to the State, and he was a regular communicant, always feeling that the sanctity of the act did not admit of being talked of, and still less of being dogmatised about. Family prayers were the rule throughout our married life. He liked grace before meals as a gracious act of thankfulness, especially the Latin form of "May the Blessed One bless."

His attitude to religion was, however, modern and critical. The soundest and latest biblical criticism he studied with an open mind, often accepting, but as often rejecting, where the criticism was crude and unconvincing. He believed that God expected truth from mortal man even more than faith. He dared not twist truth, or soothe himself with superstition, or with absurdities. Dogma was not easy to him, and his mind was constantly sifting material and searching for the very truth.

He was a careful and diligent student of the Bible ; he had no sympathy with narrow schools of thought and the petty distinctions of sects. He believed that God, Who has designed and made man, and surrounded him with good and evil, and tried him by temptation, and by such infinite perplexity, would never desert him, in the life to come, but would, as it were, see His creature through. His religion, too, was interwoven with his lifelong study of philosophy.

Nevertheless, there was an element of disappointment in his life ; unconsciously to himself his Scottish pride and deep-rooted reserve from all the world, except his wife and a very few chosen friends, deprived him of the easy fellowship and friendship of many who would have liked to be his friends. He shrank from the approach of flattery or intimacy and could not put up with it. Had he been less reserved, the frost of his exterior, by which some were discouraged, would quickly have melted into sunshine, but his essential reticence of character often

forbade approach. He had ever a longing for sympathy, desiring help, and interest in his work from other men, which often did not come. He felt, with George Herbert :—

“ But that Thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely stirred
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow,
Some place and power on me ?
Then should Thy praises with me grow
And share in my degree.

.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
That I should then raise Thee ?
Perhaps great places and Thy praise
Do not so well agree.”

The answer perhaps lay there, and through that loneliness and constant frustration he was to build up, unperceived by himself, a character which, when the Day was closed, should give its undying essence and fragrance to the world—scattered before the wind.

VII.

DURING this period David had been writing a book he had long contemplated and planned. It was a kind of text book of style. He named it "The Elements of Style."¹ This book was eventually finished in the early days of the war. Messrs. Dent, who were the publishers, held the book back for a while in the hope of calmer days enabling the book to have a favourable reception. They eventually decided to publish it in 1915. I give a short extract from this book which will explain its scope and aim.

THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE.

When we think of all that literary expression is and means, we shall come to see that the study of Style is really the study of literature itself ; and that only by understanding Style, by distinguishing its processes and methods, and taking note of its failures and triumphs, can we know literature. If this seems paradoxical, it must be either because we have not considered the matter closely enough, or because we do not believe that Style means the whole of expression. If we regard Style as a mere grace or flavour added to literary expression by the individual author or by the fashion of a period, it would of course be absurd to say that to study such a thing is to study literature itself. But if, as we look closely into the woven tissue of a composition, we see, as we can hardly help seeing, that from among the many processes and elements which make it what it is we have really neither warrant nor power to

¹ This is the book previously alluded to, in Mr. Sidney Smith's appreciation

select one or a few and call it or them "Style," if we cannot resist the conclusion that all are parts of Style, then the scientific importance of the study is self-evident. We must believe that whatever value belongs to the minute and exhaustive study of literature belongs to the study of Style. The adjectives here are important ; because we may, of course, get much pleasure and benefit from literature, we may get mental refreshment, suggestion, stimulus, from reading good books, without studying them minutely and exhaustively. But as long as human intelligence remains what it is, scientific curiosity is likely to be irrepressible ; and scientific curiosity will always prompt men to study literature minutely and exhaustively. And, while they do this assuredly they will be studying Style, for Style is the essential part of literature. Subtract Style, and only what is ancillary to literature remains : literature itself is gone.

We put the same truth in other words if we say that the criticism of Style is the essential part of literary criticism. For the minute and exhaustive study of literature which is practised by the scientific student is just what is meant by literary criticism in its ideal and proper form. Criticism has been thought and spoken of as vaguely as Style itself ; sometimes the word has stood for what is dignified, fruitful, and praiseworthy ; quite as often for what is petty, barren, and destructive. But, if we put aside preconceptions, and ignore the popular associations of words, if we consider what have been the methods and the results of the critical study of literature from the dawn of criticism until now, we shall not easily conclude either that the study is unimportant or that it is not the handmaid of a knowledge which is power. We shall feel that only to know minutely and exhaustively, only to know critically, is to know worthily ; and that the true critic's reward, which he wins at the end of his labour, is nothing less than the fellowship of the greatest minds which have found their expression in words. If to such fellowship, with its glories and its possibilities, the study of Style be the pathway, surely no excuse is needed for entering on it.

It was of this book that Sir Sidney Lee wrote to the author in terms of unstinted praise. "I regard it," he said, "as an admirable book, filling a place that has, so far, been filled inadequately. It seems to me to be unusually well informed, well written and well arranged. I shall certainly recommend it to my students. It should be of immense service to them all in their condition. The result well repays all the labours you have spent on it. I trust the volume will meet with material success."

David was much attached to my Mother ; she had the same wide outlook and interest in books, and they used to laugh heartily together over anything that was ludicrous. He frequently went with me to see her at Fareham, where her picturesque house, with its beautiful white-panelled drawing-room was a fitting set-off to her charming personality. Here the pictures, old china, and furniture of our childhood and youth, were gathered, but most beloved by us was her warm welcome and her considerate arrangements for her guests, when she no longer had physical strength to make these things easy. She was much in her garden, where we frequently sat with her in her summer house. Her strength failed during the war and she died in September, 1918, without disease or pain, but just wearied out with the burden of life. To each one of us she had given a love which was truthful, tender, and individual, guiding with wise counsel, and supporting with her sympathy and her courage, each one of us in turn, as we needed this support. How superb were her noble rebukes, her insight, and her wise parenthood.

We were both delighted when Bishop Talbot became Bishop of Winchester. We had known him and Mrs. Talbot when he was Warden of Keble, and he had visited my mother in her darkest days. We

went to stay with them at Farnham Castle, and slept in the bedroom known as Bishop Fox's, where a blazing fire warmed up the thick Castle walls. Before dinner it was the Bishop's custom to have evening prayers in the private chapel. This was most restful and uplifting, and gave the dinner party that followed an influence of something pleasant having happened which had drawn us all together. The next time we were at Farnham Castle, as Mrs. Talbot was saying good-bye to us on the stairs, her youngest son, Gilbert, then an undergraduate at Christ Church, appeared unexpectedly, and well do I remember the affectionate greeting between them, and the look of joy in his mother's eyes. Two years later he had gone there to say good-bye and had knelt in the private chapel at the usual devotions, and had parted from his loved parents to go to France with his regiment. He was killed at Hooge two months later with all the promise of his young life unfulfilled. His parents bore the blow as few have been able to do. After the first few weeks of grief, they arose to redoubled effort to help others, with renewed health and vigour, as though their lost son had renewed their youth by his own sacrifice of his exuberant vitality. During War-time their daughter, Mrs. Lionel Ford, wife of the Headmaster of Harrow, often spent a few days with us when coming to see her sons at Winchester. David always enjoyed this cheering episode; the warmth of her personality and her happy motherhood towards her children, gave a glow to her friendships also. Once she gave our boys a talk round the fire, describing at my request, the battle of Hooge and her brother's part in it, and how her brother Neville, a few days after Gilbert's death, had determined, at all hazards, to recover his brother's body, for his mother's sake, and brought away the little prayer book she had given him, and his whistle. Mrs. Talbot had shown me these at Farnham. In the prayer-book she had written

before he started : " To Gilbert, with everlasting love," and at the end of the prayer book he had added in violet ink, written from the trenches, " Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." What a tragedy this will always seem to have been for that brilliant, happy spirit, so full of promise for the future !

After my husband's death of those who took trouble to come to see me in my sorrow I especially recall Mrs. Ford's visit to me at West Hayes. We sat in the twilight by the fire-side. She was not in a hurry, her sympathy was warm and understanding, and brought comfort.

It was a pleasant day for David and me, when at a garden party given by Dr. and Mrs. Burge in the Warden's Garden, Winchester, the Headmaster came up to us with his genial greeting, and said, " I have just had the pleasure of nominating your boy to Winchester and Southgate Hill." This was good news for our boy and for his parents, and after a leave-taking at West Downs with regret at the closing of that joyous period of his life he entered upon five happy years at Winchester, memorable to us and to him, especially when he got into Sixth Book and was made Head of his House. He left Winchester in August 1914 and was with the O.T.C. in camp on Salisbury Plain when war broke out. On the following Sunday we all three went together to the Cathedral to a never-to-be-forgotten service, beginning with the singing of " God Save the King " with all its verses. England was preparing, bracing herself for that colossal struggle, unknown and terrible, and all parents knew that their sons must go sooner or later ; their schoolboy faces with their sudden manhood of expression were full of

pathos. My nephew, Rupert Lee, of the Worcestershire Regiment, was sent to take the colours to Worcester, and he and his regiment were in one of the many trains crowded with troops that followed each other at five minute intervals through Winchester to Southampton for several days. He was in the battle of Mons and was known to have been in the retreat when he was reported wounded and missing. After three weeks of bitter anxiety he found his way back to Headquarters and the good news came while we were with his parents at Headington.

In Winchester we were surrounded by Camps. We had concerts and services for the soldiers, visiting them at their various camps, and entertaining them at home; many were the sorrows and tragedies that came under our knowledge. Our son, after his training for the Royal Engineers, went to France and was on the Western Front nearly two years. In our brief visits to the New Forest to our friend, Lady Isobel Ryder, and occasionally to Bishop Blair, David got a peaceful respite. It was possible in the heart of the Forest to forget the large armies billeted round us in Winchester with all the obligation which they brought us.

Who can go to Little Hay, in the New Forest, the home of Lady Isobel Ryder and her family, without feeling the atmosphere of peace and home that rests there? Lady Isobel and my husband and I had much in common in things which interested us. In the study of Nature and the love of the garden and appreciation of all lovely outdoor things, we were at one. Lady Isobel's visits here, and our visits to her in the New Forest, were never ordinary or perfunctory. We understood each other, and so were able to give each other something to carry away as a remembrance of sympathy and friendship. During

the trouble of the war days, a visit to her restored our peace, because she had that central peace in herself and could bestow that spirit on others in times of perplexity and stress. Her knowledge of the Forest was wonderful ; it appeared to surround her home with arms of mercy, the trees standing sentinel grey in winter, red with rising sap in spring, and as a leafy thicket in summer. The great trees, which are such a joy to her, seem to separate her home from the spirit of the world.

During the years of suspense as to whether America would enter the war, we had met Mr. Page at the country house of an interesting American. In personality he was a great contrast to Mr. Choate ; he was sombre, and appeared discouraged at the aspect of life, full of an anxiety which he could not hide concerning the events of the war. When speaking of a subject he loved, such as education, he threw off the burden and was full of originality and wisdom.

At Winchester, General Jones of the American Expeditionary Force commanded at Morn Hill Camp, and circumstances led to our seeing a good deal of him. He had been in command of U.S. troops sent into Mexico in pursuit of Villa, and was an officer who commanded our respect in everything we saw of him during the two years he was at Winchester. Entertainments at the U.S. Mess at Morn Hill and funerals of young Americans in the new Cemetery drew Winchester people near to the U.S. Army. It was quite a big moment when we stood at Morn Hill cemetery by the graves where young Americans and Englishmen lie side by side, with Aimee Lamb, the daughter of my dear American friend, and we felt the strong bond of a common sorrow and of sober joy in victory. " Out of the splendid West " they

had come to help England. May this never be forgotten by English people !

A cheering incident during the holidays was the return to us of my godson, Cecil Fitzmaurice, from Bradfield College, where he had gone some years before from West Hayes with a Headmaster's Exhibition. He eventually threw in his lot with us at West Hayes, taking the post of Games Master, which he was competent to fulfil. He had been in the first eleven at Bradfield and was a fine football player, and skilful at all games ; his devotion to West Hayes, in games and junior form work was excellent. More than this, in Alan's absence he acted much as a son to my husband and me, understanding the spirit of West Hayes, and helping us and Mr. Ford with his youth and cheerfulness.

These years naturally brought their anxieties, perplexing situations, and at times grave troubles. Through all these David devoted his best thought and constant untiring effort to lighten our mutual anxieties. When these troubles became very acute, it was to him out of all the world that I could turn, knowing that from him I should get utmost justice, and all he knew of practical help, but it was his fair dealing, his truth, his wise smoothing out of difficulties which had so healing a power. Such patience and fair judging were God-given gifts, often, I knew, the result of enduring prayer when his own personal perplexities had been almost overwhelming. Out of his deep thoughts and his walks alone he got the victory of the spirit, and so could help others to overcome also. All he did for others as an outcome of his school work was in a sense self-sacrificing. His faithful and affectionate guardianship of Bryan Kay will be ever remembered by the boy himself and by his father,—who

wrote on the wreath he sent for his funeral the well-known lines :—

“ E'en as he went that day to God
So walked he from his birth,
In gentleness and modesty,
In honour, and clean mirth.”

As the war years went on the tasks involved were very much increased ; rationing in food and fuel, the loss of domestic helpers, and the difficulty of getting masters made life hard at every turn ; but the assistance we received on all hands, and from Miss Evelyn Kirby in particular, helped us through the suspense and trial. The constant devotion of our dear Nurse, Miss Jones, lightened the war troubles for our household and the boys.

All public events affected David acutely. It was now March, 1918, his son, an officer in the R.E., was in France on the Western front, and the great push was in progress.

March 31st, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR ALAN,

I cannot let the day pass without its word, but there seems no word to be said. We are only holding breath and enduring as well as we may ! is that not so ? God, we believe, is with you and with us, and in the Great Conflict too ; and so we must leave things until His purpose is fulfilled.

It is a strange Easter Day, very stormy and yet not so very cold. I hope you have had a Service and some calm in heart and soul. We were at the Hospital at 9 and at St. Thomas' for matins.

The American Officer, Mr. Tunstall, is at the boys' service and will be at tea. He is still in his Camp, and we want to help him.

How deeply and constantly our love and prayers are with you you cannot but know.

Always your own
FATHER.

The months dragged on through the summer, and November came, and with it the Armistice. He writes to his son in France :

Armistice Day, 1918.

MY VERY DEAR ALAN,

A word must go to you on this Day of Days, though one feels too excited to write easily. It is great to have lived to see the day, and the thought that there have been no hostilities anywhere in the world since 11 a.m., has a wonderfully soothing effect. God seems to have vindicated Himself and the Sacred Cause of Justice, and Faith breathes again. Anything one could say about the whole tremendous matter is too hopelessly *banal* to be said, so I will spare you.

Of course, one's anxieties as to what is to happen are great and deep. Revolution of the Bolshevist type seems to me worse than war, and anarchy is Hell. The task before the Peace Conference makes the imagination reel ; but, at all events, the hideous wrong of the war has been punished, and effort will now be constructive instead of destructive. I long to do my bit now.

Mother and Miss Kirby have gone to give thanks at the Cathedral.

The boys have a half holiday.

Always your own
FATHER.

In 1919 England hoped to recover herself after the War, and the real struggle for existence had not begun. David's spirits recovered and when we were bidden to the second garden party after the peace at Buckingham Palace he announced his intention of

going. I had been to Court occasionally to present a friend or a relation but he would never come with me, but now with the joy of victory, he expressed his desire to go. It was a very interesting occasion. The Palace looked gay with two peace doves hovering from the window towards the Mall. The gardens were in beauty and freshness though simple and not lavish.

At the entrance we met Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate who had come with their daughter Victoria, so called by Queen Victoria's desire, who was her godmother. The King and Queen came to meet their guests on the smaller lawn. The King looked serene and kindly, and was most courteous and genial to his guests, his manner being that of a polished country gentleman, with respect and distinction for each. Prince Henry made the most of his tall and good-looking appearance, though still an Eton boy, as his brothers had gone to Charing Cross Station to meet General Pershing (the Commander in Chief of the American Expeditionary Force). Later the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York arrived with him and there was visible enthusiasm among the guests.

General Pershing looked very imposing as he stood with the two Princes under the King and Queen's picturesque red and gold Tea Pavilion, open on all sides to the garden. The King and Queen mingled freely with their guests, taking no rest until all had been shepherded and every duty had been performed.

David always felt an outgoing sympathy towards all teachers. He was not sure that it was not the greatest of all the professions, so long as they were not didactic, self-sufficient, or narrow-minded. He started a Reading Society in Winchester on the lines of the literary society he had founded at Oxford

to which he especially invited the teachers of elementary schools, and his personal friends. They came to our house for the readings and for a simple form of hospitality. Dr. Rendall (then Headmaster of Winchester), was interested in these meetings, and read Shakespeare and other authors on several occasions. Mr. Herbert Fisher, then Minister of Education, now Warden of New College, Oxford, was also interested in the idea, and on one occasion came to meet the Reading Society at West Hayes, giving us a delightful and amusing address on the lawn, where a number of teachers had gathered to meet him.

I recall a hazy outline of his address :—

“ We all think that we read literature. We do not read the Master-minds of verse and prose anything like enough. Nothing else can supply our minds with the material we need to teach others. I am myself a teacher, and when I began an old friend said to me, ‘ Do not teach much.’ Perhaps he meant we teachers must take in daily far more than we give out. We must read and we must meditate on what we read. Otherwise we are like a man working more than he has got supplies for, or a lamp without oil. None of us can read good literature without being the better for it.”

Our son, after being demobilised, went up to New College, Oxford, and David and I kept things going at West Hayes hoping for his return to take the reins. David was beginning to long for winters abroad.

I now think, with tender sorrow, that had he been able to spend more of his winter months in the south of France he would not have died before the allotted span. We who watched him from day to day, were entirely deceived as to this danger. My steadfast hope was that we should yet fulfil his dream of quiet winters on the Riviera together, with leisure to read,

think, and rest in happy companionship. He was fond of quoting Browning's words with this forward-looking thought in his mind—

“ Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, A whole I planned
Youth shows but half : trust God : See all nor be afraid.”

The war upset all possibility of his allowing himself winters abroad, deferring the day when he might earn warmth of body and sunshine, in a climate suited for his delicacy. These years were, to a great extent, filled with services for others. As far as I know, he never refused a request for help ; where he could not give money, he gave sympathy, thought and trouble, believing, with Dr. Burge, “ In order to help others we must face trouble, give sympathy and take infinite pains.” He strove to be patient with the incessant wants of others, in a manner which I often knew to be heroic. He would smile, or laugh heartily in a boyish way if told he was heroic, and he would ask to be saved from the aspersion of being called “ good ” ; he would think it absurd, and would complain of himself for irritability, and want of charity, and there would be a wistfulness in his smile. How courteously he greeted everybody, who came under his roof, whether congenial to himself or otherwise. How far removed from “ greetings where no kindness is.” He believed that every slight or neglect received in life, should be regarded only as a lesson not to treat others with a similar unkindness. A year before the end he casually mentioned that the only epitaph he would think suitable on his headstone would be “ God be merciful to me, a sinner.”

His visits to Oxford were always congenial to him. He writes to me from Oriel College :

MY DARLING,

It was very sweet to come in from my morning walk and find your post card with its loving words. I have had a really happy morning. The anti-cyclone is very soothing, and helps one to bear St. Giles' Fair. I had my walk to Binsey, and to my great joy, found the rare plant for which I have been waiting so long. It was verified for me by Gambier Parry, whom I saw in his nice rooms in King Edward Street.

The Oxford scenery and vegetation seem attractive after so much of the other sorts ; and, of course, the levels are greatly in my favour. I feel very well to-day.

I am very comfortably housed. I have the old bedroom and a very comfortable sitting-room in connection, and not the Bursary. This change was through the Provost's kindness.

They gave us food in my rooms last night, but to-night I shall dine in Common Room. There seem to be quite a lot of people about. To-morrow I hope to settle down to steady work, but this morning I had to devote to botany.

I wish I could join your supper-party to-night. May you have a good and safe and restoring time until we meet again! I need, and love you, and desolate would my lot be if you were not there.

Please thank Matron for packing for me so beautifully, and say I was sorry not to say good-bye to her.

Love to Bryan, your very own, DAVID.

VIII.

THE year 1922—23 had been a full and happy one ; our Christmas had been spent quietly together. He gave me a Moffatt's New Testament in which he had written " To my ever darling wife."

With the New Year, 1923, his old Oxford friends, Sir Malcolm and Lady Seton, and Mr. Cyprian Webb, were staying with us ; also Miss Emily Hollins (now Mrs. Buxton). My husband enjoyed these guests immensely. January 26th was the anniversary of our wedding day, and we went for a walk together on the Downs, so beautiful on winter mornings, with their clear blue distant views. In February we went together to Southampton University, where he lectured on the subject of " The Style of Charlotte Brontë." How much we enjoyed that motor drive together to Southampton.

In Lent he was asked to give an address one Wednesday evening in the schools at Stanmore, and on a still March evening, with the daylight lengthening, we went to Stanmore for the brief evening service, conducted by Mr. Schomberg. My husband spoke on the words of the Samaritans :—" We have heard for ourselves and know that this is indeed the Saviour of the world." He spoke of the need in the world for this salvation, meaning " utmost blessing," and ended with these words :—

Dare we go on to ask in conclusion *how* He saves ? I say ' dare we ' because I do not believe that any human

intelligence can attain to anything so high, but a very few suggestions I will venture to make.

He saves us by His revelation, of God to man and of man to himself. Our worst fate is to be 'without God in the world'—to look out on its confusion and distress, and within our own hearts, with no clue as to what it means, or what the issue of it is to be. The darkness is not wholly removed, but it is surely the beginning of salvation to believe that Love is at the heart of the world—such love as Christ Himself shewed ; that God is our Father who strives and suffers in our conflict, and pains, and that the ultimate victory of God is certain,—is even in great measure already won.

And when we turn to Christ's revelation of man to himself, in his heights and depths, we can surely see how His salvation comes. Think of the light in which He has set the brotherhood of man, the purity of woman, the dignity and appeal of childhood ; think of His constant effort to restore health, and relieve suffering ; of His tolerance and charity ; think of His feeling for the poor and outcast ; His blighting sarcasm of hypocrisy and superstition ; His gifts of forgiveness and Peace. Surely such things as these (and they are but a few, taken, as it were, at random) are the kind of things we mean by salvation. Is it not because they do not prevail (i.e., because men will not see them and try them), that the world is in such evil plight to-day ?

But do not let us forget how much Christianity has done, while we lament that it has not done more. A miracle of miracles has been wrought ; and from the brief years of the Teacher in Palestine, from his Life and Death, and from His Life in the Spirit since, has sprung the Christian Church in the widest sense you can give to the words. There have sprung the company whom no man can number, whom we remember on All Saints' Day ; there has sprung the civilisation which we can never think will be destroyed, the world of hospitals and Houses of Refuge ; of gentle manners and humane learning, of generosity and sympathy and pure family life. These things are, and they are of the salt of the earth and part of its salvation ; and they come to us through Jesus the Saviour.

Don't let us forget that Christ's saving work did not end with His death or Ascension, and that the striving of the Holy Spirit which we see in the world is now the working out of Christ's peace as Saviour of the world. Once a real man, Christ was, as it were, bound to humanity for ever ; He is human nature's best self, and all our schemes of reconstruction and recovery will be valueless unless they are in line with His teaching and His will.

We need his salvation as much as ever ; and if we go to Him for it, He will give it to us and show us its worth.

'The Saviour of the World.' Yes ; but let us remember finally, that Christ's Salvation is, above all, for the individual soul. That was, no doubt, too much dwelt on at one time ; but now, I think, it is too little. We rely too much, I often think, on big, crowded things, big churches, schools, nations, Corporations, Councils, Societies of every kind. They are wonderful things, and are helping much in the salvation of the World under the influence of Christ. But you and I cannot be always in herds or machines ; we feel ourselves single souls, who must singly transact with God. It is our belief, as Christians, that to each one of us Christ comes with a gift of salvation, which we refuse at our peril. He will have all men to be saved ; but, when He was on earth, His way was to save by His insight into individuals and such, we must believe, is His way still. Peter, Matthew, John, Nathaniel, Mary Magdalene,—on these ordinary and many people He did His finest work, one by one. In this single salvation, and not merely for a salvation of the World, let us look and give thanks. Even the woman of Samaria, and let us hope it was her salvation—was aware in her dim way of that Divine insight which can save us, each and all. 'Come, see a man, which told me all things that ever I did ; can this be the Christ ?'

As he ended, the peace of God seemed to fall upon the room, and we knew that he had tried to explain a great truth, which might be our own.

In speaking of his father his son writes :—" His days were full of quiet service and he grew to love the surroundings of his adopted home. But especially he loved the rolling chalk downs with their dry turf and wide views, their beech-woods and their lonely lanes, so full of flowers and berries, so vocal with the songs of the birds. To walk with him on the Hampshire Downs was a revelation, for in Nature's book he could interpret every page. Of botany, ornithology, astronomy, meteorology, he had a fund of technical knowledge, but he added a sense of wonder and reverence for the works of the Creator which was all his own.

" But, indeed, through life, and especially in these later years, David Rannie lived largely in another world, to walk in which is given only to the few. Above and beyond the scenes and interests of human affairs and daily life, he felt the glory and the matchless perfection of the Universe ; to him, as to Wordsworth, Nature spoke with many voices ; the wayside flowers communed with him, the stars were full of music. Always a philosopher, he became more and more interested as years went on in each new development down to Bergson and Einstein, but he took his stand firmly with Plato in the conception of an ideal world, transcending this one, but existing in an even more real sense—a storehouse of ultimate values, amongst which he could take refuge from their unsatisfying counterparts on earth. Debarred, physically and temperamentally, from the fullest participation in ordinary life, he knew, as few know, the meaning of ' The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' He truly possessed the key of an enchanted land !

" This habit of mind, though it never interfered for a moment with the performance of any service or duty, ultimately lent an almost bewildering unworldliness to his character, and also great weight to his judgments and opinions. His sense of truth was of

a rare and almost terrible quality. Excuses which would pass muster well enough elsewhere, simply could not be brought to him ; they were condemned in advance by mere silent contact with his spirit. Yet this quiet majesty of character was set off by his gentleness, his responsiveness to affection shown towards him, and his intense love of a hundred simple details which accompany the ritual of life.

Closely connected with his religion was the quality known to the Romans as 'pietas.' He preserved all that was possible of the relics of former generations. Family Bibles were used, old watches kept going, letters, diaries and portraits of the past, carefully kept and studied. He had a wonderful memory, not only for his own early experiences, but for the stories which had been handed on to him from the time of his grandfather, or even before.

" In politics he was originally a keen follower of Gladstone, an unusual creed for a Dumfries-shire Laird of those days, and he was at one time invited to contest Dumfries in the Liberal interest, but at the split of 1886 he took the Liberal Unionist side. His sympathies remained essentially Liberal throughout, though it seemed inevitable latterly to give support to Conservative Governments.

" He was the most conscientious of citizens. In Dumfries-shire he held the Commission of the Peace, and his later years at Winchester were marked by an increasing devotion to public duties. In addition to his Church work, he was a member of the Governing Bodies of Hartley University College, of the Royal Hampshire County Hospital, Vice-Chairman of the Winchester C.O.S., a Guardian, and a member of other committees. It was universally felt that his quiet and wise counsel and nobility of character were great assets to the bodies on which he served. The War came as a great shock to him. Though spared actual loss or personal bereavement, he was profoundly affected by it mentally and spiritually, and in one

sense he never recovered from the blow to his hopes for the future of mankind.

"Nor must his work for the English Association be forgotten. He was for many years preceding the War a member both of the General and Executive Committees, and he contributed to their reports and to 'Essays and Studies.'

"There was, besides, his work with the boys at West Hayes, who deeply appreciated his high standard, his loving care, and conscientious teaching. 'We cannot express what his example has done for us,' wrote one of his boys. 'We carried away from West Hayes impressions which will be life-long.'

"He was a speaker of great charm and he was much in demand. His last service in this direction was to speak at a meeting of the National Laymen's Missionary Movement, when some words on prayer created a profound impression on his hearers' minds.

"His passing was in perfect keeping with the trend of his life. One cannot imagine a more complete readiness to answer the call :

" ' Spirit of Love and Truth
Breathing in grosser clay
The light and flame of youth
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay
From pain, strife, wrong to be free
This best gift I pray
Take my spirit to Thee.' "

An Oxford friend writes :

By his life, of stern beautiful austerity within, of constant kindness to others, and by his reading of all life and its problems, he made possible a faith that bordered on certainty. To know him well and once to apprehend his mind was to receive a stamp for life and to be able thereafter to

serenely snap the fingers at Freud, over the "tiger and the ape"—and to go on through all hazards with the heart singing and face to the stars.

Thus, those to whom the great benefit of his friendship came could travel hopefully even through the new upheavals and chaos of modern life.

The world must go on, some say, on these lower disillusioned lines, but by his life it has been proved how life even in these times can be lived if the Will of God is followed. This man proved that life is not to end in disillusion—he lived the high life and made a circle from which convincing life flowed—so that none could doubt. It was there, proven in fact and in effect, for a lifetime.

He applied the Divine remedies, lived by the God-given rules. In our hearts, in our own degree, we *do* know them—selfishness and idleness and lack of faith prevent our full acceptance, yet we *have* enough light within to recognise them. Very rarely are we honest enough to own to it. He never failed—he had the vision and lived up to it—fearlessly, through all trials and vicissitudes and bodily illness and weariness. And this—not by means of shutting out truths, least of all that ; but all the facts were straightly gazed at in his philosophy and somehow the evil seemed to go from them, or, he showed how it *could* go by means of applying the laws of the light of God, those laws of which we are aware, deep in our hearts.

And in the same way, he bore and uplifted all personal pain and loss. He never shirked the painful difficult problems of this world and never gave one touch of glossing, but subjected all to the purest rays of truth. Never in all experience have I seen such powerful transmuting. The problems irradiated thus, became our duty and for our testing.

He could save those who really came in contact with him from what we most dread—the disillusionment over all things. Sorrows there must be—but oh, he showed us the brave sane world it could be—and how we could bear the sorrows if life were so lived. When people brought their trouble into that most human and tender presence, all

became bearable and took on the noble, sane aspect, surely as God meant it to be in this training world. He proved, vindicated, all high thoughts—that nothing is too beautiful or high to be true. If one man could so make a heavenly radiation in his circle, what could not many do? He knew, he *did* know, the Divine remedies.

Those who were privileged to draw near, knew that here was the perfect standard, the perfect interpretation of life and the almost flawless obedience to the vision that inspired them. “Be ye therefore perfect”—this was the command to all, and in speaking of this man one must speak in supreme words or fall short of the sheer truth.

If he could but have known the greatness of this work of his, of that rare quality of his, like a jewel, in the immensity and welter of the world . . . Is it not that which all poor human beings are crying for and seeking on all sides?—that they shall not be disillusioned—that they shall still be able to believe in the beautiful eternal plan of God—and not to see all turning, little by little, to dust and ashes?

IX.

That Light, whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are murrurs of
The fire for which all thirst ; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

MANY friends have asked to know something of the last months which went before October 8th, 1923, that day of sorrow, when, without any warning, without pain or struggle, he left us. For over two years he had sometimes complained of an arresting sensation in his heart, but his general health was so good and normal that he was wont to think of his heart trouble as more of an inconvenience than a danger. He knew there was no disease, it was what the Doctor called a tired heart, and, he thought, partly nervous. He would stop often in walking uphill and take a few minutes to recover his normal breathing.

Our summer was a happy and busy one ; the month of July was enlivened by the visit of Edith, the youngest daughter of my dear American friend, Mrs. Horace Lamb. It was a great interest to us to have her in the house, and when we were busy with the boys, my husband read aloud to her such books as she cared to hear, and they enjoyed each other's company. When she left us, I joined my husband and my son en route for the Isle of Wight. We settled down at Cornwall Tower, our son was in camp, and we greatly looked forward to this holiday

and the chance of being alone together. A delightful time of peace and companionship followed. Never I think had we been happier together. Each week seemed more precious than the last. I am glad to think how much he enjoyed simple pleasures and seeing his old friends. Lady Isobel Ryder and Iris came to us and we had many days of congenial doings. We went together to Mrs. Crozier's historic garden party at West Hill, where we met many friends, also to Norton Lodge and to the Hamond Graemes for friendly gatherings,—and he met again our friend Mrs. Verity and her sons from Hatfield, which gave him great pleasure.

We enjoyed excursions together. Those that stand out in memory are our drives to Gatcombe to see the recumbent statue of Sir Charles Seely's son in the little church there, which affected us deeply by its great beauty. We went to Farringford, and to the Briary, and to Alum Bay. Every morning he would sit with me after breakfast in our large room which we used partly as a sitting room, with its wide view over the sea, the Freshwater Down and Headon Hill. Here he would read "The Times" and talk of many things. He usually started out for a long walk in the middle of the morning, which was generally by the Alum Bay road to the heights of Headon Hill, where he would wander among the heather and the rain-washed white pebbles at his feet, and among the walls of quarried yellow cliff, look down on to the austere bastions of the Alum Bay ridge and the gleaming Needles beneath him. He would often speak on his return of the almost incredible beauty of this scene, and of the murmur of the bees among the heather as he looked for plants and flowers. He was never tired of the wonder of this scene and would go to it day after day to see a fresh beauty and tenderness on all he beheld there. Perhaps the loveliness of the earth is new to all those

who are drawing near to the great change, though they may be unaware of it. What far-reaching thoughts were with him on these solitary mornings? "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?"

"Then let me on the mountain top,
Behold Thy open face."

Was God telling him?

All the summer he had been re-reading Plato's "Republic" in its entirety, and often talked about it and read me passages. When we were walking out together the arresting sensation that I have before mentioned often distressed me to witness. When asked what sort of pain it was, he would answer: "It is not exactly pain, but inconvenience, just an impossibility to go on." Believing it to be a nervous affection, we tried to take as little notice of it as we could, and were never allowed to make much of it.

How can the mood of his mind be described in this last summer? His soul was ripening and deepening, a change to a greater sweetness, and at times to a yearning love, a greater sense of separation, even from us, a quickened sense of the beauty of creation, an enhanced sympathy for the innocence of the dumb creation, with sorrow for the fall of man, which had so marred the face of humanity with the ugliness of selfishness or greed. His was a thoughtful love, "A heart at leisure from itself." To my uncomprehending eyes he only seemed dearer than ever before, a delightful companion, husband, friend, and lover. He more than once said to me: "I should so like you to come with me to the back of Headdon Hill to look with me at the beauty of the downs, the sea and cliff, and to hear the bees among the heather." So, on one of our last days, we went there together. He seemed so happy to be there with me, pointing out small things that were dear to him, and as we mounted the hill, the arrest in his heart suddenly

came over him. He stopped, and we never went together to the point he had wished to reach. He said to me : " You go on and see the view," but, of course, I did not, and we came down together to the Alum Bay hotel and took a carriage home, he saying so gently, " It was so kind of you not to go on—and not to leave me." He put off his going to Oxford from day to day, saying, " Why should I leave you, and this lovely place." I thought, why indeed ? but in the last days we thought it best that he should go, because of the discomforts of the move home, and he went to Oxford in September.

As usual, he went to live in Oriel, reading at the libraries and seeing many friends. The Provost of Oriel was in residence, making the College lively and the talk full of interest. He was continuing his study of scenery in fiction, and was writing " Scenery in Mrs. Radcliffe's Novels." He was not to return until Monday the 17th, but a homing instinct brought him back on Saturday the 15th. He arrived in rain at 4 o'clock, and Alan gave him tea in my absence. By Thursday the 20th we were all at home together and in the evenings he was reading to me Ruskin's life. More than once he spoke of dying, saying, " I should not like to die in the street, or in a public place ; I should like it to be alone with you." But neither my son, nor the doctor, or any one of us thought this meant anything more than a momentary physical depression. One day he crossed the room, put his arms round me and kissed me tenderly. He did this without explanation or any words. It was our last good-bye. One evening in the study Alan put into his hand Milton's *Lycidas* and asked him to read it, not for any reason except that it came into his mind that he would like to hear his father read those great verses. The last poem he ever read to me was the ballad, " This ae nichte, this ae nichte." He was very fond of this ballad, and his reading of it on this occasion before he went to sleep that night

had a thrilling and awful effect, though not a sorrowful one, for well I knew he had not failed in his giving
“ of hosen and shoon.”

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Every nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon
Every nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane :
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,
Every nighte and alle,
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire sall never make thee shrink ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,
Every nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane ;
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every nighte and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

Though the reading of this poem in the stillness of night affected us both, it never crossed my mind that he was in any way in danger, or that he had not years of life before him.

On the Sunday before the last Sunday of his life, he said to me before I started for morning Sunday School "I shall stay to the Holy Communion after the morning service at St. Thomas's to-day. Will you come with me" ? I said : "It is rather sudden, but I will think it over and come if I can after Sunday School." I decided to go to join him, and arrived at St. Thomas's as the service was beginning, sitting as near to him as I could get without disturbing the congregation. I was arrested by his look of deep contemplation, as if he were unconscious of the presence of any around him. This was unusual with him ; he had not even noticed that I had come in until we knelt together at the end of the service. My mind was much impressed by this rapt look of his.

"In such high hour
Of visitation from the living God
Thought was not,"

but though I pondered it after we came home, I never guessed the future.

The next day, Monday, we started in the afternoon for a drive in the car, going first to Longwood and then round to Cheriton and to call on Mrs. Dutton at Hinton House. We had tea with Mr. and Mrs.

Dutton and their family in the hall, and on the return journey he said that he had wished to go to the village of Selborne. As that was his wish, we managed to return by that route, and he was pleased that we could include it in the drive. I said to him: "This winter let us try often to go out together in the car on winter mornings, just for companionship." He did not reply. The evening was getting chilly, and as it got near 6 o'clock he said, "I like to be at home that I may write the memoir between 6 and 8 o'clock." I noticed that he was giving serious thought to the rapid completion of this memoir. On Wednesday morning he told me that he had a cold, but that it would be a slight one. He spent Wednesday evening as usual in the study. On Thursday morning he said, to my relief, "I will stay in bed to breakfast and will send for the doctor." The doctor came, but took my husband's view that he had only a slight cold, and on Friday night, when asthma had come on slightly, the doctor gave him an injection to relax the muscles, so that asthma should not intervene, and to give him sleep. Saturday morning we spent together in his room. He talked of many subjects and with the utmost cheerfulness. The night that followed tried him by coughing. Sunday morning came and my usual Sunday duties took me to two Sunday Schools, to West Downs to see Bryan, and afterwards to read to the boys. Alan did not go to Church, but read to him from 12 to 1, and at 6 o'clock he was again reading to his father "Coral Island," and he continued to read to him through the evening. Our dear nurse hardly left him all day. She tried to tempt him to eat, but he took very little and the asthma had returned. The Doctor did not come until nearly 7 o'clock. He spoke of sending in a professional nurse, but afterwards decided that it was not necessary. He said he would return at 10 o'clock to give another injection to give him a quiet night. Two nights before I had a dread of his having the

injection, knowing that he was so delicately poised, that anything new might injure him, but on this night I welcomed it because he said, "Yes, I want it, because coughing in the night shakes my heart." After the injection he was at once relieved. His face had a strange flush, though his temperature was only 101, and the doctor said he had slight bronchitis. The fire was made up and everyone went to bed, he saying, "Alan has been so *kind*." Nurse had taken his tray and was removing his Bible and Prayer Book which he had in the bed all day when he put his hand on the books and said with a smile, "Don't take those away." Before she went to bed he thanked her affectionately for all she had done for him. When we were alone he asked me to arrange his bed clothes, for which he thanked me with a tender gratitude, and later I said to him, "Did you read the account of the play 'Outward Bound' in 'The Times'?" He said, "No, tell me about it." I said: "It's too late now," and, fearing I had spoken impatiently, I said, "I would like to read it to you in the morning, you know the doctor wanted you to be quiet after the injection." He did not speak again, and these were our last words together. At five o'clock I woke up suddenly because he was breathing strangely, I listened, and then went to him and pillowed him higher, and when I did this, he began to breathe quite normally. At six o'clock I went up to Nurse and asked her to come to him when she came downstairs. I went back and made up the fire. He was quite warm, and apparently comfortable, and in deep sleep, so that he did not respond to my touch as he always did. At about half past six I rang the bell, and just about that time I saw him raise his arms above his head in a characteristic way, and then put them down again. Possibly I dozed for a few moments, because at ten minutes to seven I was arrested by a sudden silence in the room. I went to him and held him in my arms. I asked him to speak to me, but there was

no response ; his dear and stainless spirit had fled. Alan came, and the doctor, but we all knew from the first that he would not return. Yet he remained so warm in body, and so peacefully at rest, that, except that he did not breathe, it seemed impossible to believe that he had gone. All that day, when the window had been opened, I could not help feeling that it was cruel, and that he would catch cold. At times his eyelids seemed to flutter as I looked at him, and the unexpectedness of his going made it almost impossible to believe or to bear. The doctor came again in the course of that interminable day, and I asked him to make sure quite, as I knew that David had wished. And so Alan and I, bereaved of him whom we loved best in all the world, had to face our sorrow.

The love and sympathy of friends did all that could be done for us, so bereaved. The sense of shock, and of overwhelming loss seemed shared by a large circle of those who had really known him. Alfred Dicker came to us the night before the funeral and went with me into his room to see him lying in his deep peace and manly beauty. Alfred said : " Theresa, he looks quite young," and, indeed he looked just as in the early days of his manhood, and as though pain, perplexity and sorrow had forever passed away. He had kept innocence, and had taken heed of the thing that is right, and it had brought him peace at the last.

All the household came in to see him lying there, one by one. No one could gaze on his noble look without realising its majesty and triumph.

Many hundred letters came to us from relations and friends ; each letter bore with it the sustaining power of sympathy and compassion, with grief for his loss as a friend. I thank his friends with all my heart for the comfort of those letters in our desolation.

He was buried on the following Friday at West Hill Cemetery, beside my mother's grave, and where

he had stood five years before at her funeral. They had loved and understood each other and we felt that he could not have wished to be buried elsewhere.

The day of his funeral was heavy with rain. Robert Mackenzie of Earl's Hall, and David Mackenzie of Perth arrived and went to put their wreaths outside the Chapel screen where the coffin now stood, covered and surrounded with gifts of flowers. Mr. Benecke and Mr. Ross arrived from Oxford, and my dear brother Willie (Major Melville Lee), and his wife. Lady Isobel Ryder and Iris were also with us and Gerald Dicker and other old friends. In spite of the torrents of rain, St. Thomas's Church was almost full of friends, many of whom came from a long distance. The hymns chosen were two that he much cared for : " Jerusalem the golden," and " Oh, what the joy and the glory must be." The Psalms were : " Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle," and the twenty-third. My dear sister-in-law, Ruth (Lady Lee of Fareham), and her sister, Faith Moore, came to the graveside. Alfred Dicker read part of the service, with our Rector, Mr. Nuttall. At the time of this service at the grave, the rain suddenly stopped, and a beautiful gleam of rosy light spread itself over the southern and western view, towards the Isle of Wight, so much loved by him. " Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off." I was dimly conscious of this thought, so old and yet so new to us that day. With this radiant hope, this " clear shining after rain," we did not need to linger looking down into the grave.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace :
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Willie returned with us to the home that now

seemed so empty, "a house where the blinds had been drawn up after the burial of life's joy," so it was to me, that day. When our relations and friends had left us, Willie did not go, but came and sat with me in the Chapel. How dear his presence was to me, in his close sympathy and lovingness ; he suffered in our suffering.

The following letter from one of the Oxford undergraduates who read with him there, was of great poignancy and also of comfort to us :

DEAR MRS. RANNIE,

I was shocked and inexpressibly grieved to hear on my return yesterday to Winchester of the calamity which had taken place during my absence. I beg that you and your son will accept our most sincere sympathy.

It will always be a matter of keen regret that I was unable to be present at St. Thomas' Church. Would that I had known a few hours earlier. Nothing would have prevented me from bearing testimony to the esteem and affection in which he was held by all who knew him.

This is not the occasion to write at length. I will only say this—that his passing has shocked me more deeply than I can express.

Somehow or other I find myself thinking not of Winchester but of the distant days at Oxford. The memory of his gentle graciousness, his patience, his words of encouragement, his wonderful handling and shaping of a rather raw youth made a lasting impression for me, and it is his image that always flits across my mind's eye when I try to think what is really meant by a "Scholar and a Gentleman." It will ever continue to do so. No one in Winchester, outside his family, owes him more than I do. He set before me an ideal, to which I can never attain—but for which I can still strive, and it is so well that I should confess it.

I would ask of you a favour, which I hope you will grant later on. It is that I may have some small possession of

his—a book with his name inscribed on it, if possible—which will serve to keep his idealism bright before me as our short day passes swiftly by.

To you, who remain behind, I would fain express the hope that the memory of his glorious life may prove a great source of joy and of consolation.

Willie to Theresa :

“ What I feel myself is that if one reviewed all the attributes that go to the making of a really good man one would find none lacking. For this world he was too diffident to grasp that recognition which he never so much as thought of seeking ; but that is nothing after all. His values were well-poised, and well authenticated, and anything else leads nowhere but to vexation of spirit.”

From *The Times*, Monday, October 15th, 1923 :

The death of Mr. David Watson Rannie will mean to a wide circle of friends in Scotland, at Oxford, and in Hampshire, the loss of a man of real intellectual distinction and of rare personal charm. Though he had been a member of the Athenæum Club for over twenty years, he spent little time in London, and his modesty, with a certain shyness and unwillingness to court publicity, prevented his attaining that place in the literary world to which his merits gave him a claim. His “ Student’s History of Scotland,” and “ Wordsworth and his Circle,” give evidence of his historical knowledge and his love of letters : but these and his other publications—though his history of Oriel College is a model of its kind—perhaps fail to convey fully the wide reading, the fine critical judgment, and the kindly humour that were recognized by his personal friends.

On the Sunday after his funeral, our Rector, Mr. Nuttall, preaching in St. Thomas's Church, said :

I felt that I could not let this opportunity pass without trying to say something, however inadequately, about the bereavement which the parish has just sustained. He was a man whose character cannot be lightly estimated or carelessly summed up. I find it the more difficult to say something about him in that he was a friend of such exceptional kindness of heart that his departure from amongst us has brought me a personal sorrow. Yet this much let me try to say. He was a man so self-effacing in disposition that few who knew him casually were aware of his distinction as a scholar. He came of a Scottish lineage, which was almost of itself a guarantee of mental capacity. But he moved amongst us as one who was always ready to learn, willing, nay, eager, to hear the views and suggestions of those who could not be compared with him in knowledge and discernment and intellectual outlook. It is not enough to say that such modesty as this was the product of culture or self-discipline or the natural fruit of a high intelligence. We know that in ancient Greece, where the human intellect reached its highest achievement, nothing was accounted more disgraceful, more unworthy of a man of understanding and culture, than arrogance. The antithesis of this, a noble type of modesty, was the essential qualification of one who would be classed as an educated person. But it is the man or woman, who, in a later age, has found the secret of true humility in the heart of Christ, and in union with his matchless and divine perfection, it is the disciple of the Crucified, and he alone, who is able to realise, in fullest measure, what it is to be strong in character and yet humble in disposition. We touch here upon things which it is not meet to discuss unguardedly. I must not attempt to say anything of that inner life of Christian devotion which was the deep underlying source of his goodness, the true spring of virtue, in the character of the friend who has passed from our sight, for we are aware of it. If we think of any other aspects of his character—for example, his love of sincerity, his scorn-

ful hatred and abhorrence of any form of sham or pretence, or the staunch loyalty of his friendships (for he was indeed "true" in the fullest sense of that word), if we would show our appreciation of what, not merely by his words, but by his very presence amongst us, he has taught us, we should do so best, not so much by speaking about him, as by quietly trying to imitate his example.

May Christ, whom he loved and followed, accept him graciously, and bring us, when our time shall come, to the peace of the blessed.

Two years have passed since the October morning when David left us with such awful suddenness. We have been to Scotland to see his nearest relations and friends. We have been to Earlshall, where neither Ramsay nor David can speak with us any more, but their dear presence is with us as we look around on the things that they loved. We have ventured to Conheath and rested in the house of our earliest and happiest married years. We have wandered in the woods, the old garden, and in the Park, where a Chapel is being raised by the present owner, in sight of Criffel and the broad water of the Nith, a beautiful and solemn spot, so full of tender memories of David. We have visited his favourite Sweetheart Abbey, where we have found the Scottish Head-stone he would desire for himself. We have watched the white towering cumulus clouds above the Solway, we have heard the music in the hills of the amber-coloured streams, we have looked up at the purple mountain top and have gazed at its unattainable serenity. We have hidden ourselves in the loneliness of Criffel, where the solitude and silence, and the glory of wild nature, of granite, bracken, moss and heather, bid me bury my sorrow in its loveliness, and put on the garment of its strength.

He is one made with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan

Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

A Scottish headstone, a replica from one at Sweet-heart Abbey, bearing a cross, has been placed at the grave. The words inscribed are :—

In reverent and loving memory of
David Watson Rannie
formerly of Conheath, Dumfries-shire
The dear Husband of Theresa Rannie
who died at West Hayes, Winchester
on October the 8th, 1923, aged sixty-five years.

“ Here is the patience of the Saints. Here are they
who keep the commandments of God and the
faith of Jesus.”

Scenery in
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS
and Other Studies

By DAVID WATSON RANNIE

SCENERY IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

THE word "scenery" here is ambiguous, and I must explain what I mean by it. I am not thinking of stage scenery, which, as everybody knows, was in Shakespeare's day practically non-existent. I use the word in its wide extra-theatrical sense, and, when I speak of Shakespeare's scenery, I mean, in the first place, references, in the speeches of his characters, to exterior and interior background and surroundings, and, secondly, similes, metaphors, or other figures of speech, taken from phenomena of landscape or atmosphere. The first class must include (1) architecture and (if the action happens indoors) furnishings; (2) localities, i.e. the places where of the action; (3) references to natural phenomena, statical or dynamical, topical or atmospheric, in the neighbourhood of the action.

Thus limited, the subject is a large one and full of interest. For the consideration of it proves to be the consideration of Shakespeare mainly as an interpreter of nature. What the interpretation of nature in modern poetry and fiction has amounted to we know. A dramatist, it may of course be said, who writes only speeches and never speaks for himself, cannot interpret nature, and cannot give us his own feeling and thought about nature, as the lyrical or descriptive poet and the novelist can. But we must acknowledge—and it needs but a superficial acquaintance to force us to the acknowledgment—that Shakespeare has somehow contrived to put a great deal of natural scenery into his plays, and that he did it because he liked it. This is too obvious to need elaborating. The wood near Athens

where the "hempen homespuns" rehearsed so "courageously and obscenely"; the throw-off of the hounds of Theseus, where we

Mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction ;¹

the moonlit gardens of Belmont ; Macbeth's pleasant seat with the smell of the nimble air and its temple-haunting martlets ; the storm in Lear ; the landing at Cyprus in *Othello*, when, after the great contention of the sea and skies, the hero blessed the bay with his tall ship, and after tempest tasted for a moment in Desdemona's arms the calm which her serenity had imposed on the elements during her own voyage.

Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds
The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.²

Random allusions such as these remind the most casual reader of Shakespeare that there is more than human interest in his plays. He realizes that they abound in the interest of landscape, of the sun and moon, of stars and flowers, clouds and winds and waters ; and that it is Shakespeare himself rather than any creature of his brain who reports of these things.

Before attempting some examination of Shakespeare's scenery, we have to notice briefly his attitude to two Elizabethan conventions which may detract, to some extent, from the individuality of his treatment.

One of these is the pastoral tradition, which, time and again, has given so much artificiality to the literary presentation of landscape. What this tradition could effect in Shakespeare's day, how much alive it could be and how instinct with genuine poetry, Spenser's *Shepheard's Calendar*, Peele's *Arraignement of Paris*, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*

¹ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. Sc. 1. ² *Othello*, Act II. Sc. 1.

and Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* (to take only obvious instances) show incontestably. That Shakespeare reminds us of it now and then is undeniable. But the quintessence of pastoral poetry, dramatic and non-dramatic, the replacement of genuinely human interest by that of beings artificially idealized or preternatural, in an open-air world or rural simplicity, is surely not to be found in him. Sir Sidney Lee calls *As You Like It* a pastoral, and, in so far as it is derived from Lodge, it may deserve the name. But as it comes from Shakespeare's hand, its character-drawing is too strong and its humanity too rich and vital for any real assimilation to the shepherd and shepherdess puppet-show of true pastoral poetry at its best. The landscape setting may be the same in both kinds ; it may be, and often is, as inartificial and beautiful in Spenser and Fletcher as in Shakespeare ; but the figures that move in it are at best abstractions. And so, beautiful as the pastoral scenery may be, it fails to attain the naturalness of Shakespeare's scenery. One touch of his humour or love, one sigh of Rosalind, one whimsey of Puck, one triumph of Autolycus, is fatal to the identity.

Another convention which may have influenced Shakespeare's scenery is the tendency to the use of nature-analogies which reaches its maximum in Lyly's *Euphues*. Now, though Shakespeare may have learned the habit where Lyly learned it, if not from Lyly himself, his earliest play shows that he transcended it and was alive to its absurdities. And, indeed, we have only to put together one of Lyly's analogies and one of his to feel the difference. Here is Lyly :—

"The filthy sow, when she is sick, eateth the sea crab and is immediately recovered : the tortoise having tasted the viper, sucketh *origanum* and is quickly revived : the bear, ready to pine, licketh up the ants and is recovered . . . And can men by no herb, by no art, by no way procure a remedy for the

impatient disease of love? Ah well I perceive that love is not unlike the fig tree whose fruit is sweet, whose root is bitter, like the apple in Persia, whose blossom savoureth like honey, whose bud is more sour than gall."

And now Shakespeare :—

I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness :
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapour that did seem to strangle him.¹

In Shakespeare's lyrical and narrative poems, and especially in his sonnets, analogies from nature are inevitably more prominent than in his plays, and sometimes they are conventional. It is with the plays only that I am now concerned. But it is permissible to remark that conventions may be inspired, and that it is the duty of criticism, as it is certainly within its powers, to recognize and exhibit the fire of individual genius which may glow within the form. Under such scrutiny Shakespeare's nature-symbolism has nothing to fear.

In his age, and for a home-keeper like Shakespeare, it is not wonderful that the topographical element in his plays is slight and variable. Of foreign scenery he attempts to portray hardly any, though so much of the action happens abroad, and so many of his sources were Italian. It is otherwise in the patriotic plays and when the scenes are near the parts of England he knew,—The cliffs at Dover stand out realistically amid the shadowy confusion of the scenery of *King Lear*. In *Richard the Second*, Northumberland complains to Bolingbroke of the 'high, wild hills and rough uneven ways' of Gloucestershire as they journey towards Berkeley, and sighs over 'the

¹ *King Henry IV.*, Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

weary way from Ravenspur to Cotswold.' London, of which Shakespeare paints but few pictures, is brought before us in the same play, when 'the flint-bosom' of Julius Cæsar's 'ill-erected tower' (as tradition reckoned it) comes in sight of the ill-fated King and Queen ; when in the streets,—

Rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

When, in the moment of Bolingbroke's popularity :

You would have thought the very windows spake
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes.¹

When, after Richard's imprisonment, his groom describes to his master, Henry, on his Coronation-day, riding along on his deposed rival's steed, he exclaims :

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary.
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully had dressed !²

There is some east country topography at the end of *King John* : the Goodwins ; St. Edmundsbury : the 'Lincoln washes.' But it is in the sunshine of Falstaff, the real Falstaff of the historical plays, and the factitious and fictitious Falstaff of the *Merry Wives*, that Shakespeare's English scenery shows its clearest outline. The two parts of *Henry IV.* are as racy of the soil as any drama could well be. Here is vivid London : the 'melancholy of Moorditch' ; Finsbury haunted by its gatherings of 'comfit-makers' wives' and other 'Sunday citizens' dressed in velvet and munching 'pepper-gingerbread' ; Pie Corner where the fat knight bought his saddles ; the Leopard's Head in Lombard Street where he was bidden to dine with 'Master Smooth, the silkman' ; above all, the beloved Boar's Head in Eastcheap where 'sour John Knox' himself might have turned sweet, with the 'Half-Moon room,' 'the Pomgarnet'

¹ *King Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

² *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 9.

and the Dolphin-chamber with its round table, its sea-coal fire and parcel-gilt goblet, the room in which Mistress Quickly alleged that Falstaff, on 'Wednesday in Wheeson Week,' swore to her, as she was washing his wound, that he would make her his wife.

In *Henry IV.*, again, there are the pre-Dickensian Rochester and Gadshill; the inn-yard at Rochester with Charles' Wain over the new chimney; the carrier with his bacon and ginger to be delivered 'as far as Charing Cross'; the franklin from 'the wild of Kent' among the guests; the rise of Gadshill with its tremendous demands on Sir John's wheezy breath; 'Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough'¹; Gadshill where, as Bardolph ran up in the night to catch Falstaff's horse, the Knight mistook him, with his flaming nose, for an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire.

As vivid in the Second Part is Justice Shallow's house in Gloucestershire and its garden, where the Justice and Sir John bandied reminiscences, personal and local.² One can here only direct attention to the riches of this delightful scene.

As for the *Merry Wives*, its topographical touches almost furnish a guide-book to Windsor and its neighbourhood. The fields that lead to Frogmore; how Simple went in search of Dr. Caius 'the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way'; Mistress Ford's directions about the buck-basket: 'Trudge with it in all haste and carry it among the whitsters [bleachers] in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch by the Thames side'—how true to fact it all is! Slender and Anne Page were to marry at Eton; the 'Cozens-German' committed outrages at Reading, Colebrook and Maidenhead; and all this before the revels by Herne's Oak and in the

¹ *King Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

² *Ibid.* Pt. II. Act III Sc. 2.

Park, which shoot the homespun fabric with poetry at the close.

In a higher vein are the allusions in the verse parts of *Henry IV.* ; ' the gentle Severn's sedgy bank ' or ' Swift Severn's flood ' whereof Mortimer and Glendower drank three times in the course of their dire fight ; ' the smug and silver Trent ' ; the rendezvous at Bridgenorth ; the march through Coventry to Sutton Coldfield ; one must not multiply them ; I have said enough to show that they are of the essential stuff of the plays in which they occur.

The inspiration of patriotism brings England itself upon the stage. John of Gaunt's dying speech in *Richard II.* is too famous to be quoted. In *King John* there is a briefer, but equally striking, picture of the fatherland. The Duke of Austria is promising support of the claims of Arthur on both sides of the Channel :

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love,
That to my home I will no more return
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her King.¹

Less rhetorical, but equally alive with patriotism, are the vignettes in the speeches of Chorus in *Henry V.* The fleet in the Channel at the beginning of Act III. :

Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning :
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;

¹ *King John*, Act II Sc. 1.

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd ; behold the threaten sails,
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O ! do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur.

In the prologue to Act V. there is the King's return from the Agincourt campaign ; and, greatest of all there is in the prologue to Act IV. that picture of the opposed camps the night before the battle, which, for sheer imaginative picturesqueness, outdoes all Shakespeare's landscapes :

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night.

And so on to the end.

I pass to the ideal topography and landscape in which high poetry delights, and in which Shakespeare's plays abound.

Minor instances crowd on the memory.

The grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from the city's side,

in *Romeo and Juliet*,¹ and, in the same play, ' the dovehouse wall ' under which the Nurse sat on a memorable occasion² ; in *Twelfth Night* the box-tree in Olivia's garden in which the spies on Malvolio hid themselves to watch him ' yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow ' ³ ; in *Much Ado* ' the thick-pleached alley ' ⁴ in Antonio's orchard where Claudio told the Prince his love for Hero ; such things as these are not trifling, for they are not conventional, they are not demanded by the action, and they are alive and indelible. The supreme instances are the landscapes of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It* ; the scenery of the fifth act of *The*

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.* Sc. 7.

³ *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 5.

⁴ *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. Sc. 2.

Merchant of Venice ; the island scenes of *The Tempest*, and, in its measure, the Welsh background of the exiles in *Cymbeline*. In all these the presentation of the scenery is, so to say, gratuitous ; no contemporary convention required it ; and the amplitude of the landscape as well as its genuineness, testifies to Shakespeare's feeling for natural beauty. The 'fables' as old-fashioned critics called them, required, for their purely dramatic effectiveness, no scented darkness of moonlit nights, no sun-dappled forest-glades, no floor of heaven inlaid with patines of bright gold. Sometimes Shakespeare's method is simple, sometimes subtle. The sumptuous splendours of Portia's garden are furnished by a lavish hand. 'In such a night'—the similes crowd on one another to show its wonder. In the *Cymbeline* and *Tempest* scenes, landscape as vivid as George Meredith's is often painted with as few touches as his. In *Cymbeline* the narrow opening of the cave :

This gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office ;¹

the cramping, stunting life of the young exiles defrauding them of experience :

What should we speak of

When we are as old as you ? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this one pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ?²

As for *The Tempest*, when we remember, the 'qualities o' the isle,' 'the clustering filberts' and 'young scamels from the rock' ; the whereabouts of the 'quick freshes' which only Caliban knew, the 'tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse and thorns,' we realize that Prospero's magic was hardly needed to spell-bind the place ; that Nature herself could have done it all.

¹ *Cymbeline*, Act III. Sc. 3. In another place Arviragus speaks of 'the holy sun,' Act IV. Sc. 4.

² *Ibid.*

We do not reach the heart of our subject until we pass from points of topography, natural and ideal, to such of Shakespeare's references to natural phenomena in general as presuppose the kind of love of nature for its own sake which steeps in vivid language so much of modern fiction. As I said at the outset, the exigencies of dramatic form confine such reference to (1) sayings, descriptive or merely allusive, about nature; (2) similes or analogies drawn from natural phenomena. Such restriction often obliges us to take account of their relation to the action of the drama on the one hand, and to the character of the speakers on the other.

For purposes of scenic background the world has two aspects for the novelist and poet which we may call the statical and the dynamical, or better, perhaps, the terrestrial and atmospheric. The first is the world of objects on the earth's surface, hills, plains, woods, rivers, flowers, animals, the sea. The other consists of the phenomena associated with the atmosphere,—light and darkness, the sky, the clouds, the wind and the weather, and, we must add, though at some expense of logic, the sun, moon and stars; the world in which Shelley's genius had its home.

Let us notice first the scenery of the four great tragedies.

It is a commonplace of dramatic mechanism to make natural perturbations the accompaniments and indices of moral storms. Shakespeare, in following this convention, conspicuously transcends it. In *Julius Cæsar*, e.g., the Plutarchian tradition on which the dramatist founded refers to preternatural portents in the air as foreshadowing the catastrophe; Shakespeare uses the portents but makes the natural in them greatly outweigh the preternatural. It is a real thunderstorm that the conspirators experience in the Roman streets, and that expounds to them the evil plight of the State. In *King Lear* the action no doubt called for a storm; but the requirements of

convention would have been satisfied by very slight suggestions, almost by a mere stage-direction. In recognizing the convention Shakespeare tears it to shreds. The storm in *Lear* blows, rains, thunders, lightens through a whole act, and that the pivotal act of the drama, and its oncome and withdrawal are felt respectively in the preceding and succeeding acts. It is doubly vital: vital as a physical convulsion which we can feel in our senses as we read; vital, in all its detail, as organic to the fable. Lear's appeals to Nature, his dedication of himself and his woes to the air and sky, were early offered. At sight of Goneril after she had done him wrong he made his piercing prayer:

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part.¹

It was while he yet trusted Regan that the King called down heaven's stored vengeance on her sister:

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride.²

For himself he asked 'to be a comrade with the wolf and owl.' From the heavens he asked for patience, but they sent him frenzy instead. They let fall their 'horrible pleasure'; they were 'servile ministers'³ in league with his daughters. At the crisis of the action we are shown the sufferer's unity in discord—something much more than a mere physical juxtaposition—with the atmospheric phenomena. When Kent asks:

Who's there, besides foul weather?

a 'gentleman' answers:

One minded like the weather, most unquietly,
and when Kent says:

I know you. Where's the King?

¹ *King Lear*, Act II. Sc. 4. ² *Ibid* ³ *Ibid*. Act III. Sc. 2.

the gentleman replies :

Contending with the frightful element :
 Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
 Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
 That things might change or cease ; tears his white hair,
 Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of ;
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
 The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.¹

The intensity of the storm is an exponent of the extent of the daughters' outrage.

In such a night
 To shut me out !
 In such a night as this !²

In *Macbeth* scenery plays a greater part. The tragedy, more conspicuously than any other of Shakespeare's plays, has an atmosphere in which there are physical and moral counterparts. Mr. A. C. Bradley has called attention to this in a striking and memorable passage³ ; he has spoken of the blackness that broods over *Macbeth*, blackness relieved only by a blood-red glow. He has spoken also of the irony frequent in the play which has provided one at least of the nature-touches which abound in it. I have referred to it already ; it is Duncan's comment on the situation of Macbeth's castle, with Banquo's additional lines about the birds harboured there, the place about to harbour a foul deed.⁴ But the disturbed weather of the early scenes with its gleams of sunshine and thunder claps ; the raven that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under the treacherous roof ; the ' husbandry in heaven ' which put out night's candles early ; the scream of the owls and cry of the crickets ; the night unruly with tempest and ' strange screams of death ' ; the unnatural manifestations of nature :

¹ *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.* Sc. 4.

³ *Shakespearean Tragedy*, pp. 333—336.

⁴ *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. 6

On Tuesday last
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
 And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain,
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.¹

the glimmering west and threatening rain of Banquo's last evening alive—these are correspondences which it seems inadequate to dismiss as 'dramatic.' And we must not forget the nature poetry of the poet-hero himself. Such things as his words to his wife when his mind was 'full of scorpions' because Banquo yet lived :

Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.²

Or this :

Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood.³

No one could call the last sentence in any sense conventional, or other than a perfect picture, designed from first-hand observation and wrought out with the imagination of a poet.

Othello and *Hamlet* are too inward and spiritual in their appeal to necessitate or require much natural background or sympathy. Reference has been made to the scenery in *Othello*, the vivid sense of sea and shore on the morning after the rough voyage to Cyprus :

Do but stand upon the foaming shore
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;

¹ *Macbeth*, Act II Sc. 2.

² *Ibid.* Act III Sc. 2.

³ *Ibid.*

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole : ¹

Here there is something of conventional rhetoric, very different from the 'light thickens' passage in *Macbeth*. But we must not forget the picturesque touches in Othello's statement to the Senate about his wooing; 'the moving accidents by flood and field'; the 'travel's history':

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven, ²

and the rest of the discourse that did so much to win his bride.

Of greater moment than any descriptive passage are one or two similes in *Othello* which give signal illustration of Shakespeare's power of scenical suggestion. When, in the third act, Iago has poisoned Othello's mind through the handkerchief-incident, and then exhorted him to patience, telling him that his 'mind perhaps may change'; Othello says:

Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on.
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up. ³

It is the eastern touch, befitting the 'Moor of Venice.' Yet more oriental are the words in Othello's last speech in which he tells of the tears that anguish had drawn from his brave eyes. His hand, he says:

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe.

Thus he tells how his

Subdued eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood

¹ *Othello*, Act II. Sc. 1

² *Ibid* Act I. Sc. 3

³ *Ibid* Act III. Sc. 3.

Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.¹

His last words of all embody an oriental vision of the highest possible picturesqueness :

Say, besides, that in Aleppo once
When a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the State
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus.

In parting from *Othello*, we must not omit to notice two small points. One is the bell in the third scene of Act II., whose clangour can be fully felt only in the theatre, and, like all sound of bells, is felt as a natural phenomenon :

Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle
From her propriety.

It is the signal of the shipwreck of *Othello's* brief happiness.

The other is the magical effect of three words in the great bedchamber scene, the words which reveal that the 'ever-burning lights of heaven' looked down on what he was doing and why he was doing it :

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, *you chaste stars* !

Hamlet calls as little for scenery as it does for mere incident. As a matter of fact almost the only scenery is where there is exceptionally startling incident, namely in connection with the appearances of the ghost. It is on the platform when the watch is kept that the cold is bitter, that the movement of the stars is noted, that the striking of the clock is heard. It was when the cock crew that the ghost :

Started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons : ²

it is when

The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill ³

¹ *Othello*, Act V. Sc. 2. ² *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 1. ³ *Ibid.*

that the watch is broken up. On its second appearance, when the ghost is seen by Hamlet himself, the cold is keener ; the clamour and clangour of Claudius' revelry are heard by the watchers as if they were a turbulence of the elements :

The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels :
And, as he drains his draught of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge. ¹

We seem to see ' the ponderous and marble jaws ' of the sepulchre ; the figure of the ghost stands out in moonlight. Then, when Hamlet is held by the spell of the moving tale, and when the teller is close on the heart of it, the warning comes :

But soft ! methinks I scent the morning air :
Brief let me be, ²

we have a glimpse of the scene of the murder ; the king is taking his siesta in his orchard when the poison is poured into his ear, and when

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire ³

it is time to bid a hurried adieu, and leave Hamlet to his destiny.

We pass now to a brief survey of Shakespeare's dramatic treatment of terrestrial and atmospheric scenery in general.

We may begin with the sea. There is small evidence in his plays that Shakespeare loved the sea, or was aware of its beauty as distinguished from its power. He never calls it blue, though he several times calls it green ; and he nearly always presents it as a source of danger, destruction and death. Clarence's dream in *Richard III.* makes an impressive initiation :

Lord, Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes. ⁴

¹ *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 4.

³ *Ibid.*

² *Ibid.* Act I. Sc. 5.

⁴ *King Richard III.*, Act I. Sc. 4.

One must not quote more of the abundant rhetoric. In *Richard II.* it is the 'rough, rude sea' which cannot supply water enough

To wash the balm from an anointed king.

In the *Merchant of Venice* we remember the sea's hostility to Antonio's ventures, and Salarino's vision of the roaring waters enrobed with silks; we remember Gratiano's figure of excess and of its sequel and nemesis:

How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!*

In the enchanted air of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is true, the seas sink to rest.

His mother was a votaress of my order:
And in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;†
And, when the mermaid sang on the dolphin's back,
The rude sea grew civil.‡

'Imperious' is the epithet in *Henry IV.*, and in no very good sense:

This man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;
So looks the strand, whereupon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.§

In the king's famous apostrophe to sleep, it is sleep, and not the sea, that has goodwill to the shipboy:

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds.¶

* *Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 5. † *King Henry IV.*, Pt. ii. Act I.

‡ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1.

Sc. 1

§ *Ibid.* Pt. ii. Act III. Sc. 1.

¶ *Ibid.*

The sea in the channel passages in *Henry V.* is realistic rather than imaginative.

In *Hamlet*, when Horatio warns his friend not to follow the ghost, he had to provide the horrors of a precipitous cliff on the flats of Elsinore :

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
. think of it ;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.¹

In *Troilus and Cressida*, a speech of Nestor seems to reflect Shakespeare's predominant feeling about the sea. It is sometimes harmless and patient :

the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast !

So much for that situation. Now for the reverse :

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : where's then the saucy boat
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-ryall'd greatness ?²

How congenially the rhetoric flows here !

In *Macbeth* and *Lear* the sea takes part in the general enormity of nature.

Macbeth cries :

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red,³

By preternatural agency :

the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up.⁴

¹ *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 4.

² *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I., Sc. 3.

³ *Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 1.

⁴ *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

When Ross seeks a similitude for life under the fear that then shook Scotland, he finds it in life on the sea.

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.¹

In *Lear* the sea figures the extremity of evil.

Thou'ldst shun a bear
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth.²

In the difficult lines spoken by Gloucester to Regan before Cornwall puts out his eyes :

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head,
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quenched the stelled fires³

it is implied that the most merciless power in nature would have shown more mercy than the king's flesh and blood. There are the two nightmare visions of the Dover cliffs; and, finally, there are Cordelia's words about her father in his alienation of mind :

Alack, 'tis he : why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea.⁴

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the sea has dignity. Under the pressure of Pompey's fleet, 'the anger'd ocean foams'⁵; in Euphronius' words, the sea is 'grand'⁵ like Antony himself and his fortunes; the great triumvir has tamed the hostile flood.

I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities.⁷

In three plays, *Winter's Tale*, *Pericles* and *The Tempest*, the sea holds a place of exceptional importance, and supplies vital scenery. It was not

¹ *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. 2

² *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 4.

³ *Ibid.* Sc. 7.

⁴ *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

⁵ *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act II. Sc. 6.

⁶ *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 13.

⁷ *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 14.

for nothing that Shakespeare endowed Bohemia with a coast, for, in the third act, much happens there. Here is one of the great romances of the sea. Antigonus lands here with the precious charge, the infant Perdita, and it is 'in ill time.'

'In my conscience,' cries a sailor :—
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.'¹

A shepherd finds the child, left as Hermione in a dream had bidden Antigonus leave her, and his clown-son comes and tells his father the sequel :

I have seen two such sights by sea and by land ! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky : betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin point . . . I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore ?²

But the whole scene must be read if we are to feel the brine.³

Swinburne has told us what to think of the storm and shipwreck in *Pericles*, but there is much besides in what are recognised as the undoubtedly Shakespearean portions. *Pericles* is a Mediterranean play ; it has perhaps the strongest local colouring and atmosphere of all the plays. The scene is 'dispersedly in various countries' ; Antioch, Tyre, Tarsus, Ephesus, Mytilene, Pentapolis, all are on or near the sea ; from place to place sails the hero, and through all the action the sea-wind blows. When at the opening of the second act, Pericles enters 'wet,' his first speech at Pentapolis strikes decisively the marine key-note.⁴

Then comes the conversation with the fishermen and the comment of Pericles :

¹ *Winter's Tale*, Act III. Sc. 3.

² *Ibid.*

³ In this play Shakespeare makes, exceptionally, a pretty allusion to the sea, when Florizel, seeing Perdita dancing, longs that she might be 'a wave o' the sea' that she might 'dance' for ever. (*Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.) Can this have suggested Wordsworth's

She seems as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea ?

⁴ *Pericles*, Act II. Sc. 1. "Yet cease your ire," etc.

How from the finny subject of the sea
 These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
 And from their watery empire recollect
 All that may men approve or men detect !¹

The great shipwreck scene in the third act, with the birth of Marina and burial of Thaisa, is too famous to require emphasis or quotation. But the seascapes at Ephesus and Tarsus :

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
 Shook as the earth did quake ;²

Marina's wreath of sweet island flowers, to be given up 'ere the sea mars it,' her memories of her voyage in Act V. Sc. 1 ; and, finally, the great speech of Pericles in Act V. Sc. 1 at the revelation of Marina whom he believed to have been dead ; where the sea becomes symbolical :

O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness.

Nowhere, in the work of our island poet, shall we find as high moral credit given to the sea as here.

The Tempest is predominantly an island- rather than an ocean-play. The opening shipwreck-scene has both terror and humour, but no romance—hardly any sense—of the sea. Miranda's words in Act I., Sc. 2, express hostility and detestation :

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek
 Dashes the fire out

Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd.

When Prospero describes to his daughter his banishment from Milan, he tells how the winds showed some pity, while the sea only 'roar'd.' We would gladly be taken to the shore after the abatement of the

¹ *Pericles*, Act II. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

storm, hear the lapping of harmless waters, and see the sun sink below the ocean floor, but it is not to be. Even Ariel has to speak solemnly of the 'never-surfeited sea.'

There is, of course, another side of the picture. Some of the hyphenated words so striking in *The Tempest* 'sea-sorrow,' 'sea-change,' 'sea-marge' seem to imply that the sea is more and other than an agency of brutal destruction. Ariel's magic (as real to us as to him and his associates) can calm the sea into beauty.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands ;
Curtsey'd when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist.

When Ferdinand's belief in his father's death by drowning is confirmed by Ariel's next song, romance has its perfect work ; there is no sting in the sorrow, and no anger in the sea.¹ And the final reconciliation, the heaven upon earth, of the last act, cannot exclude even the sea. When Ferdinand and Alonso recognise one another as still living, Ferdinand greets 'the most high miracle' with the words :

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful,
I have cursed them without cause.

And Prospero's last act of power will be over the sea :

I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales.²

Inland waters—rivers, streams and fountains—play a smaller part in Shakespeare's scenery than we might perhaps have expected in the work of the Swan of Avon. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* occur the well-known sweet lines about the typical brook and its course :

The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou knowest, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;

¹ 'Full fathoms five thy father lies,' etc (*Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.) Strictly speaking, of course, this and the foregoing are lyrics, outside the scope of our present consideration.

² *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 1.

But when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
 And so by many winding nooks he strays
 With willing sport to the wild ocean.¹

The forest of Arden provided 'books in the running brooks.' We remember how the Lords spied upon Jaques

as he lay along
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out,
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;

how the brook was 'swift,' and how the chased stag 'augmented' it with its tears.² There was movement, too, in the 'murmuring stream,' bordered by osiers, which was a waymark to the 'sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees' where Rosalind had her lodging.³

The scene of Ophelia's drowning has become immortal on canvas as in words :

There is a willow grows aslant a brook.

I need not quote further.

A rushing stream supplies a vigorous simile in *Coriolanus*, where Cominius is expressing the violence of the Roman rabble's power. He addresses Coriolanus :

Will you hence
 Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
 What they are us'd to bear. ⁴

Fountains make an occasional appearance in Shakespeare's ideal landscape.

And now they never meet in grove or green,
 By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen. ⁵

It was 'at the consecrated fount a league below the city' (Vienna) that the Duke in *Measure for*

¹ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 7

² *As You Like It*, Act II Sc. 1.

³ *Ibid* Act IV. Sc. 3

⁴ *Coriolanus*, Act III Sc. 1.

⁵ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1.

Measure arranged his fateful meeting with his deputy Angelo—a meeting whose ‘dramatic’ importance is conveyed by the words, tremendous in their place, which follows :—

And from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.¹

In dealing with the topical allusions in the historical plays we noticed some of Shakespeare’s lines about English rivers. The Tiber and the Nile have places suitable to their dignity in *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* respectively. In the former, in one passing allusion, the historic river is shown to the life in the early speech in which Cassius belittles Cæsar to Brutus,

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

the would-be monarch had been nearly drowned.²

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, much as he owes to North’s Plutarch, he makes the Nile his own. Thus Antony swears to the Queen

by the fire
That quickens Nilus’ slime. ³

The honours of the famous voyage must be divided ; ⁴
but not so Cleopatra’s fishing :

Give me mine angle ; we’ll to the river : there
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn’d fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws. ⁵

Nor, finally, Antony’s words about the Nile’s importance to the cultivator :

They take the flow o’ the Nile
By certain scales i’ the pyramid ; they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow : the higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises.⁶

¹ *Measure for Measure*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

² *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. Sc. 2.

³ *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. Sc. 3.

⁴ *Ibid* Act II Sc. 2.

⁵ *Ibid* Sc. 5

⁶ *Ibid* Act II. Sc. 7.

We come to the remaining aspects of terrestrial nature, to hills and heath, woods and trees, flowers and animals.

Hills may almost be ruled out at once. Partly this is due to the fact that the places of Shakespeare's plays are seldom mountainous or even hilly. Partly it is due to the fact that the romantic feeling for mountains which we inherit was then far from being born. Yet there might have been in so true a nature-lover as Shakespeare, Warwickshire man and Londoner as he was, some upland instinct, some lifting of the eyes to the hills which might have given a mountain colouring to at least his figures of speech. Might he not have suggested the highlands in *Macbeth*, the Alps in *Romeo and Juliet*? Might he not have placed hills and gorges in the ideal landscape of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It* and *The Tempest*.¹ It is hardly worth notice that in the delightful hunting scene in the fourth act of *Love's Labour Lost* the king spurs his horse

Against the steep uprising of the hill

and that, in *The Two Gentlemen*, there is between Milan and Mantua 'the rising' of 'a mountain-foot.'² On the whole, apart from Gadshill, which so tired Falstaff, Shakespeare's world might have been almost a dead-level.

The open heath is characteristic of the landscape of *Lear* and *Macbeth*; and the same kind of scenery is felt in 'the deserts of Bohemia' in *Winter's Tale*, the place :

famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.³

Shakespeare's fancy was at home with trees and woods, gardens and orchards. Of single trees he has not much to say, but enough to show that he

¹ We must not forget, however, that in the fourth act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus calls Hippolyta 'up to the mountain's top.' (Sc. 1.)

² *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. Sc. 2

³ *Winter's Tale*, Act III. Sc. 3.

discriminated. The oak, for example, has an honourable place. In *As You Like It*, Jaques

lay along

Under an oak where antique root peeps out

Upon the brook that brawls along this wood.¹

Celia reported to Rosalind that she had found Orlando under a tree 'like a dropp'd acorn.'²

It was

Under an oak whose boughs were moss'd with age

And high top bald with dry antiquity³

that Orlando found his changed brother Oliver, who had done him so much ill.

In *Coriolanus* the oak stands to Volumnia for a relatively small target for the lightning of heaven.

Speak to me, son :

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,

To imitate the graces of the gods ;

To tear with thunder wide cheeks o' the air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt

That should but rive an oak.⁴

The lime⁵ and the sycamore⁶ are recognised as well as the cypress, the olive and the yew. The pine interested Shakespeare, and, for once, drew his imagination to the mountains. In *Cymbeline*, Belarius analyzes the virtue of the banished princes of whom he had the care.

O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle

As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,

Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

And make him stoop to the vale.⁷

¹ *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 2.

³ *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

⁴ *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. 3.

⁵ Ariel speaks to Prospero of

"The lime-grove which weather-fends your cell."

⁶ *Tempest*, Act V. Sc. 1. *Love's Labour Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2. *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 1.

⁷ *Cymbeline*, Act IV. Sc. 2 Cf the trial scene in the *Merchant of Venice* and Antonio's simile for Shylock's obduracy :—

'You may as well forbid the mountain pines

To wag their high top and to make no noise

When they are fretted by the gusts of heaven.'

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the pine is a landmark on the battlefields. Antony says :

Yet they are not join'd : where yond pine doth stand
I shall discover all. ¹

Finally the pine was the prison from whose grip Prospero set Ariel free. Sycorax had confined him

By help of her most potent minister
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine.²

Woods as a whole, gardens and orchards play a considerable part. As *You Like It* is, of course, the *locus classicus* of the woodland as such. Here Shakespeare comes nearest to the modern or Meredithian feeling for the forest as a thing which takes men and animals within its embrace, a thing almost personal in its living unity, as when Touchstone says :

You have said ; but whether wisely or no let the forest judge. ³

An early approximation to the forest-feeling appears in Valentine's soliloquy in the *Two Gentlemen* when he is in the ' forest of Mantua ' :

How use doth breed a habit in a man !
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns ;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes. ⁴

It is ' among these trees ' that Romeo is ' consorted with the humorous night.' The feeling fills *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is nowhere stronger than in the great hunting-scene of the fourth act.

The plays have many allusions to gardens and orchards, some of which we have already noticed. I may call attention to Leonato's garden in *Much Ado*. It contained a pleached bower :

Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV Sc 12

² *Tempest*, Act I. Sc 2.

³ *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc 2.

⁴ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. Sc. 4.

Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.¹

In *Measure for Measure* Isabella makes a picture of Angelo's garden full of topical detail :

He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.²

The plenitude of Shakespeare's earth love is reserved for flowers, fruits, and animals. Some of it may be conventional, as in Biron's words in *Love's Labour Lost* :

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth.³

When *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is reached, there is no doubt about the individuality and intimacy. They are plain in so simple a line as :

When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear,
or :

And in the wood where often you and I
Upon faint primrose beds were wont to lie.

No poet without his eye on the object would have chosen that epithet ; nor would he have spoken thus of the cowslip :

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see.

In what other Elizabethan play shall we find a companion-picture to the immortal ' I know a bank ' description of Titania's sleeping place ? Or to the fairy queen's prescription for the idol of her deluded fancy ?—

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.⁴

After such poetry it seems petty to notice the ac-

¹ *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III Sc 1.

² *Measure for Measure*, Act IV Sc. 1

³ *Love's Labour Lost*, Act I Sc. 1 Cf. Boyet's comparison of ladies and roses ' Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud,' Act V. Sc. 2.

⁴ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc 2

curacy of 'the hindering knot-grass'¹ or of Bottom's phrase 'a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle'; or even Titania's simile:

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist.²

In *King John*, in one of Constance's great speeches, there are two exquisite flower lines, only too ready to hide away from notice. She is telling her son of the beauty of his childhood:

Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose.³

In *Henry V.* there is a passage put into the mouth of Burgundy in which the sorrows of

this best garden of the world

Our fertile France,

are expounded by the fertility of her weeds.⁴ Equally truthful word-painting is in Cordelia's description of the coronal on her poor father's head:

Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea, singing aloud:
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.⁵

The most highly-wrought flower pieces in Shakespeare are the passages connected with Ophelia's madness and death in *Hamlet*, and the two famous ones in *Cymbeline* and *Winter's Tale*.

In her madness, Ophelia makes the most moving poetry (albeit in prose) out of the traditional 'language of flowers.' 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance,' and the rest. On her way to the brook where she found her death she wore fairer weeds than Lear's:

There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.⁶

¹ Lysander's words, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2.

² *Ibid* Act IV Sc. 1.

³ *King John*, Act III Sc. 1.

⁴ *King Henry V.*, Act V Sc. 2.

⁵ *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 4

⁶ *Hamlet*, Act IV. Sc. 7.

The elegiac significance of flowers inspires the words of Arviragus in *Cymbeline* :

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave ;¹

The ' pale primrose ' is for the dead face ; the ' azured harebell ' is an emblem of her veins ; the ' leaf of eglantine ' was not sweeter than her breath.

In the *Winter's Tale*, also, Perdita's flowers are charged with emblematic design, though each is evidently loved for its own sake. First we have rosemary and rue, spoken of as Ophelia had spoken of them. The ' streaked gillyvors,' with which, with carnations, autumn has to be content, are nature's bastards, so suggestive of what fails of perfect chastity that Perdita will not ' put the dibble in earth, to set one slip of them,'

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping,²

are the flowers of middle age ; while the best wreath and divinest poetry are for youth and love :

O Proserpina
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon ! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to mards ; bold oxlip's and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one.³

Before taking leave of Shakespeare's flowers we may notice in *Twelfth Night* the Duke's ' bank of violets ' in his opening speech. In *Hamlet* the violet gives Laertes a simile for Hamlet's supposed inconstancy :

¹ *Cymbeline*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

² *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

³ *Ibid.*

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.¹

In *Troilus and Cressida* there is a lovely instance of 'pathetic fallacy' in Alexander's description to Cressida of Hector's going out in the early morning in anger against Ajax :

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.²

Later in the day, Cressida does well to compare herself to the nettle :

I'll spring up in his tears,
An 'twere a nettle against May.³

Antony's praise of Cæsar, 'he wears the rose of youth upon him,' may have suggested Tennyson's 'wearing the rose of womanhood.'

In *Coriolanus* there is the fine exactitude of Volumnia's simile when she exhorts her son to a politic humility before the people, and to hold his head

Now humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling.⁴

Finally, we must not forget the samphire-gatherer on the Dover cliffs in *Lear*, treated in lines which might be Wordsworth's :

Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade.⁵

We may not linger over Shakespeare's animals. As mere lore they have been the subject of much observation and study. We can only make some reference to them here as they occupy scenic background to action or supply similitudes to action or character. In the latter connection we must try to

¹ *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 3.

² *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. 2.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Coriolanus*, Act III. Sc. 2.

⁵ *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6.

confine ourselves to such as may be free from the fetters of the euphuistic tradition.

Mr. Bradley has called attention to the extraordinary number of allusions to animals in *King Lear*. What he has written on this subject should be carefully studied, and I shall not attempt to add to it. Animals are part of the symbolism of this most dreadful of tragedies; and Mr. Bradley regrets that 'Shakespeare seems to find none of man's better qualities in the world of the brute.'¹ That may be so; but he often touches on animals without symbolic intent and in the true spirit of the watcher and lover of the creatures. Mr. Bradley says he 'habitually maligns' the dog; but there is nothing malignant in the humour of Launce's dog in the *Two Gentlemen*; and the poetry of the hunt gives us the hounds of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with their 'gallant chiding.'

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed and dewlapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.²

In homely prose we have Slender's question addressed to Page in the *Merry Wives*:

How does your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard say
He was outrun on Cotsol.

and the brief dialogue which follows.³

To the cat Shakespeare is less kind: for the nearest approach to humorous appreciation of it we must again go to Launce, and hear of the family cat 'wringing her hands' at Launce's departure, while Crab himself did not shed one tear.⁴

For the horse Shakespeare shows little fondness,

¹ *Shakespearean Tragedy*, 226 seq.

² *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

³ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. 1.

⁴ *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III. Sc. 3.

nor does the animal figure largely in the scenery.¹ In *Macbeth* he is imaginatively treated, as we have found.

In the terrible little scene of the three murderers before the taking off of Banquo, the words of the third murderer :

Hark ! I hear horses. . . .²

have something of the power of the knocking at the gate in the same play. And we feel the same power in Macbeth's words after the final scene with the witches and Hecate, when he learns that Macduff has fled to England :

I did hear

The galloping of horses : who was't came by ?³

Of the smaller quadrupeds we need notice only the squirrel, the marmoset and the hedgehog. The phrase 'the squirrel's hoard' in Titania's speech to Bottom, and 'the joiner squirrel' who made Queen Mab's chariot out of a hazel-nut in Mercutio's famous speech are worthy of a place in our regard ; while 'the nimble marmoset' which Caliban promised to instruct Trinculo how to snare is a feature of the scenery of the enchanted island. To Caliban we owe also a perfect little hedgehog-picture. He is describing the doings and aliases of Prospero's hostile spirits.

In every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometimes like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie trembling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall.⁴

Passing to birds, we must discount a good deal from the references to the lark and owl, the cuckoo and the nightingale, especially the last named, which has always been the sport of convention. The owl,

¹ There is a celebrated description of the Horse in one of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*

² *Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 3.

³ *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

⁴ *Tempest*, Act II Sc. 2.

the cuckoo and the nightingale we had probably better exclude from our present study, leaving them to the notice or recollection of the reader of Shakespeare. One would fain, indeed, keep the exquisite time-delaying dialogue of the lovers in *Romeo and Juliet*, when they have such 'sweet division' about the identity of the songster that sang at their parting :

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.

Thus Juliet, and Romeo's sad answer :

It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale ! ¹

The lark is more often mentioned within the strictly dramatic limits of the plays, and by one who really knows and loves it.

The 'crow' seems little loved ; but we must remind ourselves once more of Macbeth's

The crow makes wing to the rooky wood,
and how from the 'fearful height' of Dover Cliff,
The crows and choughs that wing the midday air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. ²

Among small birds Shakespeare seems to have been observant of the wren. In *Twelfth Night*, when Sir Toby points out Maria as being short of stature, he says :

Look where the youngest wren of nine comes,
in allusion, probably, to the diminishing size of the wren's nine or ten eggs.³ The smallness of the wren gives Imogen a striking simile :

Good faith
I tremble still with fear ; but if there be pity
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it ! ⁴

The 'ruddock's [robin's] charitable bill,' we have already seen as the bearer of flowers for Fidele's sad grave.

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Sc. 5.

² *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 6

³ *Twelfth Night*, Act III Sc. 2.

⁴ *Cymbeline*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

We consider, finally, Shakespeare's celestial and atmospheric scenery.

In one or two passages he expresses the sense of the cosmic whole with much force. First we may notice Hamlet's words to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern who had been sent to spy and report on his behaviour.

. . . this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.¹

Prospero's great prophecy of the end of all things is not without relevance.² Then there is the dreadful conjunction of Othello's and Iago's vows:

Oth. Now by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet,
(*kneels*). Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wits, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! ³

Cosmic, again, are many of Lear's great apostrophes already referred to, especially the

O heavens if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause. ⁴

A *propos* of the epithet 'sweet' here—an epithet of which Shakespeare makes frequent and beautiful use—we note parenthetically that he uses it more than once again of the heavens.

In *Lear*, Edgar, feigning madness, speaks of the oaths he had broken in 'the sweet face of heaven.'⁵

¹ *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

² *Tempest*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

³ *Othello*, Act III. Sc. 3.

⁴ *King Lear*, Act II. Sc. 4.

⁵ *Ibid.* Act. III, Sc. 4

In *Hamlet*, Ophelia in her distress at Hamlet's growing harshness, ejaculates :

O help him, you sweet heavens ! ¹

Once more, in the same play, the King, in the prayer which surely has the nobility of partial sincerity, appeals to the same quality in the Highest, the mercy that falls like rain :

What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? ²

Within our limits we cannot register concordance-wise Shakespeare's references to sun, moon and stars, nor is it necessary to attempt it. We can, and we need, only notice some salient instances of these, as well as some passages bearing on morning and evening.

In *Romeo and Juliet* we remember that Juliet herself is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon. ³

One of the finest morning-scenes of the rhetorical type occurs in Friar Laurence's first speech (Act II. Sc. 3). Better, because less rhetorical, is the lovers' dialogue at parting in Juliet's chamber :

Rom. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. ⁴

In *Richard III.* evening and morning usher in the battle of Bosworth Field with great dramatic force.⁵ In the morning Richard is anxious about the weather and disappointed in it. 'Who saw the sun to-day ?' he asks; and hearing that it is invisible, he mourns :

¹ *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 3. Somewhat similarly the epithet is applied to Nature in *Twelfth Night*, when Viola, after Olivia has unveiled, gives exquisite expression to joy in her beauty :—

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'

³ *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

⁴ *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 5.

⁵ *King Richard III.*, Act V. Sc. 3.

The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army. ¹

The sun gives some beautiful similitudes in *Richard II.* and *King John*.² When John is about to pour the poison of murderous suggestion into Hubert's ear, he complains of the unfitness of daylight :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gawds
To give me audience. ³

Greatest of all the sun-images in this play, perhaps in all the plays—is in the words of the dying Melun, as he warns Salisbury of the treachery of the French :

. . . . If Lewis do win the day,
He is foresworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east :
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire. ⁴

We must not pass by Oberon's words to Puck, who had warned him of the nearness of morning and the consequent obligation of spirits to hie them home :

But we are spirits of another sort :
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams. ⁵

We cannot forget the morning that breaks in *Romeo and Juliet* : the signs and scents of dawn that warned the ghost away from his son in *Hamlet* ; the morning that stole on the beginnings of the conspiracy in *Julius Caesar* ; Iago's ' By the Mass, 'tis morning,' ⁶ at the moment when the moral blackness of the scene was growing to its blackest.

¹ *King Richard III.*, Act V Sc. 3.

² *King Richard II.*, Act II. Sc. 1. Sc. 4.

³ *King John*, Act III. Sc. 3

⁴ *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 4.

⁵ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2.

⁶ *Othello*, Act II. Sc. 3.

As for evening, the references to it in *Macbeth* are beyond all others. The 'light thickens' passage, with the line :

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
and the First Murderer's words, too beautiful for such lips :

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day
Now spurs the lated traveller space
To gain the timely inn, ¹

are in fullest harmony with the lofty poetry of the play.

Shakespeare does not gush unnecessarily on the moon and moonlight. By itself stands the prayer of the dying Enobarbus in *Antony and Cleopatra* when the night was 'shiny' before Antony's last defeat :

Eno. O, bear me witness, night—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispoinge upon me
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me ; throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. ²

In the great moon-passages of the plays the pale queen appears in no garb of lurid melancholy such as this, but in her natural and traditional loveliness. These are, of course, in *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In *Romeo* indeed, the moon enters with much of 'pathetic fallacy' :

Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon.

But, when Romeo swears :

¹ *Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 3.

² *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. Sc. 9.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all the fruit-tree tops,

and Juliet replies :

O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb, ¹

we see the real object, with no subjective gloss.

I need not refer again to the moonlight in Portia's garden. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the moon-play *par excellence*. On the very first page is a simile instinct with the utmost verbal and pictorial beauty in Hippolyta's words :

Four days will quickly steep themselves in night
Four nights will quickly dream away the time ;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The moon shines through the play as the sun shines through *As You Like It*. Oberon's first words to his queen are :

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Quince and his colleagues rehearse by moonlight ; the moonbeams were to be fanned from Bottom's sleeping eyes. Once the moon appears as maleficent :

. . . the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air
That rheumatic diseases do abound. ²

In Puck's concluding trochaics, 'the wolf behowls the moon.'

In the same play Venus is made to shine for us. Demetrius speaks of 'Yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere,'³ and Oberon sings of her glory.⁴ All the stars are called 'yon fiery oes and eyes of light' ; and the same kind of aesthetic reference is in the lines :

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold. ⁵

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 2 ² *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 1. ³ *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 2. ⁴ *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 2.
⁵ *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Sc. 1.

In the great tragedies the stars take a mystical part in the action. So it is in *Othello*¹; so it is in *Romeo and Juliet*; so is it with the potent starlight in *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar*; *Macbeth's* 'Stars, hide your fires' when he was planning his deed of darkness: Banquo's 'there's husbandry in heaven; their candles are all out,' when the heavy summons lay like lead upon him; in *Julius Caesar* Brutus' perplexity on the morning of the murder:

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near the day; ²

Caesar's simile:

I am constant as the northern star,
and the amplifying lines:

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place; ³

in all these, Man and Nature, in physical distance so inconceivably apart; are shown as one through spirit. In Bernardo's:

When yond' same star that's westward from the pole
Had made its course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns: ⁴

and in the simile in Hamlet's words to Laertes under the deepening shadow of the end:

I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed, ⁵

we feel Shakespeare's power of making individual and undying pictures of what might have been trivial or conventional comparisons or allusions.

The beauty of clouds was in the main, in painting and poetry alike, a discovery of the Romantic Revival. It is therefore not surprising that we find little about clouds in Shakespeare, and that what is there is for the most part concerned with their unpleasant physical characteristics and potentialities

¹ In *Measure for Measure* we hear of the 'unfolding stars' that 'calls up the shepherd.' Act IV. Sc. 2. ² *Julius Caesar*, Act II. Sc. 1.
³ *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 1. ⁴ *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 1. ⁵ *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 2.

rather than their actual or ideal beauty. Yet, as soon as we have said this, we think of the superb lines in *Antony and Cleopatra* spoken by Antony to Eros, when he is unarming after battle, one of the greatest cloud-passages in the poetry of the world.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world
And mock our eyes with air ; thou hast seen these signs
They are black vesper's pageants. ¹

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. ¹

In the lovely word-play of *Love's Labour Lost* there is a cloud-illusion which we ought not to miss. It is where Rosaline says (answering Biron's 'Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face') :

My face is but a moon and clouded too ;

and the King replies :

Blessed are clouds to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed. ²

In Romeo's lines we must allow the word 'angel' to destroy the essentially natural character of a serene picture :

O speak again, bright angel, for thou art,
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. Sc. 14. A comic-companion picture is furnished by the famous 'Very like a whale' dialogue between Hamlet and Polonius.

² *Love's Labour Lost*, Act V. Sc. 2.

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air. ¹

The beauty of clouds has its place in Friar Laurence's morning-pictures :

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light. ²

In *The Tempest* Ariel's 'curled clouds' are as true to cirrus as Milton's 'plighted clouds' in *Comus* are to what is known as 'mackerel sky.' For the rest, Shakespeare's clouds are weeping, ugly, threatening, or otherwise injurious or evil.

Shakespeare's treatment of the major atmospheric disturbance has already come before us in connection with *King Lear* and the other great tragedies.³ If for the moment we choose to reckon an earthquake an atmospheric disturbance, we must adduce Hotspur's fanciful description in *Henry IV.* :

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeple and moss-grown towers. ⁴

No electrical disturbance in Shakespeare comes near the storms in *Lear* and *Julius Caesar* for either vividness or dramatic fitness. To lightning Shakespeare is always poetically sensitive, and he gives us, again and again, its very essence. Thus when Cordelia, looking at her sleeping father, refers to the storm into which he was shut out, she exclaims :

Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds,
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? ⁵

¹ *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 2.

² *Ibid.* Act II. Sc. 3.

³ *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 1 and Sc. 2.

⁴ *King Henry IV.*, Pt. i. Act III. Sc. 1.

⁵ *King Lear*, Act IV. Sc. 7.

To this we may add Cassius's boast of his courage, in submitting himself to the 'perilous night.'

When the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The heart of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it. ¹

But the most intimate lightning-allusions are in two similes, one in *Romeo and Juliet*, the other in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. First, Juliet's misgiving in the tide of her passion :

Although I joy in thee
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say *It lightens* ! ²

Then Lysander's similar and more exquisite misgiving about all love, however spontaneous and sympathetic :

War, death or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth
And, ere a man hath power to say ' Behold,'
The jaws of darkness do devour it up ;
So quick bright things come to confusion. ³

Thunder compels more ordinary treatment. Prospero's 'dread rattling thunder'; the voice of Alonso's guilty conscience :

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it ;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass. ⁴

Shakespeare can hardly be said to have made much of the tragic or picturesque potentialities of snow. In the *Comedy of Errors* there is a metaphor which is a snow-picture. Aegeon is talking to Dromio of Ephesus and mourning over his non-recognition of him :

¹ *Julius Caesar*, Act I. Sc. 3. ² *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. 2.
³ *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. Sc. 1. ⁴ *Tempest*, Act III. Sc. 3.

Though now this grained face of mine lie hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
 Yet hath my night of life some memory. ¹

In *Winter's Tale* there is Florizel's beautiful simile for Perdita's hand :

I take thy hand, this hand
 As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
 Or Ethiopian tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted
 By the northern blasts twice o'er. ²

In *Henry V.* there is an unexpected and vigorous Alpine snow-picture. The French king is insisting on the danger from the English king's invasion and calling for defiance.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land,
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur,
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon. ³

In another vein, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Octavian is contrasting Antony's former hardihood with his present decadence into self-indulgence :

Thy palate then did deign
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st. ⁴

In *Cymbeline* Imogen was in her husband's eyes before his mind was poisoned

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. ⁵

Turning from snow to ice, we find two beautiful references to icicles. In *Henry V.*, the Constable of France, pouring contempt on the English climate, 'foggy, raw and dull,' calls for a spirit in the French in keeping with their more favourable atmosphere :

O, for the honour of our land,
 Let us not hang, like roping icicles

¹ *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. Sc. 1.

² *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

³ *King Henry V.*, Act III. Sc. 5.

⁴ *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. Sc. 4.

⁵ *Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. 5.

Upon our houses' thatch, while a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields.¹

More beautiful still, in Coriolanus's characterization of Valeria :

The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.²

Hail makes its supreme appearance in Cleopatra's passion-laden speech to Antony when his jealousy has ordered Caesar's messenger Thyreus to be whipped because Cleopatra had allowed him to kiss her hand.

Ah, dear, if I be so
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source : and the first stone
Drop in my neck ; as it determines so
Dissolve my life. The next Caesarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !³

Poetry almost as high is in *All's Well That Ends Well*, in one of the noble speeches of the King of France, when he forgives Bertram almost as Prospero forgave. He confesses to a conflict of feeling :

I am not a day of season,
For thou mayest see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once : but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way : so stand thou forth :
The time is fair again.⁴

The doubtful plays, ought not, in a study like this, to be wholly ignored, though the treatment of them is difficult, so difficult as to call for a separate essay. With *Pericles* we have already dealt. Some of the others are specially rich in scenic background and allusion : it is for scholars to decide whether such scenery or any part of it is any criterion of Shakespearean authorship. I content myself here with

¹ *King Henry V.*, Act III. Sc. 5.

² *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. 3.

³ *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. Sc. 11.

⁴ *All's Well That Ends Well*, Act V. Sc. 3.

some brief notes on *Henry VI.*, *Titus Andronicus*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Timon of Athens*.

In the three parts of *Henry VI.* there are, as we might expect in a drama of various localities and many battles, many topical allusions. To these I will not refer. In Part I. there is a picture in Burgundy's words about the siege of Orleans :

Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull
When arm-in-arm they both came swiftly running
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night. ¹

Parts II. and III., if they have more of Shakespeare than Part I., have certainly more scenic interest. The hawking scene at St. Alban's at the beginning of Part II., Act II., is one of many animal backgrounds. Henry and Margaret use some notable animal similes.² Thus the King bewails the fate of 'the good Duke Humphrey' :

And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case. ³

Presently, after the king has gone out, the queen says of him in a passage not without euphuistic features :

Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams,
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake rolled in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent. ⁴

¹ *King Henry VI.*, Pt. i. Act II. Sc. 2.

² *Ibid.* Pt. ii. Act II. Sc. 1.

³ *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 1.

⁴ *Ibid.*

York's soliloquy, in Act III., Sc. 1, in which we hear first of Jack Cade, has many nature-similes, e.g. :

Faster than spring-time showers come thought on thought
And not a thought but thinks on dignity. ¹

Part III. is extraordinarily full of animal-similes, so full that we can only refer to them. One atmospheric picture we must not pass by. It is the beginning of Henry's long soliloquy during Towton fight :

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night. ²

Titus Andronicus, so repulsive in its gratuitous horror, is often attractive in its landscape. There is a hunting-scene at the beginning of the second act which has something of the charm of the greater one in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The wicked Aaron can 'drop into poetry' like a smaller fictitious villain of later days.

The forest walks are wide and spacious,
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull, ³

and therefore the fitter for deeds of darkness. Titus himself speaks like Theseus :

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey
The fields are fragrant and the woods are green
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride. ⁴

The hunting-scene becomes a scene in a forest where Aaron and Tamora have their assignation. Tamora's speech, beginning :

My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ? ⁵

contains beautiful woodland poetry. And the poetry

¹ *King Henry VI*, Pt i. Act III. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.* Pt. iii. Act II. Sc. 5.

³ Cf. the words of Titus in Act IV. Sc. 1 :—

' . . . the ruthless, vast and gloomy woods.'

⁴ *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. Sc. 2.

⁵ *Ibid.* Act II. Sc. 3.

remains when the false woman changes her note in order to compass the ruin of Bassianus and Lavinia.¹ The forest, indeed, felt as only Shakespeare among the dramatists of his time felt forests, enwraps all the hideous incidents of Act II. Frequently, in the rhetorical speeches of Act III., there are similies of vivid natural beauty.

Fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.²

Marcus's words when Lavinia kisses her father :

Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.³

Finally, there is the picturesque little scene in Act V. where the Goth tells how he chanced on the bastard child of Aaron and his father's words to him, the lines beginning :

Ronowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery.⁴

The *Taming of the Shrew*, especially in the Induction, has some of the local colour which characterizes *The Merry Wives*. The little hunting-scene in the Induction has comic vividness without the poetry of the picture in *Titus* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.⁵ Then the furnishings and appointments of the bemocked Sly's bedchamber :

Let one attend him with a silver basin, etc.,

and the suggestions of Warwickshire topography :

'Old Sly of Burton Heath and Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of Wincot,'⁶ lead up to the accurate suggestions of the Italian life in which the grotesque incidents of the play take place. As often has been pointed out, it is real and not conventional Italy, though indoors, rather than external.

¹ *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. Sc. 3.

² *Ibid.* Act III. Sc. 1.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 1.

⁵ *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, Sc. 1.

⁶ *Ibid.* Induction, Sc. 2.

The first scene of Act IV., describing the journey home of the shrew and her tamer, and the arrival and provision for the bride at Petruchio's country-house, is as rich in scenic vividness as anything in Shakespeare;¹ and, at the end of Petruchio's euphuistic speech in the third scene, we are in old England again.²

Timon of Athens certainly has no local colouring of Greece. Nor, in the first three acts, are there many noteworthy suggestions of scenery. In the fourth and fifth acts, when Timon's downfall has happened, it is otherwise. After the words 'Timon will to the woods,'³ we have a striking and disastrous reversion to the earth and its creatures. Mr. Bradley has told us of the resemblances between *Timon* and *Lear*,⁴ and this is one of them.

Nature, whose ministries might have redeemed, or at least consoled, both sufferers, proves a source of further evil, the mother and suggestress of injury and horror.

O blest breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity,⁵

exclaims Timon. When he digs for harmless roots, he finds gold, the curse of mankind.

This yellow slave . . .

. this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;
She whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again.⁶

The earth brings forth hideous and harmful creatures to plague man.⁷

Apemantus, the cynic, does not welcome the new

¹ *Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

² *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

³ *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. Sc. 1.

⁴ *Ibid.* Act II. Sc. 4.

⁵ *Ibid.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.*

recruit to his faith, and in his words there is high nature poetry :

Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself ;
 A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain
 Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these mossed trees
 That have outlived the Eagle, page thy heels
 And skip when thou point'st out ? Will the cold brook
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er night's surfeit ? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements exposed,
 Answer mere nature ; bid them flatter thee. ¹

When Apemantus admits that he himself would 'remain a beast with the beasts,' Timon retaliates with a terrible prose-picture of the conflict of fierce, preying animals in which he would find himself involved. But when, in Act IV., Sc. 3, he is talking with the banditti who come to rob him of his gold, he becomes a nature-lover once more, depreciating by comparison with the earth's harmless produce, the gold he has found :

Behold, the earth hath roots ;
 Within this mile break forth a hundred springs ;
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips ;
 The bounteous housewife nature, on each bush
 Lays her full mess before you. ²

When he relapses into cynical despair he finds confirmation in nature :

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea ; the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears. ³

But this is rhetoric, not poetry.

Perhaps the truest touches of scenery in *Timon* are the reference to his grave.

¹ *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;
 Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
 Thy grave-stone daily. ¹

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
 Whom once a day with his embossed froth
 The turbulent surge shall cover. ²

Finally, the soldier's words :

Timon is dead ;

Entombed upon the very hem o' the sea.

Though thou abhorred'st in us our human griefs
 Scorned'st our brain's flow and those our droplets which
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. ³

¹ *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. Sc. 3.

² *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 2.

³ *Ibid.* Act V. Sc. 4.

CROMWELL'S MAJOR-GENERALS

AMONG the experiments of the Commonwealth and Protectorate the rule of the major-generals in 1655-7 possesses a threefold interest and importance. First, it throws much light on Cromwell's general methods, both of regular government and of meeting emergencies. Secondly, though an exceptional and temporary expedient, it teaches us something about the working of normal and permanent local institutions in England during the Commonwealth. Thirdly, it illustrates vividly that conflict between parliamentary and extra-parliamentary government which was so prominent a feature of the period, and which, in popular estimation is its leading feature.

In considering the pretexts for instituting the major-generals it is necessary to recall the state of public affairs in the early part of 1655. On 19 Jan. 1654-5 Cromwell dissolved the first Protectorate parliament, because it persisted in regarding itself as a constituent assembly, with a right to amend the Instrument of Government of December 1653, while the Lord Protector maintained that such a claim was barred by the Instrument itself, to which parliament was subordinate. Between January 1654-5 and September 1656 no parliament was called together, and England was ruled strictly in accordance with the Instrument of Government as it stood. This interval was a time of serious unrest, which made itself felt both in constitutional opposition and armed insurrection. The constitutional opposition turned on the legality of such extra-parliamentary taxation, as, by the Instrument, the Lord Protector was en-

titled to impose¹ and it gathered chiefly round what students of the time know as 'Cony's case,' which ended in a victory for Cromwell. The armed insurrection was more formidable. It was not the orthodox republican, such as Ludlow, whom Cromwell had most to fear. The government was attacked on two sides by forces ready to meet sword with sword. On the one hand were the fanatical republicans, or Levellers, led by such men as Wildman and Sexby, who hated Cromwell for his exalted position and conservative ways; on the other were the royalists ever on the watch, keeping their champion in readiness on the nearest continental shores. These two forces, so dissimilar in antecedents and principles, were ready to combine against the king-like 'usurper.' In his speech before the dissolution in January 1654-5 Cromwell asserted that the government had in their hands a treasonable correspondence between the Cavaliers and the Levellers. At the same time he referred ominously to the rapid generation of discontent, which he attributed to the malign influence of the parliament. While parliament was weakening authority by fruitless debates the Cavaliers had been collecting arms, and Charles Stewart had been issuing military commissions and giving the command of castles to his followers.² The widespread unrest had more than one centre. Early in February 1654-5 Wildman was arrested by Major Butler near Marlborough in the act of dictating an insurrectionary manifesto, and imprisoned in Chepstow Castle. In March a threatening royalist outbreak in Yorkshire under Sir Henry Slingsby and Sir Richard Mauleverer was suppressed, and the two chief insurgents were arrested. Above all, on 11 March 1655, 200 Cavaliers under Wagstaff and Penruddocke entered Salisbury during the assizes, and seized the judges

¹ E.g., in accordance with the 27th clause of the Instrument, the Protector and council on 8 Feb. 1654-5 fixed the assessment for the army and navy at £60,000 per month, to be continued until 24 June.

² Carlyle's *Cromwell*, speech v.

in their beds. They hoped to rouse the inhabitants, but being disappointed they moved from Salisbury to South Molton in Devonshire, where they were overtaken and defeated by the government forces under Crook.¹

Cromwell's government being thus surrounded by dangers, it was hampered by two weaknesses, one civil and the other military. The civil weakness was in local administration. Local government was mainly exercised by two bodies, viz., the justices of assize and the justices of the peace. In the seventeenth century the justices of assize performed administrative acts and exercised a general administrative oversight in a way which has become entirely obsolete. The circuit system was disorganised by the outbreak of the civil war, and between 1642 and 1646 it was suspended altogether. Although the circuits were resumed and continued after the close of the war, it was not till the beginning of the Commonwealth that the judicial system entered on a new lease of life and vigour. The justices of the peace, deprived of the indispensable supervision of the circuits, and convulsed by the troubles of the time, had become to a large extent useless during and immediately after the civil war. The county magistracy was reformed by a new commission of the peace in 1651, but it was affected by a weakness which no mere legislation could cure. The government had no real hold on the landed gentry, from whose ranks the justices were taken. The county magistracy

¹ In the course of the spring and summer, before the major-generals were all appointed and settled in their districts, many arrests of individual royalists, and of persons to whom the most shadowy suspicion of royalist tendencies might be supposed to cling, were made. One interesting instance is the arrest of the much-enduring Sir Ralph Verney in his house at Claydon, on 13 June 1655, and his detention in London. Sir Ralph's letters describing the circumstances are among the Verney MSS. and have been kindly brought to my notice by Mr. S. R. Gardiner.

For the details of the Insurrection see Godwin's *English Commonwealth*, vol. iv chap. xii. The evidence as to its extent and importance had been examined by Messrs. Palgrave and C. G. Firth in the *Quarterly Review* for April 1886, and in the *English Historical Review*, 1888 and 1889.

could not be restored to its old strength until the supreme government could found itself on the affections of the country population. The imperfection of local administration was brought into prominence by the Puritan standard of manners to which the government desired the behaviour of the people to be conformed. Such puritanism was as little rooted in the average English heart as republicanism ; and Cromwell might well call out for new agents of his will.

From a military point of view, too, the Commonwealth was at first weakened by the inadequacy of the local militia. The reconstruction of this was accordingly undertaken early, and was completed in the beginning of 1651. In quiet times such a force might have been adequate to the maintenance of local order ; but when, as in 1655, the very existence of the government was threatened on all sides, and armed conspiracy was at work everywhere, it was necessary to have an omnipresent and always ready military force, including cavalry. The regular standing army had its hands full, and unless a standing local force of horse and foot could be provided, the country districts would fall into dangerous anarchy.

I.

Although the weakness of the government was chiefly felt at a distance from the metropolis, Cromwell's attention was called first to the condition of London, where the need of efficient and permanent defence was obvious. On 15 Feb. 1655—i.e., not much more than a fortnight after the dissolution, and about a month before the outrage at Salisbury—the Protector issued a commission to the lord mayor and the recorder of London, to the sheriffs and a large number of the aldermen (one of whom was Major-General Philip Skippon), to Colonel John Barkstead, lieutenant of the Tower, and to twenty-

three other military officers and gentlemen, to be militia commissioners for the city of London.¹ He alleged that the enemies of the public peace were still restless and active, and that a great part of the army would therefore be needed at a distance. In order that the capital might not be left undefended, the commissioners were ordered to raise an armed force, to be commanded by officers chosen on consultation with the Lord Protector. The duties of the force to be thus raised were carefully prescribed. It was (1) to suppress all rebellions, insurrections, tumults, and unlawful assemblies ; (2) to seize, disarm, and slay all who levied forces against the government ; (3) to disarm all persons known to be Roman Catholics as well as all who were reputed dangerous or seditious, and to give their arms to the well-affected. Such a commission, considered as a piece of administrative machinery, was no novelty. By the act of 1650, in which the militia of the Commonwealth had its origin, commissions, similar to this one, were substituted in counties for the lords-lieutenant ; and on them were imposed similar administrative responsibilities.

The London commissioners quickly resolved to raise three regiments of foot.² On 9 March the Protector ordered them to raise and arm a force of horse under Skippon's command and that of officers appointed by him, to obey the same orders as those given to the foot. This was the month of the Salisbury plot and other revolutionary explosions in various parts of England, and Cromwell and the council rapidly resolved to extend their plan of defence from London to the counties, and to make the new militia something like a national force. The method adopted in the capital was closely followed. Commissioners were appointed and instructed in a large number of the counties and in several of the

¹ *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 1655, pp. 43-4. Cf. *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 245.

² *Ibid.*, 1654-5, p. 72.

principal towns. In the counties these commissioners were the leading men, civil and military, of the district, often including the high sheriff and generally including justices of the peace. In the towns the mayors and many of the aldermen seem to have been generally included. By the middle of March twenty-two commissions were issued, viz., for Dorset, Cheshire, Chester, Durham, Staffordshire, Suffolk, Essex, the three ridings of Yorkshire, Northamptonshire and Rutland, Cambridgeshire, the Isle of Ely, Hertfordshire, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Monmouthshire, South Wales, the city of York, Bristol, and Huntingdonshire. The numbers on the commissions were on the whole, but not invariably, proportioned to the size and population of the districts, and ranged from nine for Chester to twenty-three for South Wales, twenty-four for Lancashire, and for Suffolk, and twenty-six for Northants and Rutland.¹

As a specimen we may take the Dorset commission and instructions, which were issued on 14 March. The commissioners were to be militia commissioners, and were appointed because 'the enemies are raising new troubles and now robbing and plundering the people.' They were to inquire into conspiracies and secret meetings (the justices of the peace on the commissions being ordered to take information on oath of what had been spoken, done, written, printed, or published against the peace); to disarm and seize the horses of papists, royalists, and other rebellious persons; to exercise a careful espionage on strangers; and to confiscate all stray arms and ammunition to the use of the state. They were to require the co-operation of the sheriff and the ordinary civil magistracy, and to correspond with the 'commanders of the forces,' who should aid them on application. They were to raise a military force, commissions for field officers being sent to them for the purpose, and the said officers being ordered to appoint subordinates

¹ *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1654-5, pp. 78-9.

on the approval of the militia commissioners. The force was to be supported by a tax imposed on the 'malignant' and disaffected; it was to be carefully trained and mustered, and to act with great stringency in the suppression of rebellion.¹

When these instructions are compared with the brief and bald London commission, they show how much, under the stress of events, the design had been developed and defined. The espionage of doubtful persons and strangers is made more constant and formidable; the clauses bearing on disarmament and the use of arms are of greater stringency; the interference with individual liberty is serious throughout. Above all, the combination of civil and military duty and responsibility is made more prominent and carried out more completely. Not only is there the same blending of soldiers and civilians in the Dorset commission as in the London one, not only is there the same military sanction attached to civic duties, but there is express provision for the co-operation of the sheriff and magistrates with the militia commissioners. Above all, the prominence given to the justices of the peace in this commission and in other ones, and their deliberate inclusion in the scheme, deserve the most careful notice.²

Thus, then, before the end of March 1655, a vigorous militia, or at least the new machinery for providing it, was in full operation in England and part of Wales. In each district, whether a county or a town, or more than one county, there was a group of commissioners, distinct from the commission of the peace, consisting for the most part of county gentlemen or municipal officers (according as the district was rural or urban), with a few military

¹ The full instructions thus summarised are in *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1654-5, pp. 77-8.

² In the *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, under date 24 March 1655, there is a series of instructions to justices of the peace, which show how desirous Cromwell and the council were to put life into the county magistracy, and to associate it with the utmost activity of local government.

officers interspersed. Primarily the commission was a police force, with large powers of inquisition, disarming, and punishment. Secondly it was the provider and organiser of a military force or new militia, which it was to use partly to defend the district against insurrectionary violence, partly for the performance of its own direct executive duties.

II.

The commissioners having been chosen, the next business was to provide officers for the militia; and that business was begun by one noteworthy transaction. Cromwell's brother-in-law, John Desborough was one of the Protector's most trusty servants. In the crisis of the Salisbury plot, when it was not unreasonable to fear that the flame of rebellion might spread over the whole south-west, Cromwell turned to Major-General Desborough. On 12 March, two days before the commissioners for Dorset were appointed, and before any steps had been taken towards organising the militia in those parts, Desborough was commissioned to take his regiment of regulars into 'the west,' and to collect under his command all the horse and foot in 'the western countries,' especially the forces of Colonel James Berry. The duties imposed on these regulars were essentially similar to those afterwards imposed on the new militia. In the first place the troops were to suppress the rising; secondly, they were, in co-operation with the justices of the peace, mayors, bailiffs, and other civil officials, to arrest all dangerous persons, disarm them, and confiscate their horses to the use of the state.¹

Thus empowered, Desborough was styled 'major-general of the west,' and we must suppose him entering promptly on his duties, and making a vigorous inquiry into the condition of a wide district stretching westward and north-westward from Wiltshire. While

¹ Thurloe, iii. 221-2.

thus engaged he must soon have come into contact with the militia commission for Dorset, which was formed on 14 March. As, in the formation of the new militia commissions, no south-western county or district besides Dorset is mentioned, it seems evident that Desborough, as 'major-general of the west,' with the regulars under his command and the civil authorities well drilled into co-operation with him, was all-sufficient for a long time after his appointment, and it is more than probable that the Dorset commission, with the militia raised by it, was in more or less close connexion with, or subordination to, the major-general of the district.

As to what happened in the counties between the end of March and the end of May 1655 there is hardly any evidence, but the commissioners must have been hard at work raising troops, rousing justices and sheriffs, and appointing officers. In the end of May the process of fusion between Desborough and the militia commissioners of Dorset, as well as the peace-preserving authorities of the south-west which we have supposed to be going on, was acknowledged and confirmed. On 28 May a second commission was sent to Desborough, 'to be major-general of all the militia forces raised and to be raised within the counties of Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Wilts, and Gloucester.'¹

This second commission to Desborough is to be regarded as the precise beginning of the institution of the major-generals, properly so called. The wording of it shows that, with or without formal commissions, the counties named had been organising a militia; that the original commission to Dorset had merged in the new one; and that Cromwell had discovered that an officer of the regular army would make an excellent major-general of a new militia district. The Protector's aim was to make the combination of civil and military authority practically effective,

¹ Thurloe, iii. 486.

and to prevent friction or waste of energy between commissioners and officers.¹ In the south-west the aim was easily attained: a regular officer of high rank and great experience had been ordered into a wide district; he proved himself there an excellent rallying-point and head of all the forces that made for order; nothing better could be done, therefore, than to group the militias of several contiguous counties under his command, leaving it to him, with the force of his character and the *prestige* of his position, to co-operate with the commissioners and insist on the execution of their many-sided work. What had proved so easily possible with Desborough and the south-west might prove equally so in other districts; there might be the same grouping of counties, the same co-operation with commissioners, the same vigorous headship of the new forces by trained officers. That was what actually happened in the summer and autumn of 1655, and that *was* the institution of the major-generals.

By the middle of June Desborough was in the midst of his labours, working from a centre at Exeter; and about the same time Colonel James Berry was similarly engaged at Lincoln, and Major Hezekiah Haynes at Bury St. Edmunds.² The scheme was extensively developed in August and September. By 2 Aug. it had been decided that there were to be twelve militia troops in the counties making up Desborough's district;³ and by the 10th of the same month so many more officers had been appointed in the same way, each bearing the title 'major-general of the militia,'⁴ that it was necessary for the Lord Protector and the Council to frame general instruc-

¹ One great advantage of the plan was the grouping together of such districts as Devon and Cornwall, which had exhibited so much separatist feeling during the civil war.

² Thurloe, iii. 556-7.

³ *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1655, p. 167.

⁴ On 9 Aug. most of the major-generals were definitely appointed to their respective districts (*Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1655, p. 275). On 11 Oct. some alteration of one or two of the districts took place; and on 19 Oct.

tions for them.¹ In the course of the month various instructions were issued.² On 21 Sept. a general commission was issued to the major-generals.³ It began by referring to the rebellion of the spring as having been stirred up by 'the old malignant and popish enemies,' who, though suppressed by God's mercy, were still stirring up troubles. On account of the ever-present danger a well-affected militia of horse had been raised.

As they need a commander to discipline and conduct them, we appoint you major-general and commander-in-chief in counties, with full powers to keep the said militia in good discipline, conduct them to fight against all enemies . . . We give you power, in case of invasion or rebellion, to raise the inhabitants of the said counties, and to exercise, arm, muster, and conduct them to the places where we shall direct you in case of rebellion.

The major-generals were then authorised to appoint deputies, if necessary; and they were promised the assistance of the justices of the peace and other civil

two of the major-generals were authorised to act through deputies with full powers. In the end of October and beginning of November two more major-generals were appointed, bringing up the total number (excluding deputies) to 12. (See *Cal S P. (Dom.)*, under dates; *Public Intelligencer*, 29 Oct; *Parliamentary History*, xx. 334; Thurloe, iv. 117). The list, as it finally stood, was as follows:—

Kent and Surrey	Col. Kelsey.
Sussex, Hants, Berks	Col. Goffe.
Gloucester, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall ('the west')	} Major-General Desborough.
Oxford, Bucks, Herts, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambs.	
London	} Lord-Deputy Fleetwood (with Major Hezekiah Haynes as deputy).
Westminster and Middlesex	
Lincoln, Notts, Derby, Warwick, Lei- cester	} Major-General Skippon.
Northants, Beds, Rutland, Hunts	
Herefordshire, Salop, N. Wales.	Col. Barkstead.
Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire	} Commissary-Gen. Whalley.
Yorkshire, Durham, Cumberland, West- moreland, Northumberland	
Monmouthshire and S. Wales	Major Butler.
	Col. Berry.
	Col. Worsley.
	} Lambert (with R. Lilburne and Charles Howard as deputies).
	Col. Rowland Dawkins.

In July 1656 Worsley died, and was replaced by Tobias Bridges.

¹ *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1655, p. 278.

² *Ibid.* p. 296.

³ *Ibid.* p. 344.

officials. To this circular commission the instructions prepared in the preceding month were annexed.

So much for the military side of the institution. At the same time nine orders for securing the peace of the Commonwealth were issued, to the following effect, viz. :—

(1) All persons engaged in rebellion since the beginning of the Protectorate were to be imprisoned or banished, and their estates sequestered towards payment of the forces newly raised, one-third being allowed to their wives and children.

(2) All adhering to the late king or Charles Stewart, his son, were to be imprisoned or transported.

(3) A tax of 10 per cent. on all with £100 a year from lands, and £10 a year on all with £1,500 personality, was to be levied on the estates of all sequestered for delinquency, or who had fought against parliament. Sequestration was to be the penalty for non-payment, which penalty might be discharged by giving good security, or otherwise assuring it by a rent charge, etc.

(4) Those living loosely and unable to give a good account of themselves were to be transported.

(5) From 1 Nov. 1655 none of 'the party' (i.e. the disaffected or royalists) were to keep in their houses chaplains, schoolmasters, ejected ministers, or fellows of colleges, nor have their children taught by such, on pain of double taxation.

(6) No ejected ministers or schoolmasters were, after 1 Nov. 1655, to return to the exercise of their functions, under penalties, unless they obtained the approval of the commission for public preachers.

(7) None were to keep arms without licence.

(8) None banished were to return without licence.

(9) A competent number of commissioners were to execute these orders in each county. ¹

Of these instructions the third is at this stage worthy of special attention. The financing of the major-generals was an essential part of the institution, and was, perhaps, that part of it of which Cromwell was proudest. The military aspect of the institution was the one on which it was most politic to dwell. The nation might resent an extension or intensifying of the police system or local executives; it was less likely to resent protection against domestic enemies and widespread rebellion; and, if by any cleverness

¹ *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1655, pp. 346-7.

the bulk of the nation could be relieved from contributing towards the cost of the militia, there might be no general resentment at all. Therefore, as the Protector afterwards said,

where that insurrection was, and we saw it in all the roots and grounds of it, we did find out a little poor invention. . . . I say there was a little thing invented, which was the erecting of your major-generals. . . . We did find—I mean myself and the council did—that, if there were need to have greater forces to carry on this work, it was a most righteous thing to put the charge upon that party which was the cause of it. . . . When we saw what game they (the royalists) were upon . . . we did think it our duty to make that class of persons, who as evidently as anything in the world were in the combination of the insurrectionists, bear their share of the charge.¹

In short, the new militia was to be paid for out of taxation levied, not on the nation generally, but on royalists only; and thus arose the ten per cent. tax, the decimation mentioned in the third instruction of 21 Sept. We shall hear a good deal more about it presently, and see how the collecting of it became one of the primary as well as the most troublesome duties of the major-generals themselves.

In October the council was busy; additional instructions were prepared, discussed, and despatched; the connexion with the general police system was brought into prominence; the districts of several of the major-generals were defined and settled, and at last everything was ready for the complete publication and final launching of the scheme.² On 31 Oct. an official declaration was made by the Protector in council, which is to be regarded as the publication and also as the practical inauguration of the institution. It purported to show 'the reasons of the government's proceedings for securing the peace of the Commonwealth on the occasion of the late insurrection;'³ and it dealt with the major-generals

¹ From Cromwell's speech at the opening of the second Protectorate parliament, 17 Sept. 1656. See Carlyle's *Cromwell*.

² *Cal. State Papers (Dom.)*, 1656, pp. 370-405.

³ *Parliamentary History*, xx. 434-60; *Cal. State Papers (Dom.)*, 1655, pp. 405-11.

as the chiefs of a new military force, provided for by the taxation of disaffected royalists. Its substance is as follows :—

(1) Providence having, by the issue of the civil wars, declared against the royalist party, the victors signalised their triumph by extremely mild measures towards the vanquished, e.g., the Act of Oblivion. That leniency gave the government courage to act promptly and decidedly in the crisis.

We do acknowledge, unless the carriage towards them had been such as is before expressed, we could not, with comfort and satisfaction to ourselves, have used the courses we now see we are obliged to take against the persons and estates of that party for securing the lives, liberties, peace, and comfort of all the well-affected.¹

(2) But all such pardons and leniency were conditional upon good behaviour for the future ; and the royalists having failed in such behaviour the government was no longer bound to be lenient.

We do not now only find ourselves satisfied but obliged in duty . . . to proceed upon other grounds than formerly. . . . It will not be denied that as well the articles of war as the favour and grace granted by the Act of Oblivion contained in them a reciprocation. . . . If the state do not attain their end, neither ought the other to accomplish theirs. In such acts . . . either both are bound or both are at liberty. . . . (The supreme magistrate) may proceed with greater severity, inasmuch as he hath used the last means to reclaim them without fruit, and knows by experience that nothing but the sword will restrain them from blood and violence.²

(3) They had, therefore, (a) made various arrests ; (b) taxed the royalists especially, in order to put down violence planned and carried out by them.

It will not be thought strange . . . that we have laid a burden upon some of their estates beyond what is imposed upon the rest of the nation towards the defraying of the charge which they are the occasion of.³

(4) Details were given of the royalist plot culminating in a correspondence with Charles Stewart

¹ *Parliamentary History*, xx. 438.

² *Ibid* xx. 438-40.

³ *Ibid*. p. 241.

in the summer of 1654, which was to bring about general insurrection and open war.

(5) The royalists (in alliance with some of the Levellers) being thus formidable, additional forces must be raised to deal with their designs. Therefore 'a new and standing militia of horse' has been raised in every county, the expense being defrayed by the rebels.

It is plain to every one that is not blinded with prejudice that these men . . . will leave no stone unturned to render vain and fruitless all that blood which hath been spilt to restore our liberties and the hopes we have conceived of seeing this poor nation settled and reformed from that spirit of profaneness which these men do keep up and countenance . . . and therefore we thus argued that . . . the peace and common concerns of this Commonwealth must be otherwise secured and provided for than at present they were ; that this was not to be done without raising additional forces ; that the charge of those forces ought not to be put upon the good people . . . but upon those who have been, and are the occasion of all our danger.¹

(6) It is equitable to impose the tax on the *whole* of the royalist party, because the insurrection evidently involved the whole party by implication.

We do appeal to all indifferent men . . . whether the party were not generally involved in this business, and in reason to be charged with it. . . . It is certain here was the cause and quarrel of the pretended king once more brought upon the stage by his followers. . . . He was ready to embark for England upon the first notice of success, which no man will believe he would have put himself upon, in the eye and face of the world, if those who showed themselves in arms were to have no other seconds than what appeared ; nor will it be imagined that those of his party who came over hither upon that errand . . . would have run so great hazard upon so weak grounds. . . . Great sums of money were collected and sent over to the pretended king, and furnished also for this design, which we cannot think came out of a few hands. . . . The time when this attempt was made is likewise observable ; it was when nothing but a well-formed power could hope to put us into disorder. . . . These things alone are enough to satisfy that these troubles were the fruit of great deliberation and consent.²

¹ *Parliamentary History*, xx. 455. Cf. to the same effect Thurloe's memorandum on the reasons for erecting a new standing militia in all the counties in England (Thurloe, iv. 132-3).

² *Ibid.* xx. 456-7.

(7) The difficulty and danger, then, being so serious, the hands of the supreme magistrate must not be tied by ordinary rules.

It is evident that in this Declaration the institution is regarded as purely military ; there is no mention of the functions of the new force in detail ; nor could we gather from it that it was designed to meet in any way the exigencies of provincial government.

III.

For the full recognition and explanation of the executive functions of the major-generals we must turn to twenty-one Instructions which were issued to them at a somewhat later date, and then published in the newspapers. Taken together with the Declaration they represent the full idea of the institution as it left Cromwell's brain, while in themselves they are the completion of the partial instructions issued from time to time by the council during the summer and early autumn.¹ In these Instructions the military aspect of the institution is made almost entirely subordinate to the administrative ; in the course of the twenty-one clauses the major-generals are ordered to act practically as a police, with a military force to assist them, if necessary. The document, in fact, indicates a scheme of local government conformed to a puritan standard of public morals. No very special or temporary danger to the state was assumed to exist ; it was only assumed that plenty of the influences which make for bad or loose government were abroad and active in England and Wales. In particular it was assumed that there had hitherto been too great carelessness as to the loyalty of large households in country districts, and also that the land swarmed with vagrants, native and foreign,

¹ *Parliamentary History*, xx. 461-7 ; *Public Intelligencer*, 17 and 31 Dec. 1655 ; *Mercurius Politicus*, 20-27 Dec 1655, No. 289, and 5 Jan. 1655-6.

whose movements, so long as they were unaccounted for, were a source of risk to the public peace.

The major-generals, then, having been fairly installed and instructed by the beginning of November 1655, it is necessary to consider how they actually did their work—how their actions corresponded with their instructions. The best evidence as to their actual achievements is to be found in their frequent despatches. It will be convenient to analyse the instructions and the correspondence together, in order that conception and reality, design and accomplishment, may be presented side by side.

Thus treated the subject may be arranged under six heads—(1) taxation, (2) general conservation of the peace, (3) religion and morals, (4) poor law, (5) registration, (6) licensing. Before these are dealt with in order a word must be said as to the evidence afforded by the correspondence as to co-operation between the major-generals and the militia commissioners on the one hand and the local magistracy on the other.

The relations between the major-generals and the militia commissioners were naturally a matter of primary importance. In a sense the former were subordinate to the latter, inasmuch as the militia was raised by the commissioners, and its officers were at least partly appointed by them. In another sense, however, the commissioners were subordinate to the major-generals, inasmuch as the latter were entrusted with large and independent powers, both civil and military. There was thus not only the possibility of dispute as to co-ordination or subordination, but also the absolute necessity of frequent conference, especially at the outset. On the whole the two bodies seem to have worked well together, without friction. Sometimes the commissioners are expressly praised for their behaviour,¹ and frequently they

¹ Thurloe, iv, M.-G. Butler to Thurloe, p. 218; Worsley to Thurloe, p. 224; Kelsey to Thurloe, pp. 224-5; Haynes to Thurloe, pp. 225-8; do. p. 257.

themselves write expressing their willingness to act.¹ As to their constitutional position there seem to have been few difficulties, though they occasionally complain, or the major-generals complain for them, that they are not in possession of sufficiently explicit instructions.² Their success probably depended on their frank and hearty co-operation with the major-generals, both in the taxation of royalists and in the invigoration of local government, predisposed as they were to such co-operation by possessing a moral standard in common with their military coadjutors and heads.

It was different as to the permanent local magistracy, with whom the major-generals and the commissioners found themselves in contact, and with whom they were instructed to co-operate. The difficulties here were of a more serious nature, owing to the disaffection or apathy of the gentry, which has been already referred to. The correspondence gives ample evidence of the embarrassment to the major-generals caused by the unsympathetic or obstructive behaviour of the local executives. As early as June 1655, before Berry had been moved from the east of England to his proper sphere in the west midlands and North Wales, he wrote from Lincoln to Cromwell, 'Our magistrates are idle, and the people all asleep.'³ The chief difficulties continued to be felt in towns, with the corporations. In November 1655 Whalley reports a controversy about precedence at Leicester, and asks for a decision from headquarters.⁴ In the same month Haynes writes of his difficulties with 'malignants' at Cambridge,

¹ E.g. commissioners for Norfolk to Protector, Thurloe, iv. 171; do. from those under Haynes, *ibid.* p. 225, etc., etc.

² Butler to Thurloe, Thurloe, iv. 179; Goffe to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 190; Berry to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 211; commissioners for Lincoln to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 212, do., *ibid.* p. 238; Goffe to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 238-9, etc.

³ Thurloe, iii. 590.

⁴ Whalley to Thurloe, Thurloe, iv. 240-1.

Norwich, and Colchester ;¹ and he warns the council of state that 'if corporations be not soon considered the work now upon the wheel will certainly receive a stand.' In January 1655-6 the malignants in the Bristol corporation were giving trouble. Desborough accordingly wrote to Cromwell, reporting that he had gone to the mayor and requested him to deal with such persons, informing him that, if he failed to do so, he himself would be obliged to purge the corporation.²

In the counties the major-generals soon found that they could not do their work efficiently unless they themselves were made justices of the peace. On 14 Nov. 1655 Whalley complained that he was forced to take more upon him than his instructions warranted by the fact that he was not on the commission of the peace.³ Ten days later he wrote to the same effect more urgently still.⁴ In Berry's district the difficulty was met by the enrolment of the militia commissioners on the commissions of the peace.⁵ In some cases there was a scarcity of justices ;⁶ sometimes they fell into a general condemnation which included a whole host of local officials.⁷

(1) *Taxation*.—The financial duties of the major-generals, which do not appear at all in the Instructions, make a very great show in the correspondence. An income tax of ten per cent. was imposed on all royalists possessing estates in land of the value of £100 a year or upwards, or personal property amounting to £1,500 ;⁸ and on the major-generals lay, first the inquisitory duty of determining who in their

¹ Thurloe, iv. 257. Colchester was especially troublesome on account of the traditions of 1648 and the second civil war. On 19 Dec. 1655 the government took the strong step of having the corporation elected in the presence of the major-general (*ibid.* pp. 330-1).

² Thurloe, iv. 396.

³ *Ibid.* p. 197.

⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 240-1.

⁵ Berry to Thurloe, Thurloe, iv. 316.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 353.

⁷ *Ibid.* Berry to Thurloe, pp. 393-4.

⁸ *Ibid.* pp. 208, 216, 218 ; Godwin, iv. 230.

respective districts were royalists within the prescribed limits of means ; secondly, the duty of collecting the tax from them ; thirdly, the duty of paying the militia out of the proceeds. They entered on this part of their work at an early stage—as soon, indeed, as they had had the essential preliminary interviews with the commissioners—and it was their chief and apparently most difficult duty during the winter and spring of 1655-6.¹

As regards the determination of liability and the collection of the tax, there were not a few difficulties. The general method was to require a declaration on oath from each reputed royalist as to the amount of his estate, and then to make a list of persons liable in each county. One difficulty at the outset was the number of claims to exemption. In these cases it was the practice of the major-generals to appeal to the Protector and the council of state ; as a rule they were directed to adhere firmly to their instructions, but in certain cases the pleas were allowed. Another difficulty arose out of the defalcation claims made by many persons to a deduction of their debts and burdens from the estimate of their total property. The first mention of this matter came from the Lincolnshire commissioners in Whalley's district, on 17 Nov. 1655.² In this case Whalley made the allowances on his own responsibility, but asked for confirmation and advice from headquarters. A prompt reply came from Whitehall on 20 Nov. 'His highness and the council,' the message ran, 'do not think fit to allow defalcations for debts.'³ Whalley's leniency can hardly have arisen from firm conviction, for immediately on receipt of the council's order he wrote from Leicester to Thurloe—

I am exceedingly glad you sent me his highness and the council's orders not to allow of debts and incumbrances on delinquents'

¹ As early as 20 Nov. Kelsey wrote to Thurloe of 'this uncouth employment' (Thurloe, iv. 224-5).

² Thurloe, iv. 212.

³ *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 1655-6, p. 29.

estates. It will very much shorten our work. And certainly had not such an order been made the tax would come to little.¹

Another difficulty was connected with property belonging to one owner, but situated in different counties or in the districts of more than one major-general. It often happened that a man had, say, £50 a year from land in one county and £50 in another; and yet, according to the letter of the instructions, he would escape 'decimation' owing to his not having £100 in one county. It was decided that, in such cases, the tax should either be laid in each county in proportion to the amount of land held there or nominally charged on the county in which the landowner resided.

Another point was the date at which the valuation of property was to be made. A valuation had been made on 1 Nov. 1653; and the commissioners were instructed to use it as the basis of assessment.² But the difficulty was that since that date much land had passed out of the hands of the proprietors, and they very naturally objected to being taxed on land which they possessed no longer. The Lincoln commissioners, having stated the difficulty, were ordered to assess the tax on the valuation of 1 Nov. 1653, though in some cases an option seems to have been left to the unhappy royalists.³ The injustice of the government's decision caused heart-burnings in Whalley's district,⁴ but apparently the government stood firm.

Another difficulty sometimes arose when the same person possessed real and personal property, each being liable to the tax. For example, the Lincoln commissioners, whose lot it was to discover so many snakes in the grass, raised the difficulty in this form: If one taxed has £1,500 personal estate and less than £100 a year in land, is the £1,500 to be charged with

¹ Thurloe, iv. 240-1. Cf Worsley from Cheshire, *ibid.* p. 251.

² *Ibid.* p. 238.

³ Berry to Hanmer, Thurloe, iv. 294.

⁴ Thurloe, iv. 411-2.

£100, or is £10 to be charged on the land? ¹ Desborough solved the difficulty in such cases in Bristol by taxing all capital of £1,500 and all income of £100 a year, without caring what were the proportions of realty and personalty in the estate. He asked for a confirmation from headquarters, but, as no formal one is recorded, we may assume that his practice was approved.² Where leases for lives had been granted it was difficult to decide whether the land tax was to be laid on the reserved rent or on the value of 'the living.'³ How this problem was solved we do not learn.

Another difficulty stated, but not solved, was in relation to estates forfeited for treason, and repurchased by trustees on behalf of 'delinquents.'⁴

The assessment of the tax was facilitated by getting lists of those who had compounded at Goldsmiths' Hall, i.e., those 'delinquents' whose estates had been sequestrated and were managed by the Committee for Compounding in permanent session at Goldsmiths' Hall.⁵

As time went on, and the necessities of the new militia revealed themselves more and more clearly, the commissioners and the major-generals began to feel that the proceeds of the tax were not likely to be sufficient, and that the exemption from taxation was placed too high. To this effect Berry and the commissioners for his district wrote at an early stage.⁶ Kelsey, writing from Maidstone, proposed that all persons having an income of £50 should be taxed;⁷ while the Northamptonshire commissioners, writing

¹ Thurloe, iv. p. 238.

² *Ibid.* pp. 359-60. See *ibid.* pp. 336-7.

³ *Ibid.* p. 278.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 541.

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 156, 185, 207-8, 212. The committee was started as a joint parliamentary and civic body to plan taxation in Sept. 1643. After Feb. 1653-4 its sole function was to manage sequestrated estates. See Calendar of the Committee for Compounding, 1643-1660.

⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 215-6.

⁷ *Ibid.* pp. 224-5.

a few days later, suggested that those with £20 per annum real or £300 personal estate should be taxed,¹ on the ground that such persons were as dangerous as those of higher quality. This was an extreme proposal. On 12 Dec. 1655 Whalley wrote to Thurloe, mentioning a more moderate one of Lilburne's, viz. that £40 real and £500 personal should be the limits, and adding that he disapproved of it on the grounds that it would alienate and irritate the royalists, without producing any return worth the cost.² Nevertheless Worsley made almost the same proposal;³ and it was frequently made afterwards.⁴ Desborough wrote from Exeter on 12 Jan. 1665-6 that the persons who might be irritated by the taxation of the smaller incomes were not worth conciliating.⁵ Further experience led Worsley to sink to a £40 limit;⁶ and he reported that the commissioners of his district were unanimous in thinking that £50 real and £500 personal were the proper limits. The government in London, however, probably realising that the decimation as it stood was severe enough, gave no heed to these representations; and accordingly, as the winter of 1655-6 grew into the spring, the commissioners and the major-generals came face to face with a shortcoming of funds, and were obliged to report to the Lord Protector that if more money was not forthcoming the numbers of the militia must be reduced.

Thus the third financial duty imposed on the major-generals—namely, the payment of the new militia—came to be no light one. Some districts—e.g. Wales and Norfolk—proved very scarce in royalists who could be fleeced for the benefit of needy soldiers.⁷ Districts varied much in productiveness: e.g. Lin-

¹ Thurloe, iv. pp. 235, 320.

² *Ibid.* p. 308.

³ £50 real and £500 personal (*ibid.* pp. 340-1).

⁴ E.g. by Desborough (*ibid.* p. 391).

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 413.

⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 449-50.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 287. Cf. pp. 170-1.

colnshire was expected to yield at the rate of about £3,000 a year ; from Staffordshire £1,300 or £1,400 was expected ; while Lancashire was not expected to yield more than £1,100.¹ Soon after the beginning of the new year (1656) the question of payment began to become pressing. On 11 Jan. Whalley wrote from Lincoln that more than six months had elapsed since the troops in his district enlisted, and he asked for a warrant to pay them out of the proceeds of the tax.² On 25 Jan. Desborough wrote to the same effect ;³ but the government would not speak. On the 28th he wrote from Truro that in order to pay the troops he had to go beyond his commission, which he greatly regretted.⁴ On 2 Feb. Goffe reported from Winchester that the decimation of his district would certainly not suffice to pay its troops. Sussex he expected, would yield £1,500 ; Hampshire, £1,000 ; Berks, £1,000. ' For the two first counties,' he went on, ' this is just half as much as will pay the troops. Indeed, in the other it may come near the money appointed to pay that troop ; but then there will be nothing left to discharge the officers belonging to the commissioners of the three counties (which, as his highness' letter seemeth to imply, we are also to satisfy out of this money, though we are not directed by what rule we shall proceed in paying them).' The major-general then made a suggestion. ' I take the humble boldness to offer,' he wrote, ' that all the money raised upon this account may be brought to the common treasury, and that we may all be paid alike out of the said treasury ; or else I fear those associations that raise least money will have such a pitiful militia that the major-generals will have little honour or comfort in commanding them.'⁵ On 7 Feb. Butler wrote from Northampton that £1,080 over and

¹ Thurloe, iv. pp. 337, 340-1, 427, 434-6.

² *Ibid.* pp. 411-2

³ *Ibid.* p. 462.

⁴ ' It's unpleasant to me to act without rule ' (*ibid.* p. 472).

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 497-8.

above the proceeds of the decimation were needed to pay the troops.¹ On 11 Feb. Goffe wrote with much seriousness, conveying to the council a message from one of his subordinates: 'Captain Dunch bids me tell you, if you do not help us, he must be forced to mutiny.'²

What was to be done? For weeks the stream of grumbling had found its way to Whitehall; but the government had made up its mind that the *maximum* of practicable taxation was reached. Yet in all quarters of the land the balance-sheet showed an ugly deficit. On 29 Jan. Cromwell had authorised the major-generals to give to their soldiers and officers out of money already levied, six months' pay, or as much thereof as the money received within their districts (over and above the necessary charge incident to the service) should amount to, the whole receipts being applied in equal proportion to the whole militia forces.³ This did not advance matters very far. At last the council of state began to bestir itself. A committee was formed to consider the affairs of the major-generals; and, on the report, its council, on 27 Feb. advised the Protector to reduce the militia of Oxfordshire, Bucks, Herts, Berks, Southampton, Sussex, Kent, Cambs, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Rutland from 100 to 80 in each troop, and to pay them up to the date of reduction.⁴ On 11 April the government announced their intention to reduce all the militia troops to the same extent,⁵ and on the same day the council issued to the major-generals the tardy authorisation to pay the militia out of the extraordinary tax.⁶ An estimate was also made of the total cost of the reduced force for a year from 24 June 1656; the salaries of the eleven major-

¹ Thurloe, iv p. 511.

² *Ibid.* pp. 525-6

³ *Cal. State Papers* (Dom), 1655-6, p. 140.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 200.

⁵ The actual order was despatched on 15 April (*ibid.* p. 27).

⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 262-3.

generals were fixed, and the major-generals themselves reappointed. The total estimate was £80,067 12s. 4d. The soldiers disbanded were to be paid only up to 24 June.¹

The whole management was made more systematic; e.g. the council appointed what it called an army committee to consider fit rules for the major-generals, to return a yearly account of moneys and charges in their associations, and to issue the moneys by warrants from the said committee for paying the officers and soldiers of the new militia troops. On the army committee was henceforward to devolve the responsibility of both collecting and disbursing the tax, a responsibility which had hitherto lain on the major-generals, the major-generals now, together with officials called receivers-general and county treasurers, acting as agents of the committee.² The major-generals were to give in to the army committee perfect lists of all persons charged with yearly or gross payments, signed by themselves and three commissioners, with duplicates to the receivers-general. They were also to cause the county treasurers to send in accounts of their receipts within ten days from 25 Dec. and 24 June annually, noting any additions or alterations. They were also to return the addresses of the county treasurers, and cause the muster rolls to be sent to the commissary-general of musters, with duplicates to the army committee, the commissary-general to obey the directions of the army committee. As for the county treasurers, they were to deliver up to the army committee a perfect account of all sums raised and spent in the half-year ended 21 Dec. 1655, which account the committee were to pass, or, if not satisfied with it, to refer to the council of state. In short, the government seem to have come to the conclusion that the collection of the 'decimation' and its payment to

¹ *Cal. S. P. (Dom.)*, 1655-6, pp. 262-3.

² *Ibid.* pp. 367-8, 12.

the troops had not been a great success as conducted by the major-generals, and that these things would be better managed from Whitehall.

(2) *General Conservation of the Peace.*—The major-generals were instructed to suppress insurrections and unlawful assemblies, and to repel invasions.¹ They were to see that all papists, rebels, and dangerous persons were disarmed, and their arms confiscated.² They were to provide police protection for the highways and roads, especially near London, and to insist on the prosecution of robbers, highwaymen, etc., and the punishment of their abettors. (In this work the major-generals were to co-operate with the sheriffs; every one discovering or apprehending a malefactor of the aforesaid sort was to be paid a reward not exceeding £10, by the sheriff, who was to be recouped by the state.³) They were to watch the behaviour of disaffected persons, and that of their subordinate officers.⁴ When any one prosecuted an undiscovered murderer or other gross offender against the peace he might apply to the major-general or his deputy; and he, knowing what the business was, might 'as well by summoning all persons who lived dissolutely or without a calling, or at a higher rate having no visible estate answering thereunto . . . if he should see cause, as by the diligence of all civil officers or persons under his command, according to their respective duties in apprehending all suspected persons who passed through or lay lurking within any place under his charge, to endeavour the finding out and apprehending the offenders,' for which purpose he might give notice to and get the help of the major-generals of neighbouring associations.⁵

In the correspondence there is no great bulk of

¹ Instruction 1, *Parl. Hist.* xx. 461-7.

² Inst. 2, *ibid.*

³ Inst. 3 and 16, *ibid.*

⁴ Inst. 4, *ibid.*

⁵ Inst. 15, *ibid.*

evidence bearing on this head, but what there is unmistakably indicates both vigour and success. The absence of armed rebellion deprived the major-generals of any pretext for repelling invasion by military force; but in the department of police they had much work to do, and they evidently did it. They entered at once into hearty co-operation with the justices of the peace, and into as hearty co-operation with the municipal magistrates as those functionaries would allow. Haynes began to search for arms in Suffolk as early as 22 June 1655.¹ We have seen how early and how fully Berry realised his general responsibility in Lincolnshire. The work of disarming seems to have proceeded briskly in many districts.² With papists there was sharp practice. On one occasion, for example, Butler relates how, as he was riding through the forest of Rockingham, he overtook a wayfarer who proved to be a Roman Catholic priest 'without any certain habitation.' Being thus doubly an offender, he was put into custody; and a copy of his examination, along with a catechism found upon him, was forwarded to Whitehall, the major-general retaining the *Agnus Dei* and rosary of the priest, along with 'a medal of the Virgin Mary, or crucifix, and some other books.'³ There was much energy in arresting and imprisoning all persons who appeared to be dangerous, or who, on examination, could give no satisfactory account of themselves. So many of such persons were deprived of liberty that there were some complaints of want of room for prisoners.⁴ On 5 Jan. 1655-6 Berry wrote to Thurloe a letter about the state of things in Shropshire, showing how completely the preservation of the peace in that county came within the purview of the major-general;⁵

¹ Thurloe, iii. 574.

² Correspondence throughout, and especially Thurloe, iv. 379, 'Instructions by the major-general of Bristol.'

³ Thurloe, iv. 274.

⁴ Worsley to Thurloe, Thurloe, iv. 333-4.

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 393-4.

and in a later letter he complains bitterly of over-work in quarter sessions, alleging that he is losing his military character altogether and becoming a mere toiling magistrate.¹ On 29 Jan. Whalley complained of over-work in the same department. 'I wish,' he wrote, 'there had been more major-generals. Our presence, I find, is desired in all places, and gives life to all proceedings; . . . if the Lord gives abilities to your major-generals . . . it's the best way that ever as yet was devised for the peace and safety of the nation. You cannot imagine what an awe it hath struck into the spirits of wicked men.'² On 9 Feb. 1655-6 Berry wrote from Monmouth, 'I am much troubled with these market towns everywhere; vices abounding and magistrates fast asleep.'³

Quakers were regarded as being almost as dangerous to the public peace as Roman Catholics, and were treated with almost equal severity.⁴ It was alleged that they 'troubled the markets,' and otherwise interfered with public peace and comfort. In their early days they were active peripatetic religionists, entering freely into places of public resort, whether churches or market-places, and calling out for the instant reform of what they deemed abuses. Once there was hope of striking at the arch-quaker, George Fox, himself, 'I have some thoughts to lay Fox and his companions by the heels, if I see a good opportunity.'⁵ On one occasion Butler forwarded a list of the persons committed to gaol by him, with specimens of the offences thus punished.⁶ The system of espionage was brought to a high point

¹ 'I am now at last become civil' (*ibid.*) p. 413.

² *Ibid.* p. 434. As to Whalley and his success cf. *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 294, 24-31 Jan., and *Political Intelligencer*, No. 18, 28 Jan.—4 Feb. 1655-6.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 54-56.

⁴ Worsley to Thurloe, Thurloe, iv. 315, *ibid.* 333-4, *ibid.* 613, etc.

⁵ Goffe to Thurloe, 10 Jan. 1655-6. Thurloe, iv. 408-9.

⁶ Thurloe, iv. 632-3.

of perfection. On 21 March the major-general¹ wrote from Stafford, 'We have things in that posture already that there is hardly a meeting of three cavaliers together on any account but I am suddenly acquainted with it.'² On 5 July 1656 Haynes proposed to accompany the judges on circuit, with a view to the more thorough preservation of order.³ On 21 April 1656 Whalley had reported thus triumphantly of part of his district: 'This I may truly say: you may ride over all Nottinghamshire and not see a beggar or a wandering rogue,' though he was obliged to add, 'I hope suddenly to have it so in all the counties under my charge if it be not already; but I much fear it.'⁴

(3) *Religion and Morals*.—During a prevalence of puritan thought and feeling it is difficult to distinguish efforts to preserve public peace from efforts to purify public morals; and it is still more difficult to distinguish the latter from efforts in behalf of religion. The major-generals were instructed to prevent horse-racing, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and the performance of stage plays within their districts, because of the danger of general evil and wickedness, as well as of hatching treason and rebellion.⁵ They were to report upon the character of teachers and preachers, and to secure the execution of the ordinance for the ejection of insufficient ministers and schoolmasters.⁶ By their behaviour they were to promote godliness and virtue, and to co-operate with justices of the peace, ministers, and officers intrusted with the care of such things to secure the execution of the laws against drunkenness, blasphemy, swearing, plays, profaning the Lord's day, etc.⁷ They were

¹ Called 'Goffe' in Thurloe, but this must be an error.

² Thurloe, iv. 639.

³ *Ibid.* v. 1187-8.

⁴ *Ibid.* iv. 718-9.

⁵ Inst. 4, *Parl. Hist.* xx. 461-7.

⁶ Inst. 7. Cf. No. 5 of the Instructions of 21 Sept.

⁷ Inst. 6.

to seek out and suppress all gaming-houses and houses of ill fame in London and Westminster.¹

The correspondence shows no lack of stringency in compliance with these instructions. There is some evidence that efforts were made to distinguish what was immoral from what was inexpedient. Thus in March 1656 the spring races at Lincoln fell due, and the earl of Exeter asked Major-General Whalley whether Lady Grantham's cup might be run for. Whalley gave permission; and he reported to Cromwell, 'I assured him it was not your highness's intention in the suppressing of horse races to abridge gentlemen of their sport, but to prevent the great confluences of irreconcilable enemies.'² Against wickedness, profaneness, etc., the major-generals worked steadily. Against swearing they were especially severe. Butler fined a certain Mr. Barton £6 for saying 'God damn me,' and protested that it should have been £10 if the culprit's horse would have fetched as much.³ Attempts were made to prevent the profanation of Sunday by preventing markets from being held on Saturday or Monday.⁴ In some places 'base books' were suppressed; and a raid was made against illegal marriages.⁵

The most direct efforts in behalf of religion were those to carry out the ordinance for the ejection of insufficient ministers and schoolmasters, and generally to regulate churches and schools. The demand for 'ejectors' is heard very early in the correspondence; and, along with complaints of their inefficiency, is repeated again and again throughout its course. Ejection was not always for scandalous living only. Kelsey on one occasion reported that the whole garrison of Rochester was perverted and injured by the heresies of a certain minister named Coppin.

¹ Inst. 19.

² Thurloe, iv. 607.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 632-3

⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 277-8; *ibid.* v. 296.

⁵ *Ibid.* iv. 523.

The major-general had arrested and imprisoned him, and proposed that he should be transported.¹ On 28 Feb. 1656 Berry sent in a bad report of the spiritual condition of Breconshire. The county, he wrote, was getting heathen from the want of able preachers and the slowness in filling up vacancies.² On 23 April Haynes proposed a conference in his district with disaffected ministers and those tinged with anabaptist or fifth-monarchy views.³

On the whole there are indications that this part of the major-generals' duties was not only diligently but sometimes severely and irritatingly carried out.⁴ Sometimes the council of state had to exercise its right of supervision and revision. Thus on 12 March 1656, on the petition of the parishioners of Radwinter, in Essex, Haynes was ordered to show cause why the clergyman, one Reynolds, had been made to stop preaching and to suspend the restraint if it should be found desirable.⁵

(4) *Poor Law*.—The major-generals were instructed to see that unemployed persons were either made to work or sent out of the Commonwealth; to consider the case of the poor, and to report upon it to the Lord Protector and his council; meanwhile they were to insist upon the execution of the laws bearing on such cases.⁶

On this head the correspondence yields very little evidence, and such as there is seems to justify the belief that the penal aspects of the poor laws were those most insisted on by the major-generals.

(5) *Registration*.—The major-generals were instructed that every householder in their respective districts must give security by his bond that his servants should keep the peace of the Commonwealth

¹ Thurloe, iv. p. 486.

² *Ibid.* p. 565.

³ *Ibid.* p. 727.

⁴ See the case of Mossom, the schoolmaster at Richmond, *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 1655-6, Jan. 24.

⁵ *Ibid.* 12 March.

⁶ Inst. 5; *Parl. Hist.* xx. 461-7.

while in his service, during which time he must be ready to appear before the major-general or his deputy or agent, whensoever and wheresoever and as often as he should appoint, on notice left at his house. Also every major-general and every deputy was to keep a list of all persons in his district giving such security; and from time to time to return it, with information as to the quality and place of abode of each householder, to be entered in a central register. For the purpose of this register a registry office was to be set up in London, in which such lists were to be entered alphabetically.¹ When a householder, who had given security, appeared at the office, the registrar was to take his name and that of the place whence he came, as well as his temporary address in London or Westminster. Every time he changed his lodgings he was to furnish his new address to the office. When he intended to remove to the country the registrar was to inform the major-general of the district into which he proposed to go of (a) his name, (b) the place of his former abode, (c) how long he had been in London, (d) to what place he had gone from London. In case the registrar should find, when he received the name of such a householder that the name did not appear in the district list furnished by the major-general, the registrar was to inform the secretary of state of the name and lodging of such a householder.²

Besides the bond for the household entered into by its head there was a *personal* bond bearing on four classes of persons, viz. (1) those who had borne arms against the Commonwealth; (2) those who lived dissolutely; (3) those without a calling; (4) those apparently living beyond their means. Every member of those four classes was to give bond with

¹ The London registry office, known as 'the major-generals' office,' was opened in Fleet Street, at the 'Cock,' over against Black Horse Alley (*Parl. Hist.* xx. p. 468). Under the chief registry there were to be several subordinate offices in London and Westminster.

² Inst. 8, 9, 10; *Parl. Hist.* xx. 461-7.

two sureties, with condition that if 'the above bounden A.B.' should (1) henceforth live peaceably, etc., (2) reveal to the authorities any knowledge of plots against the government, (3) be ready to appear before the major-general whenever called upon, (4) formally notify any change of address, (5) on going to London comply with rules for registration there, (6) refrain from ever using a false name, the obligation should be void.¹

Further, every one, whether a foreigner or not, landing in England after 1 Dec. 1655, was, within twenty-four hours after landing, (a) to appear before an agent of the major-general of the district in which he landed; (b) to tell the name of the place from which he came, and that to which he was going, the said places to be entered in a book; (c) to engage that, on going to London or Westminster, he would make himself fully known to the registrar. If the immigrant had been a rebel he must give notice of every change of lodging. If he gave a false name or acted otherwise fraudulently, he was to be imprisoned during the pleasure of the Lord Protector or the council of state. The agents of the ports were from time to time to send lists of immigrants to the registrar in London, with an account of their personal appearance; and, if the immigrants were not bound for London, the same information was to be forwarded to the major-generals of the districts to which they were bound.

As often as any inhabitant of London or Westminster who had given security intended to change his residence he was in person to give notice of such intention to the registrar or his deputy, who was thereupon to enter his name, together with the names of his former and his intended residences, and by the next post to signify the same to the major-general

¹ This form of 'bond to be entered into before the major-generals' will be found in *Mercurius Politicus*, 13 Dec. 1655, No. 288.

in whose district the place lay whither the said person intended to remove.¹

Cromwell's scheme thus included a double system of security for the sake of the public peace, viz. (1) an assurance to be given by every householder ; (2) a bond to be entered into by royalists, as well as dissolute, idle, and extravagant persons, both parts of the system being worked in connexion with a central registration office in London, and with the constant co-operation of the major-generals. A moment's reflexion on the total effect of the instructions is enough to show how great, both in extension and intension, were the powers conferred on the major-generals under this head. The correspondence gives evidence both of their activity and of some of the difficulties with which they had to deal. We hear little indeed of the mere registration business—of the central office in London or any of its subordinates. But 'taking security' by means of bonds gave much work and trouble.²

Sir Ralph Verney, for example, was from home when the Bucks gentry were summoned by the commissioners and major-general. On 10 Nov. 1655 Sir Roger Burgoyne wrote to him, 'The Grand Commissioner' (it is to be presumed he means Haynes, Fleetwood's deputy) 'is come into these parts, and has convented before him the principall gentry of our county that have been either sequestred or sequestrable, though they escaped the hands of the Committee.' Dr. Denton, the physician, Sir Ralph's uncle and faithful friend, warned him to delay his return as long as he could, that he might, if possible, be overlooked. Sir Ralph's difficulty was in ascertaining wherein consisted the offence which had led to his arrest in June. He was, however, set at liberty in October, on giving security for good

¹ Inst 11, 12, 13; *Parl Hist.* xx. See also *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 26 Dec. 1655.

² Thurloe, iv. 156, 184-5, 190, 208, 234, 293-4, 322, 340-I, 411-2, 485-6, 495, 745.

behaviour. In March 1656, to save himself from the clutches of Major-General Fleetwood, he prepared a petition to the Protector, asking to be excused the decimation, on the ground that he had never been a delinquent. The Protector, however, referred him back to the major-general, and the decimation was confirmed, though apparently some alternative was offered, which Sir Ralph's scrupulous sense of honour forbade him to accept.¹

One difficulty was raised more than once by Major-General Goffe. Security, he wrote, could not well be taken; the machinery for registration must be ready and in working order first;² besides, he considered that it would be a milder measure to postpone taking security to taxation. Kelsey was puzzled as to the precise definition of the classes for whom security was to be required, and he also complained of the want of prison accommodation for those who failed to give it.³ On 14 Dec. 1655 Berry wrote from Wrexham to say that a local Welsh register was much wanted.⁴ On 17 Dec. Worsley sent a request for more printed bonds, according to private instructions.

A certain Thomas Dunn was appointed registrar of the City of London at Christmas 1655.⁵

(6) *Licensing*.—The major-generals were instructed to suppress all *solitary* alehouses. They were to prevent all persons from posting without special warrant, and to allow no horses to be 'laid' to convey passengers without notice of place and persons being first given to the nearest justice of the peace. Whatever inn, alehouse, or tavern allowed the horses to be so laid, and found out what had been done only after the horses had been used, was to forfeit its licence, which could not be granted again. All alehouses

¹ *Memoirs of the Verney Family*, iii., chapters vii. and viii.

² Thurloe, iv. 190, 208.

³ *Ibid.* p. 234.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 316.

⁵ *Cal State Papers* (Dom.), 26 Dec.

were to be carefully regulated both as to numbers and character.¹

Under this head the major-generals seem to have done their work briskly. There was a good deal to be done. By Tudor legislation the licensing of public-houses was put into the hands of the justices of the peace; and they showed themselves more careful for the relief of thirst than for the prevention of drunkenness. There were also many unlicensed houses. The constables of Coventry, for example, reported that there were fifty unlicensed alehouses in the town. Whalley wrote from Coventry on 1 Dec. 1655 that both there and in Lincoln, owing to the want of co-operation on the part of the civic magistrates, alehouses were no sooner put down than they were set up again.² On 11 Jan. 1655-6 Whalley wrote that the alehouses in Lincoln were incredibly numerous.³ About the same time the stimulating effects of the new *régime* began to be felt in Shropshire, where the justices, 'considering that the end of the law in licensing inns was not to set up houses to tittle in, but to make entertainment for strangers and travellers,' roused themselves to put the licensing regulations in force.⁴ To take another instance, on 24 Jan. 1655-6 Worsley wrote that he was doing his best in Lancashire, but that it was very difficult to carry out the work of suppression without seriously weakening the revenue. He intended to put down, if he could, two hundred alehouses in the hundred of Blackburn alone.⁵ By-and-by a note of progress is heard from Lincoln, whence, on 26 Jan. 1655-6, the report comes, 'The business (blessed be God) that our major-generals and we are entrusted with goes on very well; . . . we have suppressed forty, fifty, and sixty alehouses in some corporations.'⁶ Under

¹ Inst. 17, 18, 21.

² Thurloe, iv. 272-3.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 411-2. Cf. p. 434.

⁴ *Public Intelligencer*, 14-21 Jan. 1655-6, No. 16.

⁵ Thurloe, iv. 449-50. Cf. Worsley to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 473.

⁶ *Public Intelligencer*, No. 18, 28 Jan.-4 Feb. 1655-6.

the same impulse the justices of Warwickshire directed the high constables of the hundreds to suppress a third of the inns and alehouses within their districts.¹ On 9 Feb. Worsley wrote to Thurloe from Chester that he was putting down all alehouses which belonged to one or more of the five following classes: (1) those hostile to the government; (2) those whose owners had other means of livelihood; (3) such as were in 'big and dark corners' (blind alehouses); (4) those of bad repute and disorderly; (5) those suspected to be houses of ill-fame.²

Besides the foregoing six departments of work imposed on the major-generals by their instructions there is evidence to show that they discharged an additional function—namely, an oversight of various matters of local administration. This must have had important practical results. For example, they were entrusted with the regulation of weights and measures in many places.³ Again, we find Major-General Whalley writing from Nottingham on 9 April 1656 and reporting that the market bell there, the ringing of which gave signal for the market to begin, was not rung till one o'clock, so that, in the winter, business began too late for the convenience of people who came long distances from the country. 'If,' he wrote, 'his highness and council would issue out a proclamation throughout England, commanding all mayors, aldermen, and bailiffs of cities and corporations to cause their market bell to ring by ten or eleven of the clock at furthest, the major-generals would take care it should be observed.'⁴

Again, a petition for a college at Durham having

¹ 'You are directed within fourteen days from receipt to bring in a list in your respective divisions, setting a mark on the third part of such as may best be spared.' (*Mercurius Politicus*), No. 250, 31 Jan.—7 Feb. 1655-6.

² Thurloe, iv. 522-4. Cf. commissioners for Cheshire to Thurloe, *ibid.* and see commissioners for Durham to Protector, *ibid.* p. 541.

³ See Worsley to Thurloe, Thurloe, iv. 533-4; Whalley to Thurloe, *ibid.* pp. 686-7; *ibid.* Thurloe, v. 211-2.

⁴ Thurloe, iv. 686-7.

been forwarded to the council of state by the justices, sheriffs, grand jury, and gentlemen of the county, an order was issued to Lilburne to make the foundation.¹ The inhabitants of Chester having petitioned for a new head of the city hospital, the major-general and three of the militia commissioners were empowered to deal with the subject. As time went on the miscellaneous responsibilities of the major-generals evidently multiplied. Thus we find that on the report of a committee appointed to supervise and regulate the work of the sheriffs, to the effect 'that complaints have been made of the excessive charges burdening the office of sheriff through the example of some which discourage those employed,' the major-generals were ordered to appoint in their respective counties troops of horse to attend the sheriff at the assizes, to wait on the judges, and to perform the services previously required of the sheriff's men.² Again, on a petition of the inhabitants against the bad work of the worsted weavers of Norwich and Norfolk, Major-General Haynes, along with the sheriff and others, was ordered to advise with the justices of assize at the following circuit as to the best way of securing the good quality of the manufacture.³ We find Desborough ordered on behalf of the baptists of Exeter to take care that the best repaired public meeting-place of the city which could conveniently be spared should be assigned to them ;⁴ and similarly Whalley was ordered to consider the repair of the parish church of Scartho, in Lincolnshire, on the petition of the patron.⁵

IV.

When we put together the foregoing evidence and

¹ Thurloe, iv. p. 442; *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 1 Feb. 1655-6.

² *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 13 Feb. 1655-6.

³ *Ibid.* 27 Feb. 1655-6.

⁴ *Ibid.* 13 March 1655-6.

⁵ *Ibid.* 15 May 1656. Cf. the order of 28 Aug. 1656.

estimate its total import, we are able to form a pretty clear picture of the doings of the major-generals between November 1655 and the summer of 1656. At the latter date the pressure of general politics in England forced their energies into a new channel. At the same time the growth of public opinion about them was stimulated, and means were not long wanting of giving it systematic expression. The central events of the year were the alliance with France, concluded in October 1655, just when the major-generals were finally girding themselves for their task, and the outbreak of war between England and Spain in February 1656. The latter event necessitated a very large outlay on military, and a still larger one on naval, preparations ; and for the purposes of such outlay the revenue fell far short. The major-generals met in the spring to consult with the council of state, and recommended the imposition of a general property tax. To this proposal Cromwell at last reluctantly yielded ; and the tax was imposed accordingly. It encountered much opposition in the country ; and in the early summer it became evident that, if public opinion was not to be dangerously irritated, another parliament must be called together.

The unpopularity which a taxing government inevitably incurs fell on the Protectorate before and during the general election, and the attention of the public was specially directed to the strenuousness of the rule of the major-generals. After the issue of the writs on 11 July Cromwell found himself in the midst of baffling cross-currents of opinion, most uncongenial to his temperament ; pent-up opposition burst forth on every hand, and he had to content himself with the support of a party instead of that of a united nation. In this state of affairs it occurred to the Lord Protector that the major-generals might be utilised to help the government party in the elections, and there is much evidence to show that

from July onwards the activities of the major-generals became mainly electioneering, while their importance in other aspects began to decline. On 27 June 1656 Haynes wrote to Thurloe from Bury St. Edmund's that he would try to sound people about a parliament, warning him at the same time that the chances of government candidates would be poor unless the arrears due to the militia were paid up.¹ On 30 June Goffe wrote from Winchester of the probable parliament in September, and expressed a hope that it would not reopen the question of the form of the government.² As July advanced interest in the subject grew keener.³ It was proposed to elect Goffe for Abingdon, but he asserted that he only wanted to keep bad men out, not to get in himself.⁴ On 16 July Haynes wrote expressing his eagerness in the work, at the same time complaining that the electors were insufficiently instructed from headquarters, and again sounding a warning note about the payment of the troops.⁵ A few days afterwards he wrote that it was too late to hope anything from the assistance of the militia.⁶

On 9 Aug. Lilburne reported the existence of a powerful anti-government party in Durham and Northumberland, whose chief grievance seems to have been the doings of the major-generals.⁷ On 11 Aug. Whalley asserted that no member would be chosen for Nottingham without his advice, adding that what he called 'the mediterranean part of the nation' was sound. He besought Cromwell not to irritate the constituencies by adding to the militia at that juncture.⁸ Kelsey reported trouble at Dover

¹ Thurloe, v. 165.

² *Ibid.* pp. 171-2.

³ Packer to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 187; Haynes to Thurloe, *ibid.* pp. 187-8; Berry to Thurloe, *ibid.* p. 219

⁴ Thurloe, v. 215.

⁵ Thurloe, p. 226.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 230.

⁷ Thurloe, v. 296. 'The people are perfect in their lesson, saying they will have no swordsmen nor decimator, or . . . to serve in parliament.'

⁸ *Ibid.* pp. 299-300. Cf. Haynes, *ibid.* pp. 312-3.

through the candidature of Cony, and hinted that it would be well to 'seclude' him.¹ On 15 Aug. Haynes wrote that he was working hard to influence the elections ;² and Bridges, who had been appointed Worsley's successor, reported that all the commissioners in his district were doing likewise.³

Shortly after the middle of August the elections began. On the 20th Haynes wrote that they were proceeding in his district ; that the opposition was strong and troublesome, chiefly on account of the militia arrears. On the 23rd Goffe reported with regard to Surrey that the opposition cry was, ' No soldier, decimator, or any man that hath salary.'⁴ On the same day Whalley was able to report satisfactorily of the results in his district.⁵ On the 26th Kelsey sent a disquieting report to the Lord Protector himself. At Maidstone there was a coalition of cavaliers and presbyterians against the government and all ' swordsmen, decimators, and courtiers ;' and most of those chosen to sit in the ensuing parliament were, he considered, of the same spirit. There was a likelihood of violence : the party wished to destroy major-generals, decimators, and the new militia. He then went on to make suggestions to Cromwell. New justices of an ' honest ' complexion should be added to the commission of the peace ; and all members of parliament should engage not to meddle with the Instrument of Government or with the doings of Protector or council without the Protector's consent. ' There is such perverseness,' Kelly concluded, ' in those chosen, that without resolution in you and the council to maintain the interest of God's people, which is to be preferred before a thousand parliaments, against all opposition, we shall return to our Egyptian taskmasters.'⁶

¹ Thurloe, v. p. 308.

² *Ibid.* pp. 311-2.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 313-4.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 341.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 343.

⁶ *Cal. State Papers (Dom.)*, 26 Aug.

Not only did the major-generals work hard for government candidates ; they became candidates themselves ; and were all returned—Skippon for Lynn, Barkstead for Middlesex, Kelsey for Guildford, Goffe for Hampshire, Fleetwood for Oxfordshire, and his deputy, Haynes for Essex ; Whalley for Nottinghamshire, Butler for Bedfordshire, and Bridges for Chipping Wycombe ; Lambert for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and his deputies, Lilburne and Howard, for the North Riding and Cumberland respectively. Desborough was associated with Skippon in the representation of Lynn ; Berry was elected for Herefordshire, Rowland Dawkins for Carmarthen, and Packer for Woodstock.¹

V.

Enough has been said in connexion with the elections of 1656 to show the existence of vigorous opposition to the new institution. As an agency of arbitrary and severe taxation it necessarily incurred the detestation of the entire royalist party ; as a police and military force, designed to detect and suppress rebellion of all sorts within the Commonwealth, it was hated by the heterogenous mass of anti-Oliverians everywhere, from semi-royalists to fifth monarchy men and Levellers ; as a stringent licensing authority it was obnoxious to 'the trade' and all connected with it ; in its efforts on behalf of religion and morals it met the inevitable fate of unpopularity ; while, as a novel and arbitrary device, interfering on all sides with individual liberty, and lying wholly aside from the tried ways of constitutional and administrative routine, it was intolerable to the staunch parliamentary republicans, who regarded the Protectorate as a disease within the body politic.

What the last-mentioned party thought of the

¹ See Cobbett's *Parl. Hist.* iii. 1479.

major-generals and their rule is sufficiently shown in Ludlow's 'Memoirs.'

In the meantime (wrote Ludlow, with reference to the summer of 1656) the major-generals carried things with unheard of insolence in their several precincts, decimating to extremity whom they pleased, and interrupting the proceedings at law upon petitions of those who pretended themselves aggrieved, threatening such as would not yield a ready submission to their orders with transportation to Jamaica or some other plantations in the West Indies; and suffering none to escape their persecution but those that would betray their own party. . . . And here I cannot omit to mention a farmer in Berkshire, who, being demanded to pay his tenth, desired to know of the commissioners, in case he did so, what security he should have for the other nine parts; and answer being made that he should have Cromwell's orders and theirs for the enjoyment of the rest, he replied 'that he had already an act of parliament for the whole, which he could not but think to be as good security as they could give. But,' said he, 'if goodmen such a one,' and another whom he named of his neighbours, 'will give me their bond for it, I know what to say to such a proposal; for if they break their agreement I know where to put myself; but these swordsmen are too strong for me.'²

Take, on the other hand, a specimen of royalist opinion. Writing about the same time, Roger Coke tells us—

These major-generals acted their parts to the life; and being an obscure company of mean fellows (except Fleetwood), lorded it over the nobility, as well as gentry and clergy, with an unheard of insolence.

He goes on to tell how his father, a country gentleman of Suffolk, fared at the hands of Fleetwood's deputy, Haynes. He had been expelled from the long parliament for 'malignancy,' and imprisoned in London, but afterwards liberated through the solicitation of his wife, when he returned to the ordinary life of a quiescent royalist in Suffolk, his two sons, Roger and a brother of nineteen, living with him. In 1656 Roger was induced to show active sympathy with a meditated cavalier rising, and to buy arms which were to be secretly imported into his father's house.

² Ludlow's *Memoirs* (Clarendon Press ed. 1894), ii. 3.

The authorities got wind of the plot; and one Sunday at midnight horsemen from Yarmouth broke into the Cokes' house, seized the father and the younger son, put them in ward at Yarmouth, and extracted from the boy the story of the plot by holding lighted matches between his fingers. On Roger Coke's remonstrating with the authorities he was told that the Lord Protector only wanted security for his father's good behaviour. Roger repudiated the necessity in his father's case, urging that he was already 'decimated' for having been sequestered. It turned out that Coke senior had given much offence by the irreverent way in which he had spoken of the Lord Protector; but in a few days he was set at liberty. Soon after he was sent for to appear before Haynes at Bury St. Edmund's, to give security, and show cause why he should not be 'decimated.' His son pleaded that he was not within the scope of the major-general's instructions, as, though he had been sequestered, no charge was alleged against him. Haynes discharged the sequestration, but persisted in demanding the truth. Roger Coke thereupon went to London, and in the end Coke senior was not decimated. 'I believe,' adds his son, 'he was the only man sequestered in England who escaped.'¹

¹ Roger Coke's *Detection of the Court and State of England*, ii 60-6. The Verney manuscripts give some hints as to the feeling of the country gentry without strong royalist prepossessions. With regard to liability, Dr. Denton wrote to Sir Ralph Verney on 17 Nov. 1655: 'I hear . . . that sequestration and delinquency shall not be the only standard, but disaffection shall in due time have its place.' Again, Sir Roger Burgoyne wrote to Verney on 10 Dec. 1655, 'Sir Francis Willowby . . . pleaded a non-sequestration. "The more to blame," replied Major-General Whalley, "was the committee, for you sent two horses to the king."' So he was cast as for the tenth part. Sir Clement Fisher, though sequestered, pleaded an article which runs to this sense: that those are to be excepted who have manifested their good affections to the Commonwealth since, which he pretends to have done by a voluntary offering of himself . . . to serve the Lord Protector when the late insurrection began to appear; this, if he can get but the testimony of Sir Gilbert for, will free him. Sir George Devereux, though not sequestered, being charged for sending in two horses, pleaded that his unruly son took them out of the stable without his knowledge or consent, and went to the king with them. This reprieved him for the present, however, and was dismissed upon it, and hopes not to be questioned any more about it.'

This story is intended to redound to the discredit of the major-generals, but the impartial reader will probably find that another inference may be drawn from it. The major-generals may have been 'mean fellows' from the country gentleman's exalted point of view, and the Yarmouth gaolers may have been cruel; but Roger Coke was a detected conspirator; his father lent his house for the storage of arms for an illegal purpose, and he ultimately got off scot free. On the whole the evidence of the correspondence goes to show that the major-generals were high-minded and conscientious men, aware that their functions were novel, and at many points lacking in legal definition, and eager, therefore, that these drawbacks should be met by tact and wisdom at headquarters.

The currents of outside opinion were soon collected in the one regular channel. The second protectorate parliament met on 17 Sept. 1656. The government was aware that, in spite of all its electioneering efforts, it had only a party, and probably only a minority of the new house of commons, behind it. The Protector, accordingly, after addressing to all the members the long speech in which he made his apology for the major-generals,¹ reverted to the tactics he had used at the beginning of the first protectorate parliament. By the twenty-first clause of the Instrument of Government the council of state had the right to examine the list of persons elected, to sit in judgment on their qualifications, and to prevent them from taking their seats without their approval. Those who were approved were presented with tickets of admission; those who had no tickets to produce were incapacitated from sitting in parliament. On this occasion the clause was put in force with startling effect. Nearly one hundred members holding opinions hostile to the government were refused the necessary tickets, and sent back to

¹ Speech v. in Carlyle's *Cromwell*.

their homes to swell the mass of opposition out of doors.¹

Parliament sat three months before the question of the major-generals came before it. When it did present itself it was in its financial aspect. The main reason for calling parliament together had, after all, been the need for putting taxation on a satisfactory footing; money was needed for the war with Spain as well as for the exigencies of internal government. As Christmas approached it became necessary to decide whether the new militia and executive should be continued; and, whether, if so they were to be supported by the same plan of taxation as formerly. In the discussion of the questions the 'decimation' of the past year inevitably came up for judgment. On Christmas Day a long and heated debate arose on the question of 'leave to bring in a bill of assessments for maintenance of the militia forces; the same to be levied on such persons as have been in arms against the parliament, or sequestered for their delinquency in the late wars, with the restrictions, exceptions, and provisoes to be contained therein, for some persons and in some cases.'² The bill was brought forward by Desborough, the first major-general, it will be remembered, who was appointed under the scheme. His argument was simple and familiar. The tax, he said, was essential to the maintenance of internal tranquility; and it was only just that its incidence should be solely on those by whom the peace of the nation was endangered.³ The speakers in favour of the motion for the most part followed Desborough's lead. The opposition, from the outset, maintained the inconsistency of the tax with the Act of Oblivion, passed on 25 Feb. 1651-2, a difficulty anticipated in Cromwell's Declaration. The substance of that measure was that

¹ See Goodwin, iv. 286-98.

² *Commons' Journals*, 25 Dec. 1656, vol. vii.

³ Burton's *Diary*, i. 230.

all political offences whatever, committed before the date of the battle of Worcester (3 Sept. 1651), were pardoned (a few exceptions being specified); and all who would promise allegiance to the Commonwealth as it was then constituted were accepted as satisfactory citizens without any deduction or reflexion. In other words, the great bulk of the royalist party began on 3 Sept. 1651 to face the world with a politically stainless record. This aspect of the case was brought into prominence by the opponents of Desborough's motion; and their main argument was that while individual royalists might of course lose the benefits of the act of oblivion by subsequent offences, the whole body of royalists could not, by the sins of any minority of them, forego the benefits of their corporate exemption in the manner involved in the 'decimation.' The tax by which the institution of the major-generals was supported was levied on all royalists simply as such; and the opposition held, surely not without justice, that this was a direct breach of the Act of Oblivion.

The parliament to which this issue was presented was naturally, after the exclusion of the ninety odd members, mainly Oliverian in opinion. Chief among the obvious supporters of the motion for continuing the major-generals were, first of all, the major-generals themselves, all of whom, as we saw, were elected to the second Protectorate parliament. Secondly, there were the members of the council of state, of whom thirteen at least had seats in the assembly. Thirdly, there were miscellaneous officials such as Thurloe, the secretary of state; and miscellaneous military or naval men, who would probably support the government measure, but were by no means as certain to do so as major-generals in the specific sense, or councillors of state. In the opposition were first of all the large body of lawyers, who had never much liked the Protectorate and the Instrument of Government, and who were bound to

suffer no breach, open or insidious, of the Act of Oblivion. With the lawyers would naturally go any country gentlemen who might be in the house—men who, with or without royalist antecedents or secret royalist sympathies, would be conscious of solidarity with all heavily taxed landlords, and would dislike all excessive military or executive espionage. Doubtful groups, again, would be the law officers of the crown, who would oscillate between the bias of professional *esprit de corps* and that of co-operation, as far as possible, with the head of the state; and miscellaneous republicans, either actively hostile to Cromwell or lukewarm and suspicious in their attachment to him.

In the Christmas Day debate eight of the fifteen speakers in favour of the bill were either major-generals or members of the council of state,¹ while the rest were new-model officers or staunch Cromwellians.² Of the nine speakers on the opposition side four, viz. Lenthall (master of the rolls), Widdrington (the speaker), Bampffield, and Godfrey, were lawyers; two, viz. Dennis Bond and Sir John Hobart, may be taken as representing the class of country gentlemen loyal both to Commonwealth and Protectorate. Two others, viz. Major-General Jephson and Colonel John Jones, represent the non-official opinion which was free to attach itself to one side or the other. In the first of the two divisions which followed the debate the two tellers against the motion were Sir W. Roberts, a Cromwellian country gentleman who held offices under the state, and Richard Hampden, son of John Hampden, the inheritor of his father's position and (it is to be presumed) of his dislike of arbitrary taxation.

All the essential argument in the debate turned on the Act of Oblivion and on the punishment of

¹ The major-generals were Desborough, Lambert, Whalley, Packer, and Kelsey. The councillors of state, besides Lambert, were Sydenham, Pickering, and Strickland.

² Cols. Holland, Hewson, and Clarke, with Lisle and Fiennes.

the royalists as a class involved in the proposal. Robinson maintained that the royalists as a body had broken the Act, and therefore ought to suffer as a body. To this Jephson retorted that such an allegation must be proved. Whitlock suggested the reference of the bill to a grand committee. This proposal took deep root in the lawyer mind, and was supported by the speaker and by Godfrey. The major-generals, however, set themselves resolutely against delay. On this point they prevailed, and, after two divisions, leave was given to bring in the bill. The debate on the first reading began on 7 Jan. 1656-7, with a dramatic surprise. The first serious speech was made by John (often called Lord) Claypole, Cromwell's son-in-law, the master of the horse and a lord of the bedchamber. Whoever opposed the bill, it might have been expected that Claypole would support it. Instead of doing so he rose to move its rejection. The renewal of the tax, he said, would be inconsistent with the Act of Oblivion, though he was prepared to give parliamentary sanction to the doings of the major-generals in the past. Such a speech, coming from such a quarter, seemed to indicate that the bill was, to say the least of it, no longer to be regarded as a government measure.

The subsequent debate was overwhelmingly against the bill. Lord Broghill, whose position and character gave great weight to his words, condemned the measure uncompromisingly as being unprecedented, ungenerous, and dishonourable. Nor was it even a prudent measure, for it would probably give to the cavaliers the corporate character which it attributed to them. This last point was emphasised by Trevor, one of the members for Flint, who also objected to the institution of the major-generals as involving what he called a 'cantonisation' of the nation, *i.e.* the setting up of provincial military government, which, he considered, would rivet the fetters of

despotism on the state. Desborough thereupon asked whether the old militia of England had produced any of the terrible consequences which Trevor expected from the new one. The obvious answer of course, was that the major-generals were objectionable, not because they were the heads of a military force, but of an inquisitional taxing authority and police backed by a military force.

Whitlock wound up the debate with an impassioned appeal to the Act of Oblivion, and nothing then practically remained but to divide the house. A series of adjournments of the debate, however, intervened. On Wednesday, 21 Jan., we are told that 'exceptions were taken against words spoken by Mr. Cromwell as charging some major-generals to have acted unjustly and against law. It was desired that they might be named, but this was put off until the main debate ended . . . and the debate was again adjourned. From the letter of a certain Mr. Vincent Gookin, preserved among Thurloe's State Papers, we learn that the 'Mr. Cromwell' above mentioned was not the Lord Protector's son Richard, but Colonel Henry Cromwell, his first cousin once removed, and that the attack was instigated by a speech of Major-General Butler in favour of the bill. Subsequently the Lord Protector conferred with his bold young relative, and expressed anything but unmingled disapprobation of his conduct.

After more adjournments Wednesday, 28 Jan., was reached. An attempt seems to have been made by those in favour of the bill to apply a sort of closure; and the house divided on the question 'whether this debate shall be further proceeded in.' The majority against the closure was 75. The debate, therefore, was 'proceeded in,' but only to be once more adjourned. On Thursday, 29 Jan., the last scene began, and two divisions were taken. The first question put was, 'that a day be appointed for the second reading of this bill.' The negative

was carried by a majority of 43, one of the tellers for the 'noes' being Richard Cromwell. A second division was then taken on the direct question, 'that this bill be rejected.' Here the votes for the motion were 124, and those against it 88, the majority in favour of rejection being 36. It was, therefore, resolved 'that the bill concerning the militia force be rejected.'¹

And so, the means for their support being denied, Cromwell's major-generals practically disappeared from English history. It was said, indeed, that they lingered on at Cromwell's pleasure;² and in the early months of 1657 there is some evidence that they kept their places, and discharged some few of their old duties.³ But the Protector had fallen out of sympathy with them, and they with him. Scrutiny of the final stages of the debates, in which Cromwell's son and cousin, as well as his son-in-law, are seen to be working against the major-generals, shows that they had ceased to be a Cromwellian institution, and that for some reason which is not on the surface the Protector must have been, to say the least of it, willing to acquiesce in their abolition. On the other hand it is worthy of notice that the two decisive majorities of 43 and 36 by which the bill was destroyed were not overwhelming, and that the final one was the smallest of all.

Ludlow had no hesitation about ascribing the fall of the major-generals to Cromwell's moral turpitude, which could impose odious duties on a body of men, and then leave them to sink under the *odium*, without the offer of support or sympathy. It is surely possible to find some explanation less damaging to the reputation of a great man. The major-generals were a creation of personal government; they were in-

¹ *Commons' Journals*.

² See Hum. Robinson to Williamson, *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 29 Jan. 1656-7.

³ *Cal. State Papers* (Dom.), 5, 10, 12 Feb.; 3, 5, 17, 19 March; 16, 28 April, 1657.

stituted, and the taxation which supported them was imposed, because Cromwell could not, or would not, work in harmony with parliament. After September 1656 this state of things was altered. Parliament and the Protector found out ways of being at peace with one another; English arms were successful against the Spaniard, and parliament took heart to vote a subsidy of £400,000, which was enough to meet all instant emergencies. When Sindercomb's plot again put the state in jeopardy, parliament proposed to make the threatened chief magistrate a king. The hour for military government seemed to have passed away, and the time seemed to have come for the state to feel its way back to some at least of the old and tried paths, though the shrewdest observer then living can hardly have foreseen how soon and how completely the return was to be made.

THE SECRETS OF PROSE STYLE,
OR
PROSE RHYTHMS

MANY signs indicate that English prose is being called to reveal its secrets. It is none too soon. The place left by the decease of Rhetoric, as Blair, Campbell, and Whately understood it, has long been empty. The science of Style, founded so mightily by Aristotle, Dionysius, Longinus and Quintilian, must some day be completed. That progress has been so long delayed may be strange but is not inexplicable. So far as England is concerned, the ghostly presence of the Whatelyan Rhetoric has been something of a hindrance. A more troublesome one is the differences between poetry and prose, and the difficulty of bringing them both under one *rationale*. Thus, though even Aristotle recognised that 'the essence of expression was the same in verse and prose,' critical analysis seemed to give no confirmation of his words, and he himself spoke elsewhere in another sense. Poetry has at least metre, about which much may be determined. But what is there in prose besides meaning and grammatical skeleton, what but irregularity and caprice, a mystery of individuality vastly powerful, indeed, but as indeterminate as winds or lightnings?

A significant portent is the revived interest in Ciceronian structure associated with such scholars as Zielinski and Bornecque on the Continent, and in England with the name of Mr. A. C. Clark of Queen's College, Oxford, whose *Fontes Prosae Numerosae* are

a mine of interest to the student of Style. The definite ascertainment and formulation of long recognized prosodic structure in the prose of Cicero and others makes an epoch in scholarship. Another portent is Mr. John Shelly's suggestive article on *Rhythmical Prose in Latin and English* in the *Church Quarterly Review* for April, 1912. Last, but not least, there is Professor Saintsbury's learned and vivacious work. The problems of prose are evidently tempting, and ripe.

What are the secrets of English prose style? Is there one, or are there several? Professor Saintsbury fully recognizes that the Prose Rhythm about which he has so much to say is not the whole of prose style. Yet the analogy with poetry may mislead, if not him, at all events his readers. There is a sense, and a very important sense, in which metre is the secret of poetry. Metre is not only the formal *differentia* of poetry, it is its only *differentia*. All other qualities of poetry may invade and flood prose; yet, so long as metre is held back, it remains prose. Verse may be as 'prosaic' as it is possible for human utterance to be; yet it remains verse, and verse is what we distinctively mean by poetry. Metre and the prosody which expounds it are the essential part of poetry considered as actual, as a finished product.

The moment, however, that we recognize the differential importance of metre, we realize how impotent is mere logical definition to explain art. Poetry, we know, is something infinitely beyond metre, and prosody is not the whole of poetic style. Much less, of course, is prose rhythm the whole of prose style. Yet the temptation to make something called 'prose rhythm' nearly as differential as metre, to regard literary prose as mainly characterised by a kind of lax irregular prosody, is very strong: and there are some signs, perhaps, that our scholars are inclined to yield to it. We are learning that much in expression is deliberate, optional, explicable; that

the fitness, felicity, beauty, grandeur of prose, for ear as well as for eye, may, at least partially, be demonstrated. There is clear evidence of metrical arrangement in the prose of many Greek and Latin writers. How convenient, how satisfactory, if we could find similar arrangement in English writers, and use it as a master-key to their style.

Mr. Shelly and Professor Saintsbury seem to believe in such a key ; but they differ in their use of it. Both regard 'rhythm' as an important feature of literary prose ; both treat it as akin or approaching to metre, and as the subject of a kind of prosody. But Mr. Shelly (whose main object is to compare and contrast Latin and English prose rhythms) concerns himself solely with stresses, and talks much of 'cadence' as well as rhythm. Professor Saintsbury is much more thoroughgoing. For him Prose Rhythm is a thing of 'feet' ; and, according to him, in order to appreciate fine English prose, at least on its rhythmical side, all you have to do is to scan it exactly (*mutatis mutandis*) as you would scan Greek or Latin verse. Mr. Shelly's conclusions, therefore, are slighter than Professor Saintsbury's. They are, in fact, summed up in his version of a dictum by Cicero that 'particular cadences (common *ex hypothesi* to Cicero and Newman) are sounds which, apart from the meaning conveyed, afford peculiar pleasure to the ear and satisfy its cravings.' Professor Saintsbury's conclusions occupy one long chapter and an appendix consisting of a kind of Athanasian Creed of 'axioms, inferences, and suggestions' which no diffidence of their author (and he dwells becomingly on their merely provisional value) can deprive of a definite if not mildly damnatory character. To some of these I shall return later. Meanwhile it is enough to cite the first of them as a general conclusion, viz., that 'the Rhythm of Prose, like the Metre of Verse, can, in English as well as in the classical languages, be best expressed by applying the foot-system, or

system of mathematical combinations of 'long' and 'short' syllables.'

Now these things seem to call for further examination. That there is something in at all events some kinds of English prose which many people have agreed to call rhythm, and something which some other people call cadence is certain; but have such rhythm and cadence any real analogy with the *clausulae* of Ciceronian Structure? Is prosodic or quasi-prosodic scansion the true method of expounding the effect of English clauses and sentences?

Rhythm, it cannot be denied, is a difficult and ambiguous word. Hardly any two authorities will be found to define it in quite the same way. According to the *New English Dictionary* it is 'a kind of metrical movement'; i.e., it is a species of the genus metre. But the ordinary use of the words, both scholarly and popular, seems founded on the opposite assumption, that rhythm, signifying some degree of regular recurrence in the sequence of sounds, is the genus, and metre, signifying the strictly regular recurrence and relationship which differentiate poetry is the species.¹ This latter assumption, therefore, I shall consistently make.

There are other ambiguities. There would seem to be at least four distinguishable and legitimate uses of the word rhythm. (1) Etymologically, it might be taken as a strict synonym of metre and therefore only applied to verse. This, of course, does not agree with usage. (2) It has a vaguely rhetorical signification (chiefly applicable to prose) to express an effect of clause and sentence-structure which gives satisfaction to the ear in apparent independence of any satisfaction of the intelligence. (3) It is a specifically musical word, standing for the strict grouping of sounds in a composition, and as definite in meaning as the word metre in poetry. (4) It is

¹ Mr. A. C. Clark distinguishes rhythm as a thing of *stress* from metre as a thing of *quantity*.

sometimes used in the criticism of painting and sculpture, as a metaphorical synonym either for symmetry in general, or for some particular kind or aspect of symmetry. Embracing all these specific meanings, is the general meaning of recurrent stress or accent.

It is unfortunate that a word with such inexact connotation should be given an important place in the criticism or science of prose style. We do not get much help from the frequent use of 'cadence' in the same connection. Both cadence and rhythm are most satisfactorily used as musical terms. Rhythm is the scientific equivalent of the popular 'time' in music and dancing; cadence means the close of a musical sentence or movement, conceived as a falling or dying away. The best justification of the use of either word in application to prose would seem to be the underlying recognition that prose, as well as verse, appeals primarily to the ear, and that musical words have therefore an inherent fitness to it. Mr. Shelly feels this so strongly that he suggests music as the ultimate *rationale* of literary rhythm. The use of musical words in literary criticism must, however, be to a large extent metaphorical; and we cannot evade the task of pressing behind and beyond metaphor. In order to assert not only the existence but the cardinal importance of Prose Rhythm, we must ascertain, with more exactitude than we are compelled to by the dictionary, what we mean by Prose Rhythm.

It may be at once admitted that there is no objection to the signification distinguished above as (2),—the vaguely rhetorical meaning of rhythm as a specifically aural satisfaction given somehow by clauses and sentences. When we listen to sentences and remark on that in them which gives pleasure, not referable either to their meaning, the separate effect of their component words, or the epigrammatic force of their phrases, we are well warranted in saying

that we admire or enjoy the rhythm. But the question remains, what is it that we are admiring or enjoying? Is it regularity or irregularity? Is it the expected or the unexpected? Is it traditional sequences and articulations, or sequences and articulations apparently invented *ad hoc*? When I say that I enjoy or admire the metre of *Paradise Lost*, I refer partly to Milton's management of it, including, it may be, innovation and irregularities; but partly also I mean that I admire continuous normal Blank Verse; and my admiration would be lessened if Milton could be convicted of any breach of vital rules of Blank Verse. In other words, I admire or enjoy the regularity in obedience to which the originality of Milton operates.

But what do I mean when I profess to admire the rhythm of some famous passage of Sir Thomas Browne or Ruskin? In the poetry, in all poetry, there is *ex hypothesi* regularity of sound-relationship; but is there anything besides grammar that deserves the name regularity in the most striking or haunting rhythms of prose? Regularity is, of course, a relative word: it may stand for almost any degree of co-ordination, from the faintest indication of plan to the most rigid and invariable order. It may certainly be conceded to our prose prosodists that in the great passages of Sir T. Browne or Ruskin there are indications of plan, in clause, sentence and paragraph. But none of them, I venture to think, exhibits the kind of regularity to be found in the freest scheme of verse. It would be truer to facts to speak of the rhythm of the most rhythmical prose as a manifestation of irregularity, and that would be a contradiction in terms.

Both Mr. Shelly and Professor Saintsbury try to come to close range with this matter of regularity. Their methods and results are different. Mr. Shelly's weapon is stress (with *arsis* and *thesis*) and his first essay is rather dubious. He compares a passage of

ordinary journalistic argument with a short piece of 'prose poetry' from De Quincey, finding that the latter is 'beautiful,' while the former is not. By beautiful he means (presumably) rhythmical, i.e., in a beautiful order; and he expounds the beauty of De Quincey's first two sentences by marking the stresses, as stresses are marked in verse. Having done so, he asks:—'Is it not plain that in this latter passage, as in verse, the beauty depends upon the distribution of accents?' Granted, we may answer; but is it not equally plain that the lucidity or intelligibility or what not of the journalistic sentences equally depend on the distribution of accents? In the passage from the newspaper there is no 'fixed order' among the stresses; but neither—by Mr. Shelly's own admission—is there among De Quincey's stresses. It is only 'plain that there is a distribution of them that is pleasing to the ear'; and it is plain also, in Mr. Shelly's view, not only that there is no such pleasing distribution of the journalist's stresses, but that the journalist was 'careless of accents.' This seems rather hard on him; since *ex hypothesi* his writing is 'excellent' (though it does not 'seek to give pleasure to the ear') and its excellence, i.e., its intelligibility and lucidity unquestionably depend, as we have seen, on its distribution of stresses. In short, the regularity or rhythm of Mr. Shelly's typical passage turns out to be 'attentiveness to the arrangements of accents,' which attentiveness distinguishes 'lofty or impassioned' writing from 'ordinary' writing and speech. There is not much material for prosody here.

Professor Saintsbury's analysis of regularity is most compendiously set forth in the 43 Articles which sum up the results more fully detailed in his Conclusion. In the first Article he finds, as I have already shown, the existence (presumably in all 'literary' prose) of a regularity strict enough to exhibit the foot-system of classical verse. He then announces 'variety' as

the 'great principle' of Prose Rhythm. The problem, then, must be to reconcile a regularity which is best signified by applying the scansion of Greek and Latin verse, with a variety so great that many of us have hitherto regarded it as the result of an individual instinct for a kind of beauty of movement and sound, which justifies itself to the hearer. None of Professor Saintsbury's axioms, inferences or suggestions seem to go very far towards solving the problem. The bulk of what he has written in this his latest work is based on the assumption that Prose Rhythm is to prose what Prosody (i.e., metrical resource) is to verse; that the regularity of Prose Rhythms is an objective standard, with definite, if not rigid, general laws to which the individual must, or usually does, conform. Only that assumption could justify the scansion which Professor Saintsbury so diligently registers, and the imposing array of prosodic terms in which he revels. Yet, of course, his own cardinal principle of variety is always operating so as to imperil, if not annihilate, regularity. One wonders if Professor Saintsbury quite realises the force of the 10th Article of his table, where he tells us that 'in prose, except at the paragraph-end, there should be nothing corresponding to the line-break in verse . . . The clause-and-sentence-break is one chiefly of *sense*.' This, we can see at once, makes a very large deduction from the power of Prose Rhythm, considered as regularity of sound. For the 'clause-and-sentence-break' is almost the whole of the effect of prose which is not that of vocabulary or mere grammar. Variety and meaning between these make sad work with dochmiacs, paeons, and the rest.

Prosody in verse is not without its dubieties, its 'comedies of assumptions,' and its sectarian animosities; but much of it is founded on the rock. There seems some reason to fear that the energy of prose prosodists may be spent on ploughing the sands. Professor Saintsbury is eminently a writer with con-

victions ; yet he cannot—and, to do him justice, he does not try to—conceal the tentative and provisional character of his conclusions. He lays down his pen 'with a hope, if not a belief, that something at least has been attempted, even that an appreciable, if inadequate, something has been done.' Both his hope and his belief are fully justified. Yet it may be questioned whether his efforts, and similar efforts of other critics and scholars, are in quite the right direction, the direction of what we are all in search of—the secrets, as I have called them, of English prose.

Professor Saintsbury's treatment of the eighteenth century gives us pause. The hasty reader of the *History of English Prose Rhythm* is startled by the fact that a book which dedicates reverent paragraphs to Hazlitt and Peacock, has hardly a word, and that a depreciatory one, for Fielding. Once, in a moment of confidence, Matthew Arnold transcribed for his readers a very homely sentence from Smollett as an ideal of prose, justifying itself (so he seemed to imply) to every reasonable mind as better than the prose of the author of *Areopagitica*. Matthew Arnold might have learned from Professor Saintsbury what would have saved him from a judgment so much out of proportion, so oblivious of half the evidence. Yet, we are not quite ripe for criticism so revolutionary as Professor Saintsbury's estimate of much eighteenth century prose. The estimate, it is true, follows logically from the critic's premises. Prose Rhythm is quasi-musical and belongs to 'prose harmonists' ; it consists of those effects which may, if we like, be broken up into Greek Metrical feet, and which come as near to verse as may be without the clink of rhyme or the lilt of metre. They are not really predicable of such prose as Fielding's.

Here, then, we have what throws some suspicion on Prose Rhythm as more than an occasional phenomenon in prose, a phenomenon wholly different from

metre.¹ Scansion and the vicissitudes of 'longs and shorts' throw a powerful spell over Professor Saintsbury. Even in his *History of English Prosody* we are made to feel that we have too much of them; that, though metre is so undeniably the *differentia* of poetry that it is at least formally defensible to say 'metre or poetry,' attention to mere metre and its signs sometimes goes near to spoiling both the dignity and the charm of poetry. The *History of English Prosody* is a delightful, as well as an instructive, book because other aspects of poetry than metre are constantly showing themselves; because the author makes us feel, in spite of his devotion to prosody, that metre is an index only, the measurable pulsation at the extremities of a central and immeasurable vitality. If this be so with verse, it is vastly more so with what may be or seem definitely measurable in prose.

The chief difficulty with which our prose prosodists are confronted is the complexity of the effect on the ear of clauses, sentences, and paragraphs. Above and before all, they have to reckon with the imperious demands of *meaning*. Even in poetry meaning counts for more than prosodic specialists may readily allow. We remember the lance broken between Professor Saintsbury and Mr. A. C. Bradley over the relation between meaning and expression in

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore
and

Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence.

Without raising that large question or taking sides in that controversy, the most firm believer in deliberation and option as possible in poetic style recognises that the lilt of verse must never be heard above the punctuation of meaning so as to disguise it, but must in every case reveal and enhance it.

¹ In one place Professor Saintsbury uses metre as an alternative name to poetry. Fancy saying 'prose or prose rhythm'!

In the highest reaches of the most beautiful poetry logic is of more central import than music. In prose the primacy of meaning is much more evident. However near, in reciting Poe's *Bells*, or even *Kubla Khan* or *Laus Veneris*, we may seem at moments to sheer oblivion of meaning, there can be no such moment when the sound is in one's ears of the most rhythmical passages of our greatest prose melodists or harmonists. In prose all turns on the punctuation, and the punctuation is determined by the meaning. In this connection contrast two passages :—

She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

The earth in its depths must remain dead and cold, incapable except of slow crystalline change ; but at its surface, which human beings look upon and deal with, it ministers to them through a veil of strange intermediate being ; which breathes, but has no voice ; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place ; passes through life without consciousness, to death without bitterness ; wears the beauty of youth without its passion ; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.

In the lines of Shakespeare meaning and metre seem co-equal as determinants of the expression : interrupt the tramp of the iambs except by the greater majority of some equivalent ; permit one irregularity in the blank verse, and no clearness or depth of meaning will save the passage, which lives in metrical normality. The Ruskin sentence, on the other hand, lives save for its grammar, in entire expressional individuality. It may, or may not, suggest other preceding writers, but its form is not

traditional ; it prescribes its own clause-structures and sequences ; that structure and those sequences give the kind of aural satisfaction which may be called rhythmical ; and yet, when we hear or recite the sentence, we think only of meaning. The stresses may be moved about according to taste or fashion ; we may, if we will, bind the syllables in little bundles and give them Greek names ; but the organism of the sentence, as revealed by its sound, is an organism of thought without mechanism in a sense which is not true of the passage from Shakespeare.

The primacy of meaning as the determinant of prose rhythm explains the primacy of lucidity as a merit of prose style. Sometimes one feels that lucidity is (if one may use so halting a metaphor) a stumbling block to Professor Saintsbury, a rock of offence which has affected his treatment of eighteenth century prose. There is no doubt about the rhythm of Gibbon and Burke ; but what are we to say of the following :—

‘ Thus the hero is always introduced with a flourish of drums and trumpets, in order to rouse a martial spirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombast and fustian, which Mr. Locke’s blind man would not have grossly erred in likening to the sound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, soft music often conducts them on the stage, either to soothe the audience with the softness of the tender passion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle slumber in which they will most probably be composed by the ensuing scene ’ ?

Is this exquisite prose (and the English of *Tom Jones* is *tout d’une pièce* from beginning to end) arrhythmic ? If not, what could any scansion do but spoil its charm ? Pellucid clearness informed with the finest irony ; the humorous insight into life of one of life’s master-seers ; the ‘ ordinary speech ’ of men spoken with perfect propriety by a lordly scholar,

these are great qualities and a great result; but what have they to do with prosody? So little, we must reply, that the danger of stylistic theory hitherto has been to make the lucid prose of the eighteenth century its standard in such wise as to degrade 'rhythmic' prose to a lower rank, and to regard as supreme that prose which has not only no rhythm, but (as the phrase goes) 'no style,' i.e., a style with the self-effacing transparency of a sheet of plate-glass. Such theory is astray, but not, perhaps, very far. Prose, as all great writers practise it, the prose of Fielding as well as the prose of Sir T. Browne or Milton, is hardly more the ordinary speech of men than poetry. But the homage to lucidity which is often invidiously offered has its justification in the great fact that the life of prose is in its underlying meaning.

Meaning, the vital spirit of prose, works itself out through the structure of clause, sentence, and paragraph. The paragraphic relation, great as is its importance, is too intellectual, too wholly expressive of meaning, to take its place among the phenomena of prose rhythm; and the secrets of the aural satisfaction given by prose which is not dependent on choice of words, lie somewhere in the relation of clauses and sentences. It may be desirable, at least as a mental exercise, to consider whether, apart from Professor Saintsbury's method of scansion, any of the secrets may be made to reveal themselves. What we want to demonstrate is aural satisfaction—the feeling of the listener that the meaning is unfolded in audibly fascinating or satisfying order. On what does the satisfaction depend? What is the manifestation of such order?

In one particular we must frankly admit that the order of English prose is undeniably rhythmical and even metrical. It is, and, at any rate since very early times, always has been, predominantly iambic, as the ordinary speech of men must always be. But

we must not make too much of this. The sense of rhythm has a much truer beginning in the homely difference between short and long sentences. The sequence of very short sentences is in itself a rhythm ; and it is a rhythm peculiar to prose. In poetry the sentence, as such, hardly counts at all. In many notable kinds of prose, pre-eminently in the history and the essay, the ear revels in the snapping sequence of short sentences, expects it, and yields it instant aesthetic assent. Much of the pleasure we feel in reading or hearing Macaulay and Froude, Bacon and Charles Lamb, depends on the brief jets in which their sentences sparkle out.

But it is of course in long sentences where clause-effect is paramount, that effects of rhythm and cadence abound. Two such effects declare themselves quickly and powerfully. One we may name *balance* ; another is the rise and fall, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, often called *arsis* and *thesis*. An extreme effect of balance is to be found in Lyly's *Euphues* : a more reasonable and permanently significant instance is the characteristic two-limbed sentence expressing antithesis which is the main secret of Gibbon's rhythm. But in longer sentences than his the principle of balance or compensation makes itself felt often very subtly. If we examine any of the passages in that anthology which adds so much to the attractiveness of Professor Saintsbury's *History of Prose Rhythm*, we shall constantly come upon sentences where something is advanced which, unchecked, would carry us too far ; sentences in which the ear requires a counter-movement, and does not require in vain. Much akin to this, and, indeed, mainly a more general and purely aural aspect of it is the *arsis* and *thesis* which De Quincey, with keen instinct, points out as the central feature of sentence-structure. ' Flux and reflux,' he tells us, ' swell and cadence, that is the movement for a sentence.' He ought to have said that it is the movement for some

sentences only, for those which make a special effort for it ; and he does speak of it as a source of monotony in French prose. In English, sentences of balance and of 'flux and reflux,' *arsis* and *thesis*, are varied by what we may call sentences of sequence—'loose sentences' the grammar-books sometimes call them—in which, typically with use of semicolons, the clauses express one item after another by way of exposition, or by way of accumulation. Such sentences are the least 'rhythmical' in prose ; but let no student therefore despise them. At first sight they have a paste-and-scissors look ; it seems a mere mechanical detail whether they are written as one sentence or as several sentences. But, by a master-hand they may be made by no means inorganic. Much tact is needed to decide how many clauses of this kind may be included in one sentence ; and the art of the writer is acknowledged by the aural satisfaction of the reader. Also the proportion of such sentences in a paragraph, their admixture with sentences of other cadence, other texture, is an important element in prose effect. Unrelieved they would, no doubt, tend to pedestrianize prose and make it inorganic. But varied, as a great writer knows how to vary them, by sentences more closely knit and more gratifying to the pure sense of sound, they are part of that beautiful order which is prose's true rhythm.

A sub-species of this sentence, and that in which it appears most organic, is the sentence which has the effect of climax (as in the famous tidings of the Messenger to Eli, I. Samuel, iv. 17). The climax may be real without being sensational, but the ear will never fail to notice and approve it.

In sharp grammatical and rhetorical antithesis to the sequence-sentence is the 'period' of the text-books, the sentence which cannot be intelligibly concluded before the full stop ; the sentence with so many possibilities of hypothesis, parenthesis, ex-

clamation. It is the chief field for the display of 'rhythm'; indeed its importance is almost entirely rhythmical. It is the great agency of two notable correlative effects, *suspense* and *issue*, both addressed primarily to the ear. In ordinary periodic sentences, even those of great length and much involution, the *intelligence* may not be in a strait or a labyrinth, nor need the writer have any intention of placing his readers in one. But the ear is unsatisfied and expectant until the full stop gives issue and light. The art of thus interesting the ear without perplexing it, of keeping it waiting without wearying or irritating it, is one of the sentence-maker's most potent secrets. The art can be exercised only vocally and aurally, by such accommodation of the voice to the clause-relationship, by such pauses, *arsis* and *thesis* or what not, as may fascinate and satisfy the hearer. Such vocal phenomena are apt to be mistaken for the mathematical ratios of true rhythm. But, whatever coincidences or uniformities of stress-fall or 'foot'-structure may be discoverable in the periods of the greatest prose, it does not seem that they, as such, are the real sources of the aural satisfaction. That satisfaction is mainly the result of meaning declaring itself through long suspended result, and presenting itself as *solution*.

It is all-important to recognize how closely the order of which our prose prosodists are in quest is bound up with the sentence as such. That alone separates it widely from the metrical order of verse. As I have already said, the sentence counts for very little in poetry; in poetry (with proper subordination to meaning) the stresses and pauses of metre much outweigh both the clause-pauses and the sentence-stop. So far as rhythm is concerned, what corresponds to the prose sentence is, not the verse sentence, but the metrical scheme of the prose paragraph, or, it may be, of the poem, as a whole. In the most artistic prose compositions there is no rhythmical

scheme at all analogous to the blank verse of *Paradise Lost*, the rhymed heroics of the *Rape of the Lock*, or the iambic quatrains of a ballad. There may be a sentence-rhythm within the prose paragraph, as there may be a word or syllable-rhythm within the sentence ; but it is of the phenomena of the sentence that we mainly think when we speak of prose rhythm. When we speak of metre we mainly think of the phenomena of the whole poem.

It is possible, I think, by a simple process of reflection to arrive at such a distinction between poetry and prose as shows the rhythm of prose, whatever may constitute it, to be generically different from metre, and not a mere feeble, or approximate, or irregular manifestation of it. Suppose I begin to compose a poem, i.e., a piece of verse of any kind : what is my procedure ? Everything, it may be said, is optional except two things : I must be grammatical and I must adopt or invent a metre which, though it may be irregular can only be relatively so : absolutely *qua* metre, it is, and can only be, regular. Having chosen my metre and sworn allegiance to it, I proceed much as in prose, only thinking primarily not of my clauses and sentences, but of my stresses or 'feet.' However rapidly and without sense of deliberate design I may compose, however like the singing of a bird my poem may be, my liberty is not without a cage, the constraint of my scheme of verse. My metre, both as to its component feet and general scheme, may be so fitting an expression of my thought or emotion—my thought or emotion may be so metrical—that I have, and give, no sense of confinement ; but confined I unquestionably am, by metre as well as by grammar.

But what obligation, besides the obligations of logic and grammar binds me when I address myself to write prose ? Prose has, of course, many objects and aspects, but fundamentally it is of two kinds, the plain statement of meaning, and the prose in

which meaning is conveyed with a beauty, power, grace or wit of expression which may be more or less deliberate, and of which the author may be more or less conscious. These two kinds of prose impose different obligations. Every writer of the first kind is bound to be logical, grammatical and lucid ; but he is not bound to write beautifully, powerfully, gracefully or wittily. What is called prose rhythm clearly belongs to the non-obligatory group of prose qualities ; it is an agency of beauty, power or grace. If a writer deliberately cultivates such qualities in his prose, he may, of course, arrange his stresses in a certain way, or choose certain facts in a certain sequence ; but how often, one asks, does he, in fact do so ? He chooses his words ; he articulates his clauses ; he ends or prolongs his sentences ; he minds sound as well as sense ; but how much care does he give to the fall of the *ictus* (apart from meaning) or to the grouping of syllables as feet ? Only a *referendum*, perhaps, would decide the question.

But, it may be urged, prose writers are rhythmical or quasi-metrical without meaning it, and, possibly, without knowing it. True, if it is only meant that prose syllables may often be grouped as feet, and that some uniformities in stress-relationship and stress-recurrence may be observed in the same writer or different writers. True also, that the scansion by which such uniformities are exhibited is a pardonable exercise of trouble, since all phenomena of expression are worth ascertaining and registering. The question is how far the operation brings one towards understanding the vital energy of prose ; whether it is not easy, in occupying oneself with it, to ignore truer sources of aural satisfaction.

There is no doubt that what gave the classical theorists their stout belief in the rhythm of prose was the definite metre in so much of the classical (and later) prose. Two things make it quite unjustifiable to argue from any metrical element in Greek and

Latin prose to a similar rhythmical element in English prose. One is that Greek and Roman Metres are strictly quantitative, and that, consequently, the prosody which has been discovered in Demosthenes, Cicero, and others is strictly quantitative also. However much we may be inclined to a quantitative theory of English Verse, we shall hesitate, I imagine, about applying it to the rhythms of prose. The other consideration is more decisive. The metrical effects in Greek and Latin prose were practically confined to oratory. Rhythm is for the ear, and all exhaustive criticism of prose must be aural. Yet there is a great difference between prose made primarily for the ear, like that of Demosthenes and Cicero (as of any orator in any language or age) and prose made as the great bulk of English prose has been—primarily for the eye. Oratorical effect is not the same as literary effect. Oratory is more patient of rhythm than literature proper; partly because it naturally uses any device that may attract attention; chiefly because one of its agents is gesture, which must be rhythmical if it is to be of much account. A small section of English literary prose (e.g., much of Carlyle and Ruskin) is hortatory, and has much of the genius of the true oration; while some, of course, consists of published speeches, sermons or lectures. In these, effects describable as rhythmical are frequent. But a glance at Professor Saintsbury's extracts shows that such prose is no measure of the frequency of prose rhythm, and that Thackeray or Pater may yield as many 'feet' as Jeremy Taylor or Burke.

It is evident then, that English theorists must work on different lines from those of their classical predecessors; and I believe that the subjection of all prose to scansion, and the effort to present prose rhythm as an irregular quasi-metre are to a large extent fallacious. The fact that when prose rhythms become definitely metrical, the prose in which they

appear is, by general consent, *ipso facto* and *pro tanto* degraded, is surely proof that whatever the merit of prose rhythm may be, it is not the merit of metre.

Criticism's true task is to explain, if it can, the aural fascination of the best English prose ; of writing so articulated, so balanced ; now retarded, now accelerated ; pausing, resuming ; diverging, returning ; swelling, dying—and all without a single lapse into the regularities of verse—that the ear must hear what the eye sees, and will hear it with ever recurrent delight. We shall not, I think, succeed in the task unless we assume the makers of prose to be free men, and the aural spell, as compared with that of verse, an individual secret. The clause-scheme within the sentence, and the sentence-scheme within the paragraph, are manifestations of an order, analogous, it may be, to metre, but widely different, more complex, more individual, more intellectual. Not by scansion, not by efforts to assimilate the order of prose to the prosody of verse, will any great advances be made. The more hopeful way is that of sentence-analysis, not, indeed, the analysis of the grammarian, but that of the student of Style, bent on understanding—if understanding be possible—the transfiguration of mere truth into beauty, the passage of mere meaning into pageantry of movement and music of sound.

PURITY

EVERYONE who speaks about Purity does so in the presence of two dangers, the danger of saying too little, and the danger of saying too much.

The danger of saying too little is that which chiefly prompts me to write this paper. I feel—and I am sure that most of those who care deeply for their neighbours feel—that serious harm has come from a meaningless and cowardly reserve about this question, which has influenced, and still influences, many of those who have opportunities—and who has not?—of guiding others.

But the other danger is equally real. I am convinced that there is a tendency in the best of us to let our thoughts play round this matter more than is really necessary, to think and to speak about it to no very practical purpose, chiefly because it is a forbidden or half-forbidden subject. And the tendency is strengthened by a greater frankness of speech on all subjects which is very noticeable in these days.

How shall I steer between the dangers? Only, I think, by taking no heed, for the moment, of much or little, and by aiming only at saying what is *right*, i.e., what is true and vital and practical. And I shall speak only of general principles, leaving it to others in discussion or otherwise to apply the principles—if they deserve application—to the here and now of Winchester or Hampshire or wherever our spheres may lie.

Now let me remind you of an incident in the past of the C.E.M.S., and not very long ago. Some who

are here must have been, as I was, at a great meeting in the Guildhall early in 1908, when our Bishop, with admirable candour and courage, spoke out about some sins against Purity, and threw himself on the help and sympathy of the C.E.M.S. I have felt ever since that here in Winchester we ought to give the Bishop something more than attentive ears and applauding hands; that we ought in some way to refer to the subject, to reflect on it, and consider what we can do to help.

So far as I am concerned, my object is that we Christians, we Churchmen, we members of the Church of England Men's Society, we honest, well-meaning, intelligent citizens, should make sure that we have clear definite principles on this very important matter—principles in which we are prepared to live and die—principles which we can pass on, like an elixir of life, to others.

I have called the matter 'very important,' but how dull and inadequate the words seem! Important, indeed; one might rather say 'wonderful,' 'awful!' Think of the appalling contrasts brought before us by the words Chastity and Impurity. On the one hand, that high and holy thing the home; father, mother, brothers, sisters; bridal innocence and wedded affection; love unto death; children, of such as whom is the Kingdom of Heaven! On the other hand, foul thoughts, foul words, broken health, weakened intellects, ruined reputations, lost souls!

In presence of such a mystery as this, dare we grope and blunder along as most of us do?

One thing, let us reflect for our comfort, is much in our favour. There is difficulty sometimes, as to Temperance, e.g., whether Teetotalism is or is not necessary to its success. But there is no difficulty or doubt as to the obligation of Chastity—as perfect as, by self-control and God's help we can make it—on every man, rich and poor, slightly tempted or

greatly tempted, in every place and in every age. I do not mean that you will not come across men now and then who speak and—I fear—act as if it were otherwise. But I do not believe that any one quite honest with himself and his conscience, and speaking—so to say—under oath, would call in question the obligation of Chastity on every man entrusted with the sacred gift of life and its powers. Christian and Agnostic, philosopher, political economist, doctor of medicine, military and naval and police officer, they would all, you may be sure, be ranged on the side of the ‘White Cross.’

No, thank God! we have not to argue for Chastity; what we have to do is to make sure that we know or realize what it is; and then try to make it prevail in a world full of impurity.

Our standard, then, is to be perfect Chastity; and we want to know—and to realise, which means something firmer and more vivid than a good deal of mere knowing—what Chastity or Purity is and means. Secondly, we want to apply our standard, to work it in with our lives, and to judge by it our own lives, and those of others, in so far as we have any business with them.

Our starting-point is the simple natural fact that every healthy man is endowed with sexual instinct, made very powerful by nature in order to the perpetuating of the race. Next we find the obvious social fact that this instinct must be carefully restrained and regulated if men and women are to live as civilised human beings. Yet further, we find ourselves face to face with the wonderful institution of Marriage—Holy Matrimony as we so often call it—under whose benison—which is God’s—the perpetuation of the race is carried on. With our minds on these facts and that institution, we may restate our standard, and say that it is *perfect Purity or Continence for all who are unmarried*. The sexual instinct and the feelings which arise from it, and the

acts to which it prompts are for married men, on whom rest the responsibilities of perpetuating the race, and not for bachelors, whatever their circumstances may be.

Now this, as I state it, sounds rather obvious and hard to fit with all the difficult and terrible problems of the case, and that, I think, shows the need of what I call *realizing*, the standard, and thinking it fully out. It almost seems as if, by saying what I have said, I had made the obligation of Purity conventional and external, and had suggested nothing to fit the real facts, and help the inward struggles of life. But now let us try to grip and realise the standard, and perhaps that appearance of things will pass away.

All turns on how we understand what I call 'perfect Purity or Continence.' Many persons speak as if that meant only abstaining from fornication in the ordinary sense,—from licentious *acts* towards women. But that view is indeed narrow and external, and it will not help us far along the difficult way of individual or national Purity. The ever-memorable words of our Lord start up to trouble our consciences : ' Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.' Evidently one may sin against Purity without any *act*, in the ordinary sense, at all. And then we remember, too, other facts, quite well known, though often foolishly—and sometimes quite wickedly—ignored. We remember that lads are sometimes tempted to gratify sexual instinct in solitude. And as our Bishop warned us so solemnly in the address to which I have already referred, we have to remember a darker fact still, namely, that sexual feeling may be aroused and indulged in the relations of men with men, as well as in those of men with women.

These things make it quite clear that no narrow or external standard will do for us. It is quite clear, I think, that perfect Continence or Purity is to be

attained in what the Bible calls 'the heart,' and what are more often called 'the fancy,' 'the imagination,' or what not. The imagination must be instructed, and then controlled. I think it is the right and duty of every boy at the age when sexual instinct first shows itself, to be taught, by his father, or by some guardian or friend who honours him and fears God, what the signs and purposes of sexual instinct are, and how sternly and with what self-control he must act until he enters on the responsibilities of marriage. And what the boy is told—very cautiously certainly, and possibly very gradually, but in any case, truthfully and *sufficiently*—we elder men, we Churchmen, we Christians, we honest citizens, must remind ourselves of. We must remind ourselves that the standard for the man is the same as that for the boy or the woman; for the rich as for the poor; for the much tempted as for the little tempted. We must remind ourselves that the sexual feeling and function is for family life and for family life only; and that to indulge or excite it *in any way*, to allow it to mix itself up with any fancies or pleasures or affections, is to offend—it may be very seriously—against the standard of perfect Continence or Purity. Of course, this is a matter for the secret conscience of the healthy-minded man. He only knows what are his own special temptations, and where and when, in his case, the wrong feeling is apt to come in.

So much for realising what our standard really is. Now for the *application* of it in our own lives and those over whom we have influence.

How are we to help ourselves to realize the standard? We are to tell our boys certain things: well and good; but surely there is a good deal more that we can do, and advise our lads and young men to do, towards the same great end. Some things occur to me straight-off.

1. *Much depends, I believe, on cherishing the best memories and highest thoughts of home.*

Not much more than a fortnight ago, some of us were listening to weighty words by Dean Furneaux on this subject : How God 'sets the solitary in families,' and how the family is the true seed-plot of the nation. Most of us, it is to be hoped, have happy homes to look back upon (it is wonderful what a child can make happiness out of), or at all events honourable homes, in which what was unhappy came from no ill-behaviour on the part of the family. I say 'to look back upon,' because I am chiefly thinking of the unmarried, and of the homes made for them, not those which they in turn may make. I am sure that there is no school of Purity so good as the experience and memory and ideal of home. And the reason is plain. In the home we have the great achievement of the sexual instinct rightly used. I do not, of course, deny that other instincts help to build up the home ; but we cannot escape the fact that the union of marriage is a sexual union, and that we feel it to be imperfect if children do not spring from it. So here we have the good, the noble, the holy side of sex, in the best husband and wife, the best father and mother, the best brothers and sisters. And I think there is another lesson from the home that is rather different, but equally helps Purity. From a good and complete home we learn not only the consecration of sex, but pure affection, from which sexual feeling is wholly shut out. We learn the pure passion of mother and son ; the tender devotion of father and son ; the deep life-long attachment of brother and sister. Trained in such a school of affection, how should we dare to misunderstand or profane any human relationship ?

2. *Another thing is to keep high ideals of women and of the obligation of men to them.*

It is astounding to think how many men who lead

what are called loose lives, must have come out of good homes, and impossible to understand how they could ever have honoured mother and sister, when they think themselves at liberty—often as soon as they go out into the world—to enter into the closest possible relations with fallen women whom they would guard their mother and sister from so much as looking at! Well, it is evident that they have at least not learned that every woman, as every man, has a *sacred* individuality, and that the very centre and citadel of a woman's individuality is her honour or chastity. If that, alas! is gone, it makes no difference; the woman must be rescued if she can be; certainly not taken further from the possibility of rescue.

There is much cynical depreciatory thought and talk about women which is no help to Purity, and which counteracts the good effect of home influence. Let us form our idea of women from our homes, not from novels and social gossip.

3. We ought always to remember *the dignity of every human being we associate with*—even the youngest.

There is no boy, no girl, so young, so dependent, as to deserve to be treated like a plaything. In our affection for every human being there should mingle an element of respect, not far removed from awe, if not from fear. It was this sense of essential and equal human dignity which really brought slavery to an end. *No man shall be treated as a thing or a chattel* was the true battle-cry. (What slavery, let me remark in passing, could be more real and horrible than that which still persists among us: *a horde of outcast women, lost to womanhood, abandoned to, and supported by, the lust of men*?) I am convinced that a good many falls from Purity begin imperceptibly with over-sentimental intimacies and slightly disrespectful familiarities which would be impossible

if we kept always before our minds what a human being as such was meant to be, a soul in a body, *a temple of the Holy Ghost*. Modesty, with its delicacies and instinctive reserves, and wholesome secrecies, is an armour without which we are not safe anywhere. Of course, the individual conscience, fed by adequate knowledge, must be, here as in all such cases, the judge. Some, perhaps, may be more daring than others. We must be able to recognise the very beginnings of sexual impulse, that we may know our temptations and our duty.

4. A fourth thing I would mention as helpful to our Purity is perhaps more obvious, but hardly less important. It is *the avoidance of what is impure in talk, stories, books, newspapers, plays and pictures*. Public opinion is moved about this just now, and with good reason. It is, of course, an exceedingly difficult matter, and I have nothing to say about it, in many of its aspects. I am only conscious that we, as champions of Purity, should be sensitive to recognise what I would call *the sexual taint*, the misuse of sexual instinct, which is so apt to show itself in human utterance and art, everywhere and in all ages. It is the same thing, I firmly believe, whether it shows itself in filthy words or drawings scrawled on plaster, in headings in many Sunday papers, or in clever scenes and incidents in questionable novels and plays. It is hardly possible to keep it out—from the comic song, from the funny story, from the advertisement. And yet we have got to know it and to hate it, and to do all we can to keep it out, if we would do what the Church bids, and expects us to do for Purity.

I don't know that any very definite rules can be laid down. Again, it is a case of the individual conscience. People differ a good deal, no doubt, as to what they think immoral in books, plays and pictures, (though I think some of the denial of immorality

is due to 'cussedness' more than anything else). But I, for my part, should not greatly fear difference of opinion if I were sure that every opinion had a sensitive and well-instructed Christian conscience behind it. I think the differences would soon melt away.

I am not saying much about Marriage in this paper, for various reasons. For one thing, I know the C.E.M.S. of Winchester have had it under consideration very recently. For another, I do not suppose that any of us needs much urging or enlightening as to its sacredness. Also, of course, what I have said about the home, about its sacredness, its holiness, is all said of Marriage, on which the home is founded.

And now, I do not know that I have very much more to add to my brief and hasty remarks. My object has been that we should cross-examine ourselves as to what we understand by Purity, that we should make sure that we have a standard, a standard which is high enough, and to which we may expect, and insist upon, a universal rally. It is when one is considering matters of such vital importance that one most regrets the languor of our Branches, the smallness of our meetings, the very imperfectly representative character of our membership. Not very much good has come of the false modesty, or whatever it may be, which keeps us from facing the matter and facing it fully, which expects for example, our young men to pass easily and naturally from what we are pleased to call the innocence, and what is certainly the ignorance, of young boyhood into the many and difficult responsibilities of married life, without a grain of true knowledge, or a word of candid help. What a day for England when the laymen, the gentlemen, of her Church will lay aside their reserve and come and fight shoulder to shoulder for the banner of Chastity, as they are so nobly ready

to do for other symbols and aspects of national honour ! I am, I hope, only *initiating* a discussion, and I leave those who follow me to *make practical suggestions for Purity-work of an aggressive kind in our midst*. Just let me make two or three of my own to bring things to the practical level.

(1) I must not omit the commonplace reminder that *example comes first*, and that we must look carefully to ourselves while we deal with others. Our standard, let us remember, is a high one : it is a very difficult thing to be as pure, as chaste, as we have just been agreeing that we ought to be. Purity, we have agreed, is in the head and the heart ; it is fundamentally a matter of the thoughts, the desires, the affections, the imaginations. Let us not fancy that we can fight against impure acts if we indulge in impure thoughts or impure talk, or impure reading. Still less let us think that we may set ourselves against any one form of sexual error, while we incline to any other.

(2) I think we must be more *ready to give judicious help* on this subject than we are at present. It is all but a sealed subject, except for improper purposes ; why should it be ? Most people (by no means all) are coming to see that it is positively wicked for fathers to allow their sons to go out among the shoals of boy-life without knowledge of them and warning against them. If there is no father to do it, the guardian must do it, or some wise schoolmaster, or the doctor. Might the sacred privilege not be extended a little, to the elder brother, to the honest friend or neighbour ? I do not think we are half helpful enough to our friends in almost any direction ; certainly not in this.

(3) We must have *courage to condemn sexual error* whenever it may be necessary or expedient to do so. I do not mean, of course, that we are to make our-

selves more uncharitable or censorious than we are only too inclined to be already. Such censoriousness is generally founded on ignorance, and Purity, as I understand it, has no kinship with ignorance. But I mean that a great deal of noisy public opinion is always ready to explain away impurity, and find excuses for it; and we, if we are to be worthy of ourselves, must not join our voices with these.

(4) By such outspokenness, we shall help what ought always to be a primary object with us,—the formation of a *sound public opinion and tone*. Half the difficulties of Purity come from the unsoundness of the tone in many circles. There are two prevalent heresies in particular against which we cannot fight too strenuously. One is that men need not be as chaste as women; and the other is that perfect continence is not in all cases possible or even desirable for bodily health. If either of these views is true, then Purity is evidently impossible. Both, we know, are darkly false. *For heaven's sake, let us lose no opportunity of saying so*; for many are saying they are true, and so spoiling all our work.

(5) In conclusion, I would suggest the possible benefit of some kind of vows of chastity. I rather dislike vows myself. I like obligations to be reasonable, without special added force. But I think it quite a matter for discussion whether the resolve to lead a pure life should not be made a matter of more or less open registration, so that social help of a noble kind might be given to *the individual struggle*.

I have spoken of the unanimity of opinion on the side of Purity as I have been conceiving it in my paper. I hope that some one some day will collect from the great literature of the world some of the burning words which are everywhere for those who have eyes to see. Let me wind up with just a few

lines from Milton's *Comus*, which may help to show us some of the beauty hidden in self-control.

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear ;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

ELIZABETH ELSTOB, 1683

A PIONEER OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN

THE modern woman, like the modern man and the modern child, is undergoing much transformation ; and it would be an interesting task to distinguish and sum up the influences which, during the nineteenth century, have brought about results obvious to everybody. Whether we call these results collectively 'emancipation' or 'higher education,' some of us are apt to think of them with an undue complacency, and almost as if no woman had been highly educated before our own day. Here, as in so many other matters, we need occasionally to brace and correct our judgments by contact with the eighteenth century. We often assert or imply that in that age woman was sunk in barbarism, a plaything and a slave, condemned to move in a round of intellectual, domestic and social pettiness. We ought sometimes to remind ourselves that in England alone the eighteenth century abounded in women of the most complete intellectual emancipation, of the most admirable intellectual equipment and attainment. Nor was it without specimens of that type to which so much pathos belongs, the woman who is at once prominent and lonely, mentally gifted and physically feeble, neglected and famous. It is to such a woman that the reader's attention is now called.

In the second half of the seventeenth century a rather notable family named Elstob lived in the county of Durham, where they had been settled, in an honourable position, for generations. Ralph

Elstob, who was born in 1647, and died in 1688, availed himself of the proximity of Newcastle-on-Tyne, adopted a mercantile life, and married a merchant's daughter of that place. He belonged to the Merchant Adventurers, and was Sheriff of Newcastle in 1686. A brother, named Charles, was in holy orders, and Prebendary of Canterbury in 1685.

Ralph and Jane Elstob had two children: the elder, a son, named William, born in 1673; the younger, a daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1683. Ralph's death in 1688 was followed in about three years by that of his wife. Thus, when Elizabeth Elstob was five and William fifteen, the Newcastle home was completely and finally broken up. Between the young people and the wide world stood the clerical uncle, Dr. Charles Elstob, the Prebendary of Canterbury, who fortunately had a wife who was able to inspire affection and gratitude. Under his guardianship William and Elizabeth were placed. The lad's career was a more pressing problem than the future of the girl. Every educational advantage was given to William Elstob. From Eton he went, probably as a sizar, to St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge, and, afterwards ostensibly for climatic reasons, migrated to Oxford, becoming first a commoner of Queen's, and afterwards, in 1696, a Fellow of University, in the palmy days of Charlett's reign as Master. He remained in residence until 1702, when he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury to the united parishes of St. Swithin and St. Mary Bothaw in London.

Meanwhile, we are to fancy little Elizabeth growing up, under her uncle and aunt's care, at Canterbury, into a more and more undeniable endowment of good looks, and an equally undeniable outfit of talent. Her mother had recognized in her a marked aptitude for learning, and had done all she could to minister to it. But at eight years old the cleverest child is not capable of much specific education; and it fell to

Prebendary Elstob to deal somehow with the girl's opening and aspiring mind. His method and its results were of a kind of which the world has had other specimens. Elizabeth's tastes were for scholarship; and, in Dr. Elstob's opinion, scholarship was a masculine monopoly. She had a great gift for languages; and her uncle held that 'one tongue was enough for a woman.' She was sent to a boarding-school in the town, and allowed, as a great favour, to learn French. But against Latin her uncle was inflexible, and so an inevitable rebellion broke out. To enter at the golden gate of scholarship Elizabeth Elstob had made up her mind; and, if she was not allowed to learn Latin openly, she would learn it secretly. She accordingly raked together vocabularies and such other materials as she could get at, and did her best, unhelped and forbidden.

Elizabeth's best could not, in the circumstances, amount to much, but her spirit was indomitable. In her difficulties she turned from her uncle to her brother, who, she knew, was by this time immersed in a warm atmosphere of culture and sympathy at Oxford. On the authority of her future friend, George Ballard, we learn that she wrote a long letter to her brother in French, in which she told him of 'her inclination and affection to learning; what an inexpressible affliction it was to her to be retarded from the Muses . . . and that nothing in this world could be a greater pleasure and satisfaction than to have a free liberty of proceeding in the course of her entirely beloved studies.' William lost no time in making a practical response to this appeal. He asserted his brotherly authority; went to Canterbury; and took Elizabeth back with him to Oxford. This seems to have been in 1698, when she was fifteen. From that time she was her brother's regular companion, first at Oxford and then in London, until his death in 1715.

At Oxford the brother and sister lodged in St.

Aldate's, then called Fish Street, just opposite Christ Church. Their intellectual life was chiefly shaped by an influence of curious interest in the history of scholarship. Those were the days when men began to study Anglo-Saxon. At all events, if the actual foundations of the study had been laid earlier,¹ it was in 1689 that the publication of Hickes's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, written in Latin, brought about its eminence. A succession of able men was attracted to Anglo-Saxon, and in due time an Anglo-Saxon chair was founded at Oxford. The nonjuring Hickes was the leader of this special cult, and his *Thesaurus*, published 1703—1705, was its most stately literary monument. Hickes was a near relative of the Elstobs, and his study became theirs also. William pursued it with enthusiasm and excellent results, both at Oxford and in London; and in his labours he had the fullest sympathy and co-operation from Elizabeth. She has told us how the passion of the 'Septentrional learning' awoke within her. One of her brother's works was the publication of King Alfred's English version of Orosius. Elizabeth says: 'I was very desirous to understand it, and having gained the alphabet, I found it so easy, and in it so much of the grounds of our present language, and of a more particular agreement with some words which I had heard when very young in the North, as drew me to be more inquisitive after books written in that language.' Soon after, she made a transcription of the Athanasian Creed, which was so good that Dr. Hickes allowed it to appear in Wotton's *Conspectus* of the *Thesaurus* published in 1708. The young authoress claimed the great man's favour as a gain, not only for her, but also for the cause of female education.

During her residence with her brother in London, from 1702 until his death in 1715, Elizabeth Elstob

¹ By Joscelyn, Archbishop Parker's secretary, and by Thomas Marshall, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

continued to lay the foundations of her reputation. She seems to have made her first modest venture into print in 1708, when she published the translation of an *Essay on Glory* by Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the heroic romance-writer, who helped to amuse the world before the birth of the modern novel. This was the fruit of Elizabeth's early study of French at Canterbury, and it was dedicated to her aunt. It bears on the title-page that it was 'done into English by a person of the same sex as the author.' But she had already done more important work than this. 'She had transcribed all the hymns from an ancient MS. belonging to the church at Sarum.' This transcript was openly associated with her name.¹

In the following year (1709), we get glimpses of our scholar through the Yorkshire antiquary, Ralph Thoresby. 'Visited Parson Elstob,' Thoresby writes in his Diary, under date January 22nd, 1709, '... and his ingenious sister Eliza ... She ... is going to oblige the world with some Saxon tracts, and particularly a correct edition of the Psalms. She draws and paints curiously; they both wrote Saxon mottoes in my album.'

One of the 'Saxon tracts,' we must suppose, was the annotated edition of the *Homily of S. Gregory*, with which the 'Saxon Nymph,' as she was beginning to be called, challenged the learned world in that year. It is a modest but beautifully printed and got up octavo volume, with the following title-page:—
'An English-Saxon Homily on the Birthday of S. Gregory, anciently used in the English-Saxon Church, giving an account of the Conversion of the English from Paganism to Christianity, translated into modern English, with notes, by Eliz. Elstob.' The text and translation are in parallel columns, and the notes are abundant.

¹ It had the following title: *Cantica, Hymnos Symbola Fides et Preces et Psalterii pervetusto Codice Manuscripto in ecclesia Sarisburiensi conservato Elizabetha Elstobia descripsit anno 1708.*

The chief interest of this work for the general reader lies in the preface, which opens with a most spirited *apologia*, sounding the right of woman to the higher learning with the voice of a trumpet. 'First,'—so rings out the challenge—'I know it will be said, What has a woman to do with learning? This I have known urged by some Men, with an envy unbecoming that greatness of Soul which is said to dignify their Sex. For if Women may be said to have Souls, and that their Souls are their better part . . . furthermore, if good learning be one of the Soul's greatest Improvements, we must retort the Question: Where is the Fault in Women seeking after Learning? Why are they not to be valued for acquiring to themselves the noblest Ornaments? What hurt can this be to themselves? What Disadvantage to others? But there are two things usually opposed against Women's Learning: That it makes them impertinent, and neglect their household Affairs. Where this happens it is a Fault. But it is not the Fault of Learning which rather polishes and reforms our Nature, and teaches us that Method and Regularity, which disposes us to greater Readiness and Dexterity in all kinds of Business. I do not observe it so frequently objected against Women's Diversions that they take them off from Household Affairs . . . I am more surprised, and even ashamed, to find any of the Ladies even more violent than they in carrying on the same Charge; who, despairing to arrive at any eminent or laudable degree of Knowledge, seem totally to abandon themselves to Ignorance, contenting themselves to sit down in Darkness, as if they either had not Reason, or it were not capable, by being rightly cultivated, of bringing them into the Light. But these Persons have in themselves an answer to all their Cavils against Learning, and their Punishment: viz., the Punishment of their Ignorance.'

Was the case for the higher education of women ever more vigorously or convincingly put?

Elizabeth Elstob abandoned the edition of the Psalms of which Thoresby wrote. Space forbids more than a passing reference to another essay in Anglo-Saxon scholarship, which was less abortive, but of which the success was quite incommensurate with the importance. This was an edition of those Homilies of Aelfric the Grammarian, which are one of the most noteworthy monuments of Old-English literature. They were to be treated as she had already treated the *Homily of S. Gregory*. We hear of the progress of the work from herself, from Thoresby, and from Hickes. Hickes had the highest opinion of her 'incredible industry,' and the value of her notes. In the early spring of 1713 she was at Oxford, and Hickes besought for her the help of Thomas Hearne, the Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian. Hearne, in spite of the genuineness of his scholarship, was blinded by prejudice; he had already denounced the *Homily of S. Gregory* as 'a Farrago of Vanity,' and more than hinted that the authoress's name on the title-page summed up her share in the volume. When 'Mrs. Elstob' came to Oxford he contented himself with coldly wishing her good success, and greater encouragement than he had met with. The difficulty was to get such a work published. Elizabeth showed no lack of energy. She wrote twice to Lord Oxford, the Prime Minister, asking for Royal help towards the undertaking; and in June, 1714, the help was granted. Printing was begun at the Oxford University Press. The work was to be a splendid folio, and five or more of the Homilies were actually printed off. But support proved inadequate and the enterprise had to be given up. Only one or two copies of what was printed exist, of which one is fortunately in the British Museum.

One other work of distinct mark belonging to this strenuous period attained completion. In 1715—the last year, alas! of Elizabeth Elstob's happy sheltered life in London—there issued from the press

a thin quarto volume, entitled :—*The Rudiments of Grammar for the English-Saxon Tongue, First given in English, with an Apology for the Study of Northern Antiquities. Being very useful towards the understanding our ancient English Poets and other Writers. By Elizabeth Elstob.* Our fair Saxon, then, has produced the first Anglo-Saxon grammar in English ! Of its place in the temple of scholarship it is for scholars to speak ; but any reader can feel the force, as undeniable as that of wind or hailstones, of the Apology by way of preface. In all that Elizabeth Elstob wrote, there is an evident self-respect which obliges her to recognise the singularity of her intellectual position, but which never degenerates into conceited self-consciousness. The preface is in the form of a letter to Hickee. The authoress, in this undertaking, felt herself a champion, not, this time, of the right of woman to the higher learning, but of Anglo-Saxon as a noble and vital element of the English tongue. Her object was ‘to show the polite Men of our Age that the Language of their Forefathers is neither so barren nor barbarous as they affirm with equal Ignorance and Boldness.’ The more she thought of this ignorance and boldness, the fiercer and more forcible she became. ‘These Gentlemen’s ill Treatment of our Mother Tongue has led me into a stile not so agreeable to the Mildness of our Sex, or the usual manner of my Behaviour.’ Love of Saxon and fidelity to it were for this scholar a phase of patriotism.

Nothing could be more vigorous than Elizabeth’s attitude and controversial method. What she chiefly fights for is the virtue of monosyllables in English. They were a special bequest of the Anglo-Saxons ; and it was the fashion for critics to despise the gift. With the ruck of the despisers of short words Elizabeth will have little to do. She leaves ‘these Pedagogues to huff and swagger in the height of all their Arrogance.’ But the fortunes of war had given her

a great antagonist. In May, 1712, Swift had published his *Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining the English Tongue*, one of the most interesting indications of the literary sensitiveness of the age. Swift found in the current style 'a perpetual disposition to shorten words,' which he regarded as 'a tendency to lapse into the barbarity of those northern nations from whom we are descended.' He half seriously proposed that it should be counteracted by giving 'the women' a kind of commission to refine and fix the language, it being, in his opinion, the tendency of feminine speech to suppress consonants, while it was from the suppression of vowels that the language was suffering. 'More than once,' Swift wrote, 'when some of both sexes were in company, I have persuaded two or three of each . . . to write down a number of letters joined together . . . and upon reading this gibberish we have found that which the men had wrote . . . to sound like High Dutch; and the other, by the women, like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids.' And he concluded:—'I cannot help thinking that since they (the ladies) have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play or where worse designs were carried on, our conversation has much degenerated.'

Elizabeth Elstob liked neither Swift's theory nor his pleasantry; and she did not shirk an encounter with the great man in her preface. 'I cannot but think it great Pity,' she wrote, 'that in our Considerations for Refinement of the English Tongue, so little regard is had to Antiquity . . . This indeed is allow'd by an ingenious Person, who hath lately made some Proposals . . . I never could find myself shock'd with the Harshness of those Languages, which grates so much in the Ears of those that never heard them. I never perceiv'd in the Consonants any Hardness but such as was necessary to afford Strength, like the Bones in a human Body, which yield it Firmness and Support. So that the worst

that can be said on this occasion of our Forefathers is, that they Spoke as they Fought, like Men. The Author of the Proposal may think this but an ill return for the soft things he has said of the Ladies ; but I think it Gratitude at least to make the Return, by doing justice to the Gentlemen. I will not contradict the Relation of the ingenious Experiment of his Vocal Ladies, tho' I could give him some Instances to the contrary . . . Perhaps that Gentleman may be told that I have a Northern Correspondence and a Northern Ear, probably not so fine as he may think his own to be, yet a little musical.'

For the moment, Swift had met his match. Turning from him, the preface proceeds to offer a brilliant defence of the monosyllabic and Anglo-Saxon element in English poetry, showing wide reading, fine taste, and excellent dialectic skill.

The *Grammar* was dedicated to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, the friend of learning and the learned. A personal introduction took place about the same time ; and Elizabeth Elstob, now thirty-two, might have seemed in a fair way to both fame and happiness. But now William Elstob died ; and his death brought to his sister a lot of poverty, loneliness and struggle in uncongenial fields of labour, a lot which she had to endure for more than twenty years, until she was well on in her fifties, with old age close at hand.

Of those years there are few memorials, but such as exist are poignantly significant. There seems no reason to doubt that Elizabeth made her quarters in London for some years, though where, or in what surroundings, there is nothing to show. Abstruse scholarly enterprises were out of the question ; for her daily bread she had, for a time at least, to depend on the kindness of another. The benefactor was Smalridge, Bishop of Bristol and Dean of Christ Church, whom Addison styled ' the most candid and agreeable of all Bishops.' Year after year the gifted

woman, with all her capacities and potentialities, had to wait and hope for assistance and encouragement that never came suffering, we may be sure, in addition to the stings of poverty, the painful glow of hurt pride. At last she made up her mind—what choice had she?—to keep some kind of school. She fixed upon Evesham as a promising field, and went thither accordingly. At this point an incident occurred which seemed to show that the Fates needed her no more. She put her manuscripts and books in the hands of a friend for greater safety. To her surprise and grief she heard soon after that the trustee of the precious property had gone to the West Indies; and neither of her nor of the manuscripts and books did Elizabeth Elstob ever hear again. Well might she write in 1748:—‘It is at least thirty years since this happened to me It has made me very unhappy ever since, which, if my Friends were sensible of, I must believe they would avoid all occasions of bringing it to my remembrance.’

After some further waiting and want, she set up a day school at Evesham. Each pupil at first paid her one groat a week; so we must hope that her pupils were many. For a long time she toiled on with this rate of emolument, ‘not without designs,’ as she afterwards wrote, which, however, were ‘unhappily hindered by a necessity of getting my bread, which, with much difficulty, labour and ill-health, I have endeavoured to do for many years, with very indifferent success.’

Early in the thirties things began to look a little better. A stickfast stone cannot help gathering moss; and Mistress Elstob began to make acquaintances and friends. Even in 1735 she was able to say that she had met with a great deal of friendship and generosity at Evesham. It was in some respects a lucky neighbourhood for her. At Chipping Campden lived George Ballard, who, being the son of a monthly nurse, and himself no higher in the social scale than

the rank of a ladies' tailor, was yet an intellectual enthusiast and an Anglo-Saxon scholar, and who gravitated, at the mature age of forty-four, to Oxford, and a bedelship there. A *rapprochement* between Elizabeth Elstob and such a man was natural and easy. At first they exchanged letters, and then a meeting was negotiated with some difficulty. Ballard invited Mrs. Elstob to Campden. But she replied: 'The confinement of a school is such that were I to be absent from it one week I should be as long getting a school again as I was before.' It would be better for Ballard to come and see her. 'You will see a poor little contemptible old maid, generally vapour'd up to the ears, but very chearfull when she meets with an agreeable conversation.'

Again, at Stanton, in Gloucestershire, lived a schoolmaster of French extraction, named Capon or Chapone, whose wife, *née* Sarah Kirkham, was a woman of individuality and influence, so that to be a *protégé* of Mrs. Chapone's was no small matter. Not far off was the home of Bernard Granville, the brother of Lord Lansdowne, the father of the delightfully epistolary Mary Granville, who became first Mrs. Pendarves, and then Mrs. Patrick Delany. Mrs. Pendarves and Sarah Chapone ('Sally Kirkham') were great friends.

These three, Ballard, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Pendarves, laid their heads and hearts together to help the poor schoolmistress immured at Evesham. Various more or less promising things were tried without success. One thing was certain, namely, that Mrs. Elstob could undertake nothing additional to her school work. 'I must acquaint you,' she wrote to Ballard, 'that I have no time to do anything till six at night, and am then frequently so fatigu'd that I am oblig'd to lye down for an hour or two to rest my self and recover my spirits.' The headship of a Charity School was promising, but Mrs. Elstob lost it through delay in correspondence. With reference

to this opening she wrote to Ballard on March 7th, 1736, a letter from which we must quote :—‘ There are some things to be taught in such a School which I cannot pretend to do ; I mean the two Accomplishments of a good Housewife, Spinning and Knitting. Not that I w^d be thought to be above doing any Commendable Work proper for my Sex, for I have continually in my thoughts the Glorious Character of a Virtuous Woman. “ She seeketh Wool and Flax and worketh willing with her hand.” And as an instance of the truth of this, the Gown I had on when you gave me the Favour of a Visit, was part of it my own spinning, and I wear no Stockings but what I knitt myself. Yet I do not think myself proficient enough in these Arts to become a teacher of them.’ Ballard had objected to the humble station of a Charity School. ‘ As to your objection on the Meanness of the Scholars, I assure you, S^r, I should think it as glorious an Employment to instruct those Poor Children as to teach the Children of the Greatest Monarch.’ She expected the negotiations to fall through. ‘ I am so inur’d to disappointments that I expect nothing else, and I receive these with as much easiness as others do their greatest prosperity . . . I often compare myself to poor John Tucker, whose life I read when a girl in Winstanley’s *Lives of the Poets*, which affected me so much that I cannot forget it yet. He is there describ’d to have been an Honest, Industrious poor Man, but notwithstanding his indefatigable industry, as the Author writes, no Butter would stick to his Bread.’

Bad health was now added to poverty. Mrs. Elstob’s eyesight was failing ; her memory was bad ; her handwriting became conspicuously tremulous. ‘ I assure you, S^r,’ she wrote to her faithful correspondent at Campden, ‘ these long winter Evenings to me are very melancholy ones, for when my School is done, my little ones leave me incapable of either reading, writing, or thinking, for their noise is not

out of my head till I fall asleep, which is often too late.' In 1737 she had 'a Fever,' which laid her aside from work for some time. In spite of everything she maintained a habit of steady cheerfulness.

At a date as to which the evidence is uncertain, Mrs. Chapone wrote a circular letter to her friends, calling attention to so 'crying a need for help,' and this letter was brought to the notice of Queen Caroline. The Queen was much touched, and at once gave substantial help, the exact amount of which is doubtful.¹ Whatever it may have been, the Queen's death in 1737 dried up this particular source of benefit. Happily, another soon appeared. One of Mrs. Pendarves' greatest friends was Lady Margaret Harley, granddaughter of the first Earl of Oxford, who married the second Duke of Portland in 1734. In 1738 the Portlands had three children. They divided their time between their London house in Whitehall and the Duke's country seat of Bulstrode, on the south-eastern slope of the Chilterns, about three miles from Beaconsfield, in Bucks. Here wealth and the charm of the Duchess made a home as delightful as it was sumptuous; here, Mrs. Pendarves was a frequent inmate, and her many letters from Bulstrode, as well as those of Mrs. Montagu, give a charming picture of the country life of the English aristocracy in the eighteenth century.

Young as her children were, the Duchess of Portland was looking out for a governess for them; and Elizabeth Elstob's Gloucestershire well-wishers were doing all they could to get the post for her. There were soon busy negotiations between the Granvilles and the Portlands; even Lord Oxford, the grandfather of the children, was keenly scrutinising the qualifi-

¹ According to Mrs. Pendarves' version of the story, the Queen gave £100 to Mrs. Elstob, 'and said she need never fear a necessitous old age whilst she lived, and that when she wanted more to ask for it, and she should have it.' According to another account, the Queen first proposed to give an annuity of £20, and afterwards changed to a donation of £100 which she proposed to repeat at the end of every five years.

cations of the future governess. She was expected to teach the principles of religion and virtue, to speak, read and understand English well, to cultivate the minds of the children (the eldest was not yet four), to keep them company in the house, and, when her health would permit, to take the air with them.

By Christmas, 1738, all was settled. Mrs. Elstob was to have £30 a year, reckoned from Christmas Day, though she was not to join the family until the following summer. As things turned out, she was not with them until the end of November, 1739, when she entered on her duties at Whitehall. At Christmas she wrote to Ann Granville, Mrs. Pendarves' sister, of her inexpressible pleasure and satisfaction. 'Should I presume or pretend to enumerate all her Grace's perfections you . . . might with good reason think me extremely impertinent. I will, therefore, only tell you that I am every day more and more charmed with her . . . The children, by their sweet endearing temper, plainly declaring whose offspring they are; they are very fond of me, and even the little Marquis' (by and by to be twice Prime Minister, once, as head of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, and again 1807—1809), 'desires his nurse to bring him to "Tob," as he calls me.' A month later she writes in the same strain to Ballard:—'My charming little Ladies take up my time so entirely that I have not the least leisure to do anything; from the time they rise till they go to bed they are constantly with me, except when they are with her Grace, which is not long at a time . . . I think myself the happiest creature in the world.'

There is, no doubt, something ludicrous in the idea of a sedate lady, nearer sixty than fifty, and one of the most eminent scholars of her time, as playmate and companion of such infants. The children, indeed, seem to have been clever. 'Lady Betty' (the eldest), she writes in 1740, ' . . . loves her book and me entirely, nor is she ever more happy than when

she is with me, and we study together, even by candle-light, like old folks.' And we must think of Mrs. Elstob, from this time onwards, less as the governess than as the friend and inmate, the honoured member of a circle remarkable for its suavity, virtue and intelligence. What Bulstrode was in those days all readers of Mrs. Delany know.

Elizabeth Elstob never left the household of the Portlands until she was carried to the grave in June, 1756. This concluding chapter of her life thus lasted more than sixteen years, years from which little can be gleaned except impressions of rather fluctuating content invaded by the growing weakness of age. On July 21st, 1748, she writes to Ballard of 'illness in the head,' which affected her memory. She suffered from 'a contraction in the sinew' of her right hand, which made writing difficult and obliged her to give her 'Sweet Ladys' the trouble of writing for her. Sometimes the demon of depression would assert his sway. On June 11th, 1750, she writes to Ballard:— 'I am extremely ill, and can only add that I hate this ill-natured world and heartily rejoice to think I cannot continue long in it.'

It was in this year that the typographer, Rowe Mores, made a pilgrimage to Bulstrode to see the wonderful northern lady 'of an ancient family and genteel fortune,' who had had her own types cut, at Lord Macclesfield's expense, for her Anglo-Saxon publications. Being an invalid, Mrs. Elstob received him in her bedchamber; and, alas! Rowe Mores was ungallant enough to write afterwards of the lady in 'her sleeping-room . . . surrounded with books and dirtiness, the usual appendages of folk of learning.' The lady herself referred to the visit with more grace. 'I was heartily grieved I was not able to show him the House nor prevail with him to drink anything.'

The sense of the age's inappreciativeness of the cause for which she had worked so strenuously and brilliantly, recurs and makes her gloomy and bitter.

In January, 1752, she wrote to Ballard, who was preparing his book on Learned Ladies:—‘ This is not an age to hope for any Encouragement to Learning of any kind . . . You can come into no company of Ladies or Gentlemen, when you shall not hear an open and vehement exclamation against Learned Women, and by those Women that read much themselves, to what purpose they know best . . . The prospect I have of the next age is a melancholy one to me.’ The Bulstrode circle was in those years much occupied with *Clarissa*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and other such literary new births ; and Mrs. Elstob was probably too old and serious to think there could be any ‘ purpose ’ in such reading.

However, in spite of illness and disappointment, we must not think of regret as the dominant note of the closing years. Mrs. Delany, who was with the Portlands in 1753, in November of that year reported that Mrs. Elstob was ‘ surprizingly well,’ and ‘ in better spirits than ever I saw her in my life.’ Her best happiness was in watching the development of her charges, and especially of Lord Titchfield, the well-behaved and promising lad of whom everybody was so fond, who was at Westminster, and getting ready for Oxford.¹ The girls, too, of whom the favourite was the youngest, ‘ the sweet Lady Margaret,’ satisfied the scholarly instincts of their governess.

The happy Bulstrode life flowed on, with its landscape-gardening outside, and the ‘ shell-work ’ and ‘ flower-work ’ indoors ; there were the visits in the morning to the aviary and the lovely prize-bull ; the long sessions in her Grace’s dressing-room after dinner ; the music and the cribbage, and the volume after volume of the admirable and improving Richardson. From all this Elizabeth Elstob was gradually shrinking away ; her fingers grew feebler, her mem-

¹ In the *Dictionary of National Biography* the third Duke of Portland is erroneously stated to have been educated at Eton.

ory worse. The winter of 1754-5 was made darker by sickness. Smallpox laid hold of the Bentincks, and the house became a hospital. Mrs. Elstob managed to crawl downstairs, with the help of Lord Edward, to see her young ladies when they were recovering. The angel of death hovered long over the circle. The duchess lost her mother in December, 1755. In the spring of 1756, when they were all at Whitehall, one after another was struck down by scarlet fever. The calamities culminated in the seizure of the 'sweet Lady Margaret,' who was 'blooded and blistered,' but in vain. She died shortly afterwards.

This blow was too hard. On April 20th, 1756, Mrs. Delany had written with a touch of asperity, that Mrs. Elstob felt so much for herself that she did not seem to think others as bad as they really were. But on May 24th, she wrote :—' Mrs. Elstob is gradually drawing towards that happy repose which we may presume so good a woman may obtain.' She had difficulty in recognising her greatest friends ; she would have neither doctor nor clergyman. A Roman Catholic cousin alarmed the duchess by the frequency of her visits ; but we do not hear that she did anything worse than bring chocolate to the invalid. In a few days more, on May 30th, Elizabeth Elstob passed away.

She was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Seventy guineas in cash were found after her death. Mrs. Delany was very anxious that she should leave something to her first benefactress Sarah Chapone ; but, for some reason, Elizabeth Elstob had ceased to care for her.

It would perhaps be unreasonable to argue from her unwillingness to see a clergyman, that she was indifferent to religious matters. In 1739, in the early days of Wesley's movement, she wrote about an enthusiast in the cause :—' It is surprizing to see how indefatigable he is in endeavouring to gain

proselytes . . . Pray God if it be His good pleasure to put a stop to these miserable delusions, for the consequence, in my opinion, seems to be very terrible.' Such words indicate conviction of a kind.

At fifty-two Elizabeth Elstob had described herself as 'a poor little contemptible old maid.' Her portrait may be found in initial letters, both in the *Homily of S. Gregory*, and the *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*. It shows a face of sufficiently piquant attractiveness to give real significance to the conventional phrase, 'The fair Saxon.' And even in these days of emancipation and specialised knowledge, we may surely, in taking leave of her, endorse George Ballard's words: 'Her superior talent was so very extraordinary as to make her the envy of this and the admiration of future ages.'

MRS. RADCLIFFE'S LANDSCAPE

WILL no one, in this anniversary year of her death, say a word for Ann Radcliffe?

There are, indeed, more reasons than one why it needs an effort to call up her spirit. She was an unblushing romantic and sentimentalist ; she was lengthy and solemn ; her stock-in-trade was the apparatus of terror which has lost its power over even the nurseries of the present day. Was she not slain by Jane Austen in the very decade in which her novels appeared? Who does not remember in *Northanger Abbey* the conversations between Catherine Morland and Isabella Thorpe about the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and how Catherine said : ' While I have Udolpho to read, I feel as if nobody could make me miserable. Oh ! the dreadful black veil ! My dear Isabella, I am sure there must be *Laurentina's* skeleton behind it.' How could the marvels of the romances survive the delightful raillery of the parodist? ' The dimness of the light her candle emitted made her turn to it with alarm ; but there was no danger of its sudden extinction, it had yet some hours to burn ; and that she might not have any greater difficulty in distinguishing the writing than what its ancient date might occasion, she hastily snuffed it. Alas ! it was snuffed and extinguished in one ! A lamp could not have expired with more awful effect. Catherine, for a few moments, was motionless with horror.'

Ann Radcliffe's books have been called novels of terror and novels of suspense. Suspense in fiction is more honourable than terror. In the present day novel suspense is often nearly absent ; the interest

turns on portraiture, incident, or sexual analysis. It is doubtful whether this is more than a passing phase. A novel must be readable, and suspense,—the very stuff, after all, of real life,—is a guarantee of readability, as the perennial success of detective stories testifies. We cannot now be frightened by Mrs. Radcliffe's bogus horrors, her trap-doors and shadowy figures, her groans and mysteriously stirred coverlets, her pursuing footsteps, preternatural music and veiled waxworks. Yet, even now, her stories are readable ; her plots are ingenious, incident begets incident, and we are not sure of the issues, and we want to know them. That is something, it is a good deal, to the credit of any novel.

Still, Mrs. Radcliffe is too faulty to be a real classic. Her inaccuracies are disgraceful, her anachronisms appalling. She was a bookish Londoner with a Romanticist *flair* for the Continent, which swam before her fancy as a phantasmagoria of mountains, lakes, forests and cataracts, peopled mostly by bearded villains, and dotted with castles of unlimited vastness and potentialities of imprisonment and torture. She has no hesitation in planting the slopes of Gascony with palms, olives and oranges, and pouring out coffee for the refreshment of her sixteenth century characters. Nor are her characters male or female, really interesting. No really life-like man or woman can breathe in an atmosphere so laden with pseudo-poetic sentiment, so charged with melodramatic experiences. Ann Radcliffe had no humour and it is usually a profane person who essays portraiture without it.

For one thing that she did, however, we will not take her life ; there is one good reason why she ought not to be forgotten, and that is the vitality of her landscape and physical atmosphere. Nineteenth century fiction since the appearance of *Waverley* in 1814, and twentieth century fiction so far as it has gone, is so rich in this kind of background that we

need to be reminded that the eminent British novelists before Mrs. Radcliffe practically dispensed with it altogether. Their tales were tales of English life, and to the picturesque setting of English life even the eighteenth century poets were but sporadically and intermittently awake. Goldsmith could not keep poetry out of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but we may almost say that, so far as scenery went, he tried to make conventionalism do instead. 'Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay . . . To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar redbreast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity.' With such summaries and symmetries of the picturesque we have to be content until Mrs. Radcliffe came to set the English novel free, and to do for it, in respect of landscape and atmosphere, something of what Rousseau in *Julie*, and Goethe in *Werther*, had done.

It was a big piece of work, and she set about it in the spirit of the age. Her point of view was Romantic, a word of which we are all thoroughly tired, but which was a favourite with Ann Radcliffe herself, and for which we have not yet found a satisfactory substitute. In the last decade of the eighteenth century European taste was in a moment of pause between the Romanticism of Rousseau and young Goethe, which was decadent, and the Romantiscism of the Lake Poets and Scott, which was about to be born. In Mrs. Radcliffe's treatment of Nature there is a good deal of the decadent stuff, a good deal of 'Gothic' enthusiasm, a great deal of the sentimental-supernatural, which led so many writers to describe any scenery deviating much from the horizontal as 'awful' and 'horrid.' On the other hand—and this is why we respectfully remember Mrs. Radcliffe to-day—there is a great deal that is

as individually felt and freshly expressed as anything in Scott or Byron or Ruskin.

Like Byron and Ruskin, Ann Radcliffe found her inspiration in scenery out of England. No one of her scenes is set in her native land. Her first notable novel was 'A Sicilian Romance'; her second, 'The Romance of the Forest,' wavers between France and Savoy; 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' between France and Italy; while 'The Italian' is true to his land throughout. Mrs. Radcliffe must have read a good deal about the countries she portrays; but her scenes are vague rather than exact, and are a product of the action of her imagination on rather miscellaneous knowledge.

The places where the action of her tales happens are introduced emphatically to the reader at the outset, and kept steadily before him throughout. So is it with the Pyrenean opening of *Udolpho*: 'On the pleasant banks of the Garonne . . . stood . . . the château of M. St. Aubert. From its windows were seen the pastoral landscapes of Guienne and Gascony stretching along the river . . . To the south, the view was bounded by the majestic Pyrenees, whose summits, veiled in clouds, or exhibiting awful forms, seen, and lost again, as the partial vapour rolled along, were sometimes barren and gleamed through the blue tinge of air, and sometimes frowned with forests of gloomy pine, that swept downward to their base. Those tremendous precipices were contrasted by the soft green of the pastures and woods that hung upon their skirts; among whose flocks and herds, and simple cottages, the eye, after having scaled the cliffs above, delighted to repose. To the north, and to the east, the plain of Guienne and Languedoc were lost in the mist of distance; on the west, Gascony was bounded by the waters of Biscay.'

There is some of the exactitude of a school geography book in this; but, for the most part, Mrs. Radcliffe's landscape, though she has always much

to say about it, remains vague. Her plots necessitate long journeys in carriages or on horseback, and her weary and sorely tried heroines are conducted or abducted from province to province or from one country to another, day after day, night after night, from peasant's cottage to homely inn, from château to castle, over passes and over plains to the banks of placid lakes or the shores of shipwrecking seas. With such habits and such a method there is no room for the poetry of detail in scenic background, within or without, which means so much to us now; for subtle atmospheric *nuances*, suggestions from flower and tree, from some freak of costume or fantasy of decoration.

For all that, and in spite of much rhetoric and repetition, there is true vitality in Mrs. Radcliffe's landscape. The live coal which touched the lips of Wordsworth had touched hers also; for her, as for him, Nature was almost personal, with power to move, to restrain and to heal. This is evident again and again. The heroine of *The Romance of the Forest*, has had a nocturnal drive of sorrow and fear. 'The sun at length tinted the eastern clouds and the tops of the highest hills, and soon after burst in full splendour on the scene. The grief of Adeline began to soften. They entered upon a lane confined by high banks and overarched by trees, on whose branches appeared the first green buds of spring glittering with dew. The fresh breeze of the morning animated the spirits of Adeline, whose mind was sensible to the beauties of nature. As she viewed the flowery luxuriance of the turf, and the tender green of the trees, or caught, between the opening banks, a glimpse of the varied landscape, rich with wood, and fading into the blue and distant mountains, her heart expanded in momentary joy.' Or again, in *Udolpho*, where the heroine is similarly situated, 'Emily,' on a summit in the Apennines, 'lost, for a moment, her sorrows in the immensity of nature.'

On another occasion, when the morning was fresh, 'She raised her thoughts in prayer, which she felt always most disposed to do when viewing the sublimity of nature, and her mind recovered its strength.' More inward and Wordsworthian is the soliloquy of 'Lady Blanche' on a moonlight night. She had been immured in a convent. 'And have I lived in this glorious world so long,' said she, 'and never till now beheld such a prospect—never experienced these delights! Every peasant girl on my father's domain has viewed from her infancy the face of nature; has ranged at liberty her romantic wilds, while I have been shut in a cloister . . . How can the poor nuns and friars feel the full fervour of devotion, if they never see the sun rise or set? Never, till this evening, did I know what true devotion is; for never before did I see the sun sink below the vast earth! To-morrow, for the first time in my life, I will see it rise.' Behind such words as these are conviction and feeling and thought. And the same thought is behind the words of Emily to her lover: 'I would ask the meaning of your words, but I perceive the question would distress you now. Let us talk on other subjects . . . Observe these moonlight woods. . . . You used to be a great admirer of landscape; and I have heard you say that the faculty of deriving consolation, under misfortune, from the sublime prospects which neither oppression nor poverty withhold from us, was the peculiar blessing for the innocent.'

But of course Mrs. Radcliffe's real merit as a landscapist must be sought in her descriptions and allusions, rather than in any moralizings. Her topical pictures are much too vague, and too evidently based on mere miscellaneous reading and hearsay, to have much, if any, revealing power. She takes us to Naples, and Florence, to the Lake of Geneva, to Venice, to Rome, and has relevant things to say about them all, but she does not show them to us

or transport us into their atmosphere. But it is otherwise with her descriptions of ideal landscape, with her large and distant prospects, her atmospheric effects. In spite of their sameness and predominant gloom,—the latter quality contributed by the unintermitting darkness of her characters' fortunes,—they possess truth, beauty, and life. Here is a view of Florence: 'Here Emily beheld all the charms of sylvan and pastoral landscape united, adorned with the elegant villas of the Florentine nobles, and diversified with the various riches of cultivation. How vivid the shrubs, that embowered the slopes, with the woods, that stretched amphitheatrically along the mountains! and, above all, how elegant the outline of those waving Apennines, how softening from the wildness which their interior regions exhibited! At a distance, in the east, Emily discovered Florence, with its towers rising on the brilliant horizon, and its luxuriant plain spreading to the feet of the Apennines, speckled with gardens and magnificent villas, or coloured with groves of orange and lemon, with vines, corn, and plantations of olives and mulberry; while, to the west, the vale opened to the waters of the Mediterranean, so distant, that they were known only by a bluish line that appeared upon the horizon, and by the light marine vapour which just stained the aether above.' This is no true Florence, of course; but a few guide-book scraps, put together, half conscientiously, half carelessly, in pompous and embarrassed terms, without imaginative fusion.

Contrast with it this picture of morning among the mountains:—'Towards the west opened the mountain-vista . . . a thin dusky vapour that rose from the valley, overspread its features with a sweet obscurity. As this ascended and caught the sunbeams, it kindled into a crimson tint, and touched with exquisite beauty the woods and cliffs, over which it passed to the summit of the mountains;

then, as the veil drew up, it was delightful to watch the gleaming objects that progressively disclosed themselves in the valley—the green turf—dark woods—little rocky recesses—a few peasants' huts—the foaming stream—a herd of cattle, and various images of pastoral beauty. *Then the pine-forests brightened, and then the broad breast of the mountains,* till at length the mist settled on their summit, touching them with a ruddy glow. The features of the vista now appeared distinctly, and the broad deep shadows that fell from the lower cliffs gave strong effect to *the streaming splendour* above; while the mountains, gradually sinking in the perspective, appeared to shelve into the Adriatic Sea.' In this passage, until the last clause is reached, imagination is evidently at work, and, in particular, the words I have italicised leave nothing to be desired. Mrs. Radcliffe had not been in Italy, but her Italian morning is true and alive. She wrote as she saw.

Venice has more life than Florence. 'Nothing could exceed Emily's admiration on her first view of Venice, with its islets, palaces and towers rising out of the sea, whose clear surface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours. The sun, sinking in the west, tinted the waves and the lofty mountains of Friuli, . . . with a saffron glow, while on the marble porticoes and colonnades of St. Mark were thrown the rich lights and shades of evening. As they (the travellers) glided on, the grander features of this city appeared more distinctly: its terraces, crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched, as they now were, with the splendour of the setting sun, appeared as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter, rather than reared by mortal hands.'

Naples, in *The Italian*, is painted with veracity.

'Naples itself, with all its crowded suburbs, ascending among the hills and mingling with vineyards

and overtopping cypress ; the Castle of St. Elmo, conspicuous on its rock overhanging the magnificent monastery of the Chartreux ; while, in the scene below, appeared the Castel Nuovo, with its clustered towers, the long extended Corso, the mole, with its tall pharos, and the harbour gay with painted shipping, and full to the brim with the blue waters of the bay.' Here is the bay in moonlight :—' At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed, after the labour of the day, on some pleasant promontory, under the shade of poplars ; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen, on the margin of the waves below. . . . Frequently as the boatmen glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by those dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape, the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steep in picturesque luxuriance, the ruined villa on some bold point, peeping through the trees ; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea trembling with a long line of radiance, and showing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.' This is not the kind of way in which our novelists write of the bay of Naples nowadays, nor is it wholly real. But it is the writing of a 'landscape-lover.'

Generally speaking, Mrs. Radcliffe's statics are better than her dynamics, her terrestrial than her atmospheric effects. Choosing for her scenes countries of which she had no direct knowledge, she could hardly ever quite shake off the spell of conventionality ; and conventionality is more hurtful to the

moving than to the stable elements of landscape. Her storms, whether of wind or thunder, are very frequent, very formidable, and generally rather uninteresting. Her torrents rush, her lakes sleep, and her seas sparkle or roar in the orthodox manner. Here is a characteristic storm-piece :—‘ The night grew stormy. The hollow winds swept over the mountains, and blew bleak and cold around ; the clouds were driven swiftly over the face of the moon, and the Duke and his people were frequently involved in total darkness.’ Now and again there is life in her streams :—‘ Along this deep and shadowy perspective a river . . . rolled with impetuous force, fretting and fuming amidst the dark rocks in its descent, and then flowing in a limpid lapse to the brink of other precipices.’

Celestial phenomena and especially the opening and closing of day, with moonlight, touch her to fine issues. ‘ Emily watched the progress of the day, first trembling on the tops of the highest cliffs, then touching them with splendid light, while their sides and the vale below were still wrapt in dewy mist. Meanwhile the sullen grey of the eastern clouds began to blush and then to glow with a thousand colours, till the golden light darted over all the air, touched the lower points of the mountain’s brow and glanced in long sloping beams upon the valley and its streams.’

‘ The sun was now setting upon the valley—its last light gleamed upon the water, and heightened the rich yellow and purple tints of the heath . . . that overspread the mountains.’

Moonlight is the stock-in-trade of the vulgar romanticist as well as the delight of the poet, and there is a great deal of it in Mrs. Radcliffe’s pages. Often it is seen with the poet’s vision :—‘ The moon arose from the bosom of the ocean and shed her trembling lustre upon the waves, diffusing peace, and making silence more solemn.’ This on the stars is perhaps better :—‘ All without were silent and dark,

unless that could be called light which was only the faint glimmer of the stars, showing imperfectly the outline of the mountains, the western towers of the castle, and the ramparts below.'

Sometimes imagination operates in phrases and words: 'A new heaven and trembling stars below the waves'; or 'stealing sails and glancing oars'; 'a summit which appeared among savage rocks like a blossom on the thorn.'

Mrs. Radcliffe, I have said, chose her scenes abroad in countries which she had never visited,—and over all her fictional landscape there brooded the gloomy spirit of terrorist romance. But for our knowledge of her feelings for Nature we are not confined to her novels. She made a tour in Germany and Holland of which she has given an account, an account which has an honourable place in the literature of travel. And it was her habit to take driving tours in England with her husband, making descriptive notes in the evening in the inns where they put up. Large extracts from these notes are included in a memoir prefixed to the posthumously published novel *Gaston the Blondeville*. Written with no thought of publication, and free from all *arrière pensée* of fiction, they prove how genuine was Mrs. Radcliffe's love of the beauty of the world, how close her insight, how illuminating her reproduction. Where there need have been only accuracy, there is imagination; where beauty would never have been missed, there is beauty in abundance. 'Canterbury Cathedral looked very tall and solemn, like a spectre of ancient times, and seemed to hint of what it had witnessed.' One is so reminded of Wordsworth's 'peak, familiar with forgotten years.'

At Dover:—'Walked on the beach, watching the retiring and returning waves, and attending to the bursting thunder of the surge . . . The vast sea-view, the long shades on its surface of soft green, deepening exquisitely into purple; but, above all, that downy

tint of light blue that sometimes prevailed over the whole scene, and even faintly touched the French coast. . . . Sometimes, too, a white sail passed in a distant gloom, while all between was softly shadowed . . . the solemn sound of the tide, breaking immediately below, and answered, as it were, at measured intervals along the whole coast ; . . . the sound more solemn and hollow than when heard on the beach below.'

Here is a sunset in the Hindhead country :—' A wide scene of heath, skirted here and there with rich distances ; afterwards many miles of heath, of a dull purple and dusty iron brown (September 21st, 1798), with, sometimes, sudden knolls planted with firs ; sometimes distances let in between bold hills . . . Fine sunset from under clouds ; the strong gleam almost blinded us as we descended in a hollow ; the high, heathy banks receiving the full effulgence, while all below was gloom. . . . A fine moon rose, and lighted us over the downs to Horndon. Heard only the sheep-bells as the shepherd-lad was folding his flocks, and they came down from the hills.'

They are afloat on Spithead :—' A cloudy sunset, but a gleam came out that fell upon the distant town and harbour (Portsmouth) . . . A full September moon rose and shed its radiance on the waters.'

In the Isle of Wight :—' The pine woods of the rector of a village on an ascent, where the tower of the church, almost hid in woods, insists on being painted. Here imagination has nothing to do ; we have only to preserve the impression of the living picture in the memory of its own soft colours.' In this last extract how far we are from the literary English eighteenth century attitude to landscape !

Here is an effect of echo on the Undercliff with which it cannot be said that ' imagination has nothing to do ' :—' Some of the shattered masses give most clear echoes : we stood before one . . . It seemed as if a living spirit was in the rock, so near, so loud, and so exact. "Speak to it, Horatio !" I could have

listened to it for hours. How solemn is the voice of cliffs and seas ! How great the style of Nature ! How expressive ! “ Speak to the rock ! ” and again it gave every word, as if in sport or imitation, but with truth itself. How long had it slumbered in silence ? ’

We may end with a passage which is worthy of a place in any anthology of the best reflective prose :—

‘ How tranquil and grand the scene lay beneath the gradually deepening shade ! Still the dark shores and stately vessels kept their dignity upon the fading waters . . . Another of those measured portions that make up our span of life was gone ; every one who gazed upon this scene, proud or humble, was a step nearer to the grave—yet never seemed conscious of it. The scene itself, great, benevolent, sublime—powerful, yet silent in its power—progressive and certain in its end, steadfast and full of a sublime repose : the scene itself spoke of its Creator.’

Those words were written in the year of *Lyrical Ballads*, but English prose lingered far behind poetry in these directions, and we have only to read Gray’s notes of travel in the Lake country—themselves marking a notable advance—to realize what came into literature with Ann Radcliffe. The woman who could find all this in homely English landscape, and write of it thus in the pages of her casual diary, and whose world of fiction was suffused with such colours and vocal with such sounds, must not be allowed to perish. She deserves from us neither an immune apology for neglect nor a gesture of smiling contempt but a little effort of appreciative memory.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SOME writers, we feel, need biography to eke them out. However much we may read them, and however well we may know their writings, we feel that, in order to understand them, we must get at the personalities behind. Dr. Johnson and Byron are, I think, writers of this kind. Johnson's prose and Byron's poetry are not only readable but also, I believe, immortal. Yet in neither case could the writings satisfy us ; it is Johnson and Byron themselves who interest us, not the incomplete emanations which survive in their published works, and we must, we feel, get at the men biographically.

On the other hand, some writers seem wholly independent of the supplement of biography. Of such, are, e.g., Shakespeare and Shelley. Shakespeare's plays speak for themselves, as Nature does ; and it seems almost to hinder rather than help our appreciation of them when we worry over the man Shakespeare, and try to make a vivid biographical whole out of the scanty ascertainable fragments of his life. And though we can know all about Shelley's life as we can know all about Byron's, our knowledge does not, I think, appreciably affect our criticism or our enjoyment of his poetry. The beauty and value of his ideals, whatever they may be, are (so to say) absolute ; they cannot be tarnished or diminished by any errors or failures in his life. Just as we can be satisfied by the glow of a planet without knowing whether it is or is not inhabited, so we can fully enjoy and even understand Shelley without knowing anything about his life or character.

How is it with Sir Walter Scott in this respect ?

His poems and novels, if you take them together, are probably more fit to stand alone, more absolute, than the work of Johnson or Byron, and it is certainly not because both or either are feeble or unsatisfying that I invite you to consider the man, as well as the poet and novelist. But I think that, on the whole, Scott is, in this respect, with Johnson and Byron rather than with Shakespeare and Shelley. As Johnson needs Boswell, so does Scott need Lockhart. He needs him because he was greater and better than any of his writings, or all of them put together, great and good as they are. He needs him because he did a great deal of his work carelessly and lavishly, and a good deal of it conventionally. We feel the limitations and imperfections of some of it ; and yet so abundant is it, so great is it as a whole, and so supremely excellent is much of it, that we eagerly inquire what manner of man was he who had so vast an output, and attained so high an average level. And when we come face to face with the man, in Lockhart or elsewhere, we fall in love at once, and we understand the wonder as we could not have understood it otherwise. We find a man who would have been large and lovable and worth many lectures if he had not published a single line—an epoch-making man, simply as a social force and an intellectual light, as a lover of his country, a friend of mankind, a man of sweet temper, and splendid heroism. Not till we know Scott in his life and surroundings are we worthy to appraise his work. We must breathe his atmosphere, move in his circle, wonder at, love and pity him, if we are to do him justice, even as a man of letters. We can never be content with the mere books he wrote, but must ejaculate with Tennyson :—

O great and gallant Scott,
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone,
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known.

The questions are often raised whether Scott is as popular as he used to be ; whether his fame is lessening ; whether our boys and girls enjoy reading him as much as we ourselves and our fathers did, and so on. Such questions, I think, need not detain us. In the judgment of our best critics, Scott, as a novelist and general literary force, stands, I believe, much where he has always stood. There has been, no doubt, of recent years, a reaction against what is called Romanticism ; and Scott, as we shall see presently, was an apostle of Romanticism. But that reaction, though it may make us more critical of Scott, does not necessarily lessen our admiration or enjoyment, for we can heartily admire and enjoy that of which we realise the limitations. As for our boys and girls, if they don't care for Scott as we and our fathers did the worse for them, and the sooner they are taught to improve their taste the better. It was not for boys and girls, after all, that Scott wrote.

Yet, if, in any quarter, Scott is inadequately appreciated, it may be because he is not always studied *as a whole*, in his personality and life as well as in his writings. The object of this lecture is not to deal with any of Scott's work in detail, but to plead for this completeness of survey and suggest the lines on which it may be made.

What, let us first ask, was Scott's achievement as a whole ? It is not an easy question to answer : for Scott's literary output was much larger than many of us habitually remember. We are apt to think of him only as the author of the Waverley Novels and of a considerable body of poetry. But he was much more ; he was an eminent archaeologist, a great editor, a great force in periodical literature, an industrious and effective historian ; for if we no longer read his *Life of Napoleon*, the *Tales of a Grandfather* will never die, or be superseded by any other juvenile history of Scotland. The great editions of Dryden

and Swift were taken more seriously by Scott than his novels and poems, and they are as good in their way as the best of them are. The *Edinburgh Review*, one of the great landmarks of British literary history, owed a great deal to Scott's energy and industry in its best days; and still more did the *Quarterly*, which he was largely responsible for founding in opposition to it. All this has to be remembered when we are considering what Scott did in his day and generation. But his greatest, his most characteristic achievement was something different, something more definite and remarkable. What was it?

I think it was this. Scott gave himself, heart and soul, to the great Romantic movement of his time, and helped it, and swelled its volume in every way possible to him. And he did so chiefly (though not exclusively) by idealizing Scotland in certain aspects and at certain moments of her history. Those two things, Scott's *Romanticism* and his *Scotticism*, explain him and his work better than anything else.

Before all things, Sir Walter was a Scotsman. His father, an Edinburgh lawyer, was of an old Border family, counting kinship with the Dukes of Buccleuch, and, as squires or farmers, playing a notable part in Southern Scotland for generations. His mother, of equally unmixed Scottish blood, the daughter of an Edinburgh medical Professor, belonged to a family 'which,' in her son's own words, 'for antiquity and honourable alliance, might rank with any in Britain.' His whole life, save for brief visits to England and the Continent, and the sad last journey abroad when death was on him, was spent north of Tweed and Solway. And we must remember that those were all days before railways, when being a Scotsman meant something much more definite and distinctive, with harder outlines, and stronger accent, than it does now. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Sir Walter's training, that his father had removed from the Southern Uplands and made himself into a rather prim and

rigid Calvinistic Edinburgh lawyer, domiciled in the prim and rigid George's-square, on the south side of the town. Edinburgh did not, even then, concentrate all Scotland in itself as Paris did France ; but, all through Scott's life-time, it was a place of strong force and brilliant light, as well as of enchanting beauty, and it was well that the great brain and voice of Scotland should draw a native's inspiration from the dreamlike city and its surroundings.

It was of his childhood's home that Scott was thinking when he sang :

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud,
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays
And as each heathy top they kiss'd
It gleamed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick Law ;
And broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,

Cried, 'Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land' !

But while we rejoice that Scott was of Edinburgh, born and bred there, we must equally rejoice that so much of his sensitive childhood was passed among the hills and waters of his ancestral land, for there was his truest Parnassus. Some kind of illness at the age of 18 months made him lame for life ; and he was sent at intervals to recruit and be 'cured' at his grandfather's farm, Sandy Knowe, not far from Selkirk. Here, among the sheep on the green hills, he had his first consciousness of existence ; and here, in later years, he became a poet, his own words will tell us how :

Then rise those crags, that mountain tower
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale,
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed ;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and pure blue heaven.

His double town-and-country Scotticism Scott maintained through his life. He was an Edinburgh man to the last ; educated at High School and University ; a practising barrister in the Parliament House ; Clerk of the Court of Session ; familiar and beloved as he limped along Princes Street day by day leaning on his stout stick ; dweller in Castle Street half the year, the very centre and sun of the brilliant Edinburgh of that period. And yet again, for the rest of the year, he was the south-country man, Sheriff of Selkirkshire, dweller at Ashestiel on the Tweed, laird of Abbotsford ; making 'raids into Liddesdale' ; collecting legends, making ballads,

Murmuring, by the running brooks,
A music sweeter than their own,

identifying himself with, and giving a living spirit to, half dead traditions and lovely names and places that without him would have been unmeaning and unknown. And it is in no trim Edinburgh church or cemetery but among his green hills and by his storied river, in the ruined Abbey of Dryburgh, that he sleeps his last sleep.

‘Far and away the King of the Romantics,’ R. L. Stevenson called Scott; and, indeed, next in importance to his Scotticism is the Romanticism. Nor can the two really be separated. For, though Scott’s appetite for Romance was literary and world-wide, though he fed it from Horace Walpole and Ariosto and Spenser and the Balladists and even the Germans, the best part of his own romantic work was his idealistic exposition, so to call it, of certain phases of Scotland and Scottish life, as he knew them at first hand. In germ, Scott’s Romanticism is all those lines from *Marmion* which I have quoted. Here, at least, are three of the chief features of Romanticism—its delight in natural beauty; its passion for the remote and stirring, for feudalism and chivalry, with their colour and movement, and their clash and clang of arms; its recovery of lyrical spontaneity in verse. Those three things, with one other, in different proportions, and with differing manifestations, were the central signs of the Romantic Revival—as it has come to be called—to which so many writers, English and Scottish and Irish, in prose and in verse, contributed. The other thing at which I hinted is the note of passion in love-poetry: a note which, on the whole, I think, we miss in Scott, whether in prose or verse. But if Scott did not give us this ingredient of Romanticism, may I not claim that Scotland did? For where will you find it more unmistakable, more perfect, than in the songs of Burns, Scott’s senior by just twelve years? Between them, are not Burns and Scott responsible for, say, a good half of the Romantic Revival, thus dividing the

honours with Cowper, Blake, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley?

If, for the moment, we put out of view Scott's contributions to general literature, and think of him only as poet and novelist, we find 1814 to be the dividing-line of his too short life of 61 years. It was by no means the middle line chronologically; for he was 43 in 1814, and had only 19 more years to live. But it was the year of the publication of *Waverley*. Up to that year, Scott had been popular and famous only as a poet. By the time he published *Waverley* he had considerably exhausted his poetic vein, and he composed no poetry of the first class after it except the songs—many of them, indeed, among his best work—which occur in the novels.

The Ballad, and especially the Border Ballad—that fascinating blend of the narrative and the lyrical with its nameless origin and its other-world atmosphere—was the source of Scott's poetry. The tale-telling instinct, as such, had been strong in him from the days when as a schoolboy, at Luckie Brown's fire-side, in winter play-hours, he would gather round him an admiring audience; 'and happy was he who could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator.' But two definite impulses brought him as a poet before the world.

One is of great interest in international literary history. In 1788, when Scott was just 17, he heard Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, read a paper on German literature to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. 'The literary persons of Edinburgh,' Scott tells us, were 'then first made aware of the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English . . . they learned at the same time that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their language . . . Their fictitious narrations, their ballad poetry, and other branches of their literature, which are particularly apt to bear the stamp of the

extravagant and the supernatural, began also to occupy the attention of the British *liverati*.' Such is Scott's own account of the matter. In other words, early in the history of Romanticism, the powerful German tributary-stream, which was to carry through the world Goethe's early work and Schiller's, and Jean Paul and Novalis, and so much that Carlyle at a later stage was to make known to English readers, touched Edinburgh with its waters, and Scott felt its power. A class of his friends was formed, just after he was called to the Bar, for the study of the German language and literature. In 1794 he came across Bürger's *Lenore*, a genuine product of the new German Romanticism, and he was so delighted with it, that he began to translate it the same night after supper, sitting up until he finished it, and getting no sleep when at last he went to bed. This translation was Scott's first essay in pure literature. When the lady who had introduced him to *Lenore* read his version, she said: 'Upon my word, Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray.' Another friend, who heard Scott read it aloud 'in a very clear and solemn tone,' tells us how he exclaimed, 'I wish to Heaven I could get a skull and two cross-bones!' His friend having pointed out that they might be procured at a surgeon's, they made an expedition thither, and the young poet 'selected a handsome skull and cross-bones, and wrapping them in his handkerchief, carried the formidable bundle home to George's Square.' Such is Romanticism.

The other impulse which determined Scott to be a poet was of the same kind, but more definite, viz., the traditions and ballads of the Scottish border. Scott had begun to absorb these almost from the dawn of his consciousness, but it was during certain journeys into the wild valleys of Liddesdale and Hermitage, from 1792 onwards, that Scott set himself to collect ballads which had been handed down

orally among the inhabitants of those remote regions. All this, so far, was but the occasional amusement of a jolly and sociable young Edinburgh advocate. Nothing could be more unlike the demeanour of an archæological student than the picture of Scott during those 'raids into Liddesdale,' jollifying at the farmhouses, hob-nobbing with the Dandie Dinmonts, and taking the heart of every dog and man—' *beast and bodie* '—he came across.

The results of Scott's researches, in Liddesdale and elsewhere, were given to the world, just after the nineteenth century began, as the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a great collection of ballads, traditional and imitated, enriched with learned and delightful notes. Scott had found his power in narrative; he had found flowing and delightful metres in which to narrate, and he had tapped a rich mine of history and legend from which to draw his themes. He must, he now felt, do more than translate or recover and edit ballads, sometimes adding one of his own composition. He must take a Border legend and make a long narrative poem of it, a poem which should suffuse the old places with a new light, and make the old stories thrill afresh. And so came to birth the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, published in 1805, though he had been engaged on it for several years. He had been a married man since 1797, having fallen in love with at first sight, and promptly married, one Charlotte Carpenter or Charpentier, the daughter of a French refugee, whom he saw on a holiday visit to Gilsland Spa, in Cumberland. He was getting on well in his profession, was since 1799 Sheriff of Selkirkshire, and lived first in a cottage at Lasswade, then at the holding of Ashestiel on the Tweed. He was fast making congenial and distinguished friends, not only in the Edinburgh legal and literary worlds, not only in the length and breadth of Scotland, but in London and England as well.

The *Lay* made Scott into a famous poet at once.

It was as much appreciated in London as in Edinburgh. Pitt and Fox, both to die in the following year, were delighted with it. The hour had come, as well as the man, for the reading public, tired of plays and didactics and satire, and not yet feeling the fierce thirst for novels, were in the mood for reading long narrative poems. We are no longer in the same mood, perhaps, but . . . we can still feel, with spontaneous appreciation, what is perhaps the best, the immortal thing, in the poem—its idealisation of homely Scottish landscape. This is Scott's true wizardry—to have brooded over a small corner of a small country, and to have so lit up its features, and so rekindled its traditions that its very names have a magic, and a glory which we are sure will never fail, and whose renown is indistinguishable from his. Take a map and look at what we can only call the 'Scott country' . . . and then think how the glamour and the sunlight would die out of it, if we could fancy that there never had been a Walter Scott or even a *Lay of the Last Minstrel*! . . . Scott seemed to himself, probably—as, perhaps, Shakespeare did—much more a sensible and useful fellow than a spirit borne towards the empyrean on wings of genius . . . There can be no doubt that Scott was a greater poet than, so to say, he meant to be. He meant to revive the past, and to describe remote scenery in narrative verse, in order that his contemporaries might know what it was like; and he succeeded. But he probably did not know that his deepest note was lyrical, and that he sounded it best when he could have had no wish to add to knowledge.

In spite of his romantic enthusiasm, Scott insisted on taking a businesslike and somewhat prosaic view of the literary profession. He had hardly any literary self-esteem, he did not think highly of his poetry, and when he considered that Byron had outdone him in his chosen style, he yielded without a murmur or a trace of bitterness. When the laureateship fell

vacant, he would much rather Southey had it than that he should have it himself . . . A great deal of his editorial work was undertaken to keep the Ballantynes, in whose printing-house he was, alas ! financially interested.

When Scott turned aside from verse to prose fiction, and began the marvellous *Waverley* Novels, the businesslike and utilitarian view of things was much in evidence. His motive in writing novels was, so he said, the same as his ostensible motive in writing poems. He wanted to instruct and amuse by reviving Scottish scenes and manners . . . He was, first of all, to take nearly the whole of Scotland for his province . . . The region from Forth to Tay, and then along and beyond Tay to the wild recesses of the Grampians, Scott quickly made his own, and gave it the unearthly light he had already shed on the Southern Uplands and the Borders . . . If Scott wanted to do a good turn to the Highlands he succeeded. As soon as *The Lady of the Lake* came out, it is amusing to read of its power as a financial asset. 'The whole country,' Lockhart reports, 'rang with the praises of the poet ; crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown, and, as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors.'

In *Waverley*, Scott fixed on the contrast between Highlands and Lowlands, and intensified it by the contrasts between English and Scottish, Jacobite and Hanoverian. It is by no means Scott's best novel . . . and yet it is Scott all over. We find in it little what he afterwards was to show in large. We have the picture of things as they were 'sixty years since,' the description of scenery, the humorous treatment of character, the sense of the picturesque, the impartiality in controversial matters. We find, too, the limitations which are so distressing to our

boys and girls ; descriptions and disquisitions a little too long ; too much reliance on oddity, whether in character or information ; above all, a tendency to make pasteboard heroes and heroines, and conventional love stories. Of his weakness in the making of heroes Scott was quite well aware, and on Edward Waverley he was harder than his readers probably would be.

The Waverley Novels are material for a lifetime, and we think of them — exactly as Scott, with his long affectation of anonymity, did not want them thought of—as the work of a man whom we know and love on other grounds. I think we shall misunderstand them if we regard them as links in the development of the English novel . . . The Waverley Novels, with their rapid workmanship, their abundance, their fluency, their variety, their uniformity (on the whole) of merit, are a portent, a literature in themselves : something standing alone, and high above the reach of detailed criticism—the work, half careless, half inspired, of a giant at play . . . They are not exactly what we have learned to call criticism of life, nor exactly what we now worship as realism. They are not products of the comic spirit, as George Meredith understood it ; they insinuate neither optimism nor pessimism. We must go to them for romance, for the romance of the ‘ King of Romantics ’ ; for the charm of the past, as past, and of the distant, as distant ; for the din of ‘ battles long ago ’ ; for the vision of what lies beyond the range of our jaded eyesight ; for an august panorama of ‘ the wise and the bold ’ ; for a splendid and almost inexhaustible scenery of human actions on the grand scale . . . We acquiesce when Scott says that he ‘ could not make ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting ’ as Jane Austen could, but let us never forget that he could make most things which he touched not only interesting but enchanting, except his heroes and his heroines, and their wooings and weddings.

From the appearance of *Waverley*, in 1814, to that of *Count Robert* and *Castle Dangerous*, in 1831, the great stream of the Waverleys rolled on . . . The publication of *Ivanhoe*, in 1819, marks a kind of dividing line which corresponds with a certain change in Scott's artistic aims. Up to *Ivanhoe*, the novels were, without exception, what it was the fashion to call them—Scotch novels . . . With *Ivanhoe* Scott shot forth into the wider waters of universal Romance. True, he had much work still to do on the old lines. . . . but in such splendid excursions as he makes into England and abroad, in *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, and *The Talisman* (to mention no others), Scott proves himself a citizen of the wide romantic world, that knows no bounds but eternity, and the infinity of space.

Excellent and delightful, however, as is Scott's poetry and great (for surely we need not grudge the word) as are the Waverley Novels, it is to Scott himself that we must return, and to him, as we can get at him across the years, we must bid farewell. All through the epoch of the Waverleys, Scott was leading his double Edinburgh and Tweedside life, much of it a life of happiness and sociability and success, over which, however, dark clouds soon began to roll up. In 1812 Scott moved from Ashestiel to Abbotsford . . . There are no more delightful chapters in literary and social biography than those furnished by Scott at Abbotsford, planning his house, planting his woods, hunting, coursing, rejoicing with his guests. If, in the light of after events, we grudge all this, it is only because we know that Scott was spending too lavishly, not only his money, but himself . . . Two phases of Scott's life stand out before the fateful years 1825-6. One shows us Scott, the literary king, at Abbotsford and in Edinburgh. This phase is all bright and shining. I cannot show it here, in my narrow limits; I can only refer you to Lockhart's delightful chapters about it. If Scott was not liter-

ary king in Britain, in those years, who was? . . . The other phase is mostly in shadow. Part of Scott's early schooling was at Kelso, and there he took a fancy to a clever boy called James Ballantyne, who became a successful printer, first at Kelso, and then at Edinburgh. Scott entrusted to him the printing of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and then of his subsequent works. Ballantyne had an equally clever brother, who took to publishing, and, in what proved to be an evil moment for Scott, he linked his business fortunes with those of the Ballantynes . . . I cannot here go into the particulars of Scott's financial troubles. It is enough to remind you that first with the Ballantynes, as printers, and then with the Constables, as publishers, Scott involved himself more and more deeply, trading more and more recklessly on his marvellous success and industry: building edifices, financial and literary, in the air; and mortgaging heavily, not only material resources, but failing powers of nerve, and brain, and body . . . in order to keep printing presses at work, and himself from bankruptcy. There is no sadder paradox in literary history than Walter Scott, in one aspect king of British literature, and in the other the bond slave of an Edinburgh publisher.

Scott's health, too, was something of a paradox. He had a tall, burly frame, and what he himself boasted of as a strong, sound constitution. He was able to work hard, and to 'live well,' in the somewhat convivial sense of that phrase. And yet he suffered much from the 'vile body.' . . . We need not dwell on the details of Scott's bodily failure any more than on those of his financial breakdown. Yet both must be realised and kept in mind if we are to appreciate Scott, the man: for it was in conflict with the two dire phantoms, ruin and disease, that Scott won his finest immortality. Scott's poetry we know, and his novels, and many of us, at least, know from experience that Lockhart's life of him is one of the classics of

our language, and one of the most delightful books in the world. But I doubt whether most of us yet realise what we possess in that wonderful *Journal of Sir Walter Scott from 1825—1832*, which was not published in its completeness until 1890. The years 1825 and 1826—so soon after the climax of his brilliant fame—were years when the shadows began to gather heavily. And at that very moment the spirit moved Scott to begin to keep a full daily record of his life, and thoughts, and hopes, and fears . . . let no one presume to think he can appreciate Scott without living in that book for a while, without feeling to the quick its poignant sadness, and doing fit homage to the nobleness of soul it reveals.

The external facts of the last seven years of Scott's life are fairly well known. In December, 1825 (in the middle of *Woodstock* and the *Life of Napoleon*), after many warnings, the financial crash came. 'Ballantyne called on me this morning . . . My extremity is come.' And then the reflection, so characteristic, so calm, so unanswerable, when prudential criticism has done its worst: 'I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intention, and my real wish to do good to the poor.' In the spring of 1826 came another stroke, the death of his faithful wife . . . The chief pathos of the *Journal* is in its sunshine. In spite of complications of painful disease, in spite of stroke on stroke of apoplexy, in spite of the galling misery of extrication from financial ruin, Scott lived on, worked on, without a murmur, without an inactive or embittered hour. He still worked hard for the publishers through whom he had suffered, and for the world which he was to delight for ever; he was able, mercifully, to keep Abbotsford, and to be sociable and hospitable still. He was able even to get some sunny pleasure out of the last winter abroad,

before the fatal stroke came in the Low Countries, on his way home.

It has been my object to induce you to think of the man Walter Scott, who was also a writer. When we think of a great man so, it is in moral, rather than intellectual terms, that we construe him. Now, in his poetry and novels, Scott was one of the most objective of writers. It was the world, the romantic and picturesque world, that interested him, and he was content to show it, rather than himself, and in his social life it was as the conversationalist, the humorous *raconteur*, the master of curious literary and archæological anecdote, the organiser of sport, that he chiefly shone. Yet we know that in spite of weaknesses, and occasional softness where there should have been bed-rock, Scott was as good as he was great, and that his greatness was an expression of his goodness. In his *Journal*, much more than in any letters, he gives us glimpses of the inner man, some of which, perhaps, surprise us . . . Self-conquest, without boasting and without much pain ; personal desire sacrificed for the sake of others ; resolution to see the best and make the best, and power to yield and enchant where the best fell short ; large-hearted courage to try, and strong-willed resolve not to be beaten if possible, and not to be daunted if one is—such were some of the morals of Sir Walter Scott. Would they were those of us all !

And let us not dare to say that Scott had no religion. He was not a religious enthusiast : it was not the fashion in his day. But he was a devout believer in God and in a future life ; he was a faithful, if not a zealous professor of the Christian faith. Of all the stories of his death-bed, the least known, perhaps, are two ; how he said, when Lockhart asked from what book he would be read aloud to : ‘ Need you ask ? There is but one.’ And again, how, four days before the end, he summoned Lockhart to his

bedside, his eye momentarily clear and calm, and said : ' Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' The dignity and self-restraint of his version of the Dies Irae with the tender appeal of the last two lines, will testify to the simplicity and strength of his Faith—

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

And so we take leave of our ' Great and Gallant Scott,' murmuring to ourselves, perhaps :

He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

Or we remember his uncle's words to him :—' God bless thee, Walter, my man ; thou mayst be great, but thou wast always good.' Or perhaps, I, remembering only for the moment that Scott's nationality is my own, may adopt words of Thomas Carlyle's : ' Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotsmen, take our proud and sad farewell.'

KEATS'S EPITHETS

IT would be waste of time to insist on the importance of epithets in the mechanism, or, rather, the living tissue, of poetic expressions. Yet, before we scrutinize the epithets of one particular poet, we may do well to remind ourselves of the nature of epithets in general, and of one at least of the causes of their importance.

According to the *New English Dictionary*, an epithet is 'an adjective indicating some quality or attribute which the speaker or writer regards as characteristic of the person or thing described.' The poet, therefore (we are here concerned with poetry only), when he uses an epithet, is choosing, out of an indefinite number of qualities which may be affirmed of somebody or something, that one which is, in his judgement, and relatively to the purpose with which he is characterizing, characteristic of the person or thing. Such right of choice confers very large, and often arbitrary, powers. A characteristic, an essential, is often some quality which the poet seems to discover, and to announce for the first time. Many epithets are revelations, revelations made by imagination to educated sensibility, and at first, it may be, surprising or startling to it. It is for the poet to justify himself, and to show that his insight is no freak of individuality, but human and rational.

That Keats's epithets are on the whole remarkable must strike the most superficial reader ; and closer inspection confirms the impression. Further, if we compare them as a whole with those of notably idealistic poets such as Spenser and Shelley, or those of

great masters of verbal choice such as Tennyson and Swinburne, we shall still be struck by Keats's individuality and range. Spenser's epithets (with very few exceptions) are exceptionally simple and obvious. Shelley's are abundant and often remarkable; but he is less a poet of adjectives than Keats. His world is one of incessant movement; he knows nothing of outline; you cannot paint his scenery or mould his figures: *his angels are spirits; his ministers a flame of fire*. In the style of such a poet epithet is subordinate; for the function of epithet is to fix and determine; the quality which I distinguish by an epithet is a *characteristic*, a quality which will stay to be looked at and named, which will tarry the painter's or sculptor's leisure. Tennyson's adjectives, though always showing the utmost felicity of choice and delicacy of insight, are felt as parts in a general harmony of expression rather than as triumphs of vision. The vigour of Swinburne's dynamic, and the restlessness of his movement, prevent him, as they prevent Shelley, from being characteristically a poet of epithets. What an object does is for Swinburne more important than what it is. While, therefore, he scatters adjectives with the profuseness of the confirmed alliterator, he seldom really pauses to characterize vitally; his glory is a glory of line, not of word; he sings rather than paints. His epithets seldom arrest us as Keats's do.

In examining Keats's epithets I intend to take little heed of origin. Neither the suspicion nor the certainty of derivation goes far towards determining the presence or absence of true originality in a poet's work. Originality, like genius itself, is a complex mystery; it is not—we sometimes write and speak as if we thought it was—a pretentious claim to absolute initiation, which can, in most cases, be easily exploded by learned evidence to the contrary. Whatever originality may consist in, it is certainly present when a poet has an individuality so marked

and so pervasive as that of Keats, an individuality sending its living pulse through every fibre of the diction as well as the thought. For such a poet, all words, however often used before, are raw material to be wrought anew. The words may be found elsewhere, but the art is Keats's art; it was never seen before; it will never be seen again. Neither the interest nor the importance of Keats's epithets would be lessened if it could be shown that most or all of them could be found among the Elizabethans or in Leigh Hunt or anywhere else. If Keats has stamped the words, they are henceforth his.

I will attempt to classify Keats's epithets, in order to find out what light they may throw on the working of his imagination. Exigencies of space will compel me to be content with specimens instead of exhaustive lists.

I will first deal briefly with three classes, important on formal grounds.

1. There is the large number ending with what Coleridge called the 'vile and barbarous' *ed*; past participles formed from nouns. Even Coleridge admitted that 'a very peculiar felicity' might excuse this form; and it is certainly one which lends itself to the determining of characteristics. You first mark out and name your quality as a *thing*; and then you stereotype it as a characteristic (for your immediate purpose, as the essential—almost the only—characteristic) by adding two letters. Whatever may be the relative value of the past participle epithet, it is abundant in Keats, and quite as abundant in his mature as in his early work.

2. Cognate with the epithet ending in *ed*, is the epithet ending in *y*. How common this is in Keats his commentators have abundantly shown; and Mr. de Sélincourt has called attention to the fact that epithets with the *y* ending are much more numerous in the early than in the later poems. That Keats often abused both these classes of adjective,

that both abound in poetry of the second rank, and that both are snares to eloquent young poets, is beyond question.

3. There is the compound or hyphenated epithet, which abounds in Keats's poetry, late as well as early. Such epithets are of two sorts, those which are participial, and end in *ed* or *ing* :

Now, tiger-passion'd, lion-thoughted, wroth. (*Hyperion* ii. 68.)

That well-wooing sun. (*Endymion* i. 101) ;

and those which are not, e.g. :

Dew-sweet eglantine. } (*Endymion* iv. 701, 708.)
A taper silver-clear.

Of non-participial hyphenated epithets (which are a small minority) a few end in *y*, e.g. :

From thy sea-foamy cradle. (*Endymion* ii. 701.)

All are efforts of condensation. 'Tiger-passion'd' is short for 'with such passions as those of a tiger' ; 'dew-sweet' is short for 'sweet with dew.' Most are efforts of specification :

The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace,
(*Lamia*, ii. 121.)

(where we seem to be told that the grace of the room depended not only on its having arches but wide arches) ; some, like 'tiger-passion'd,' are condensed similes.

The ease with which, given some verbal ingenuity, compound epithets can be made up, gives them a comparatively low value in poetry. Condensation, if it involves any impatience of beautiful and lucid detail, is more of a vice than a virtue in poetry. It seems certainly true that Keats, for so great an artist, with such a vision and such a vocabulary, was too fond of the hyphen, and the short cuts and often cheap ingenuities to which it lends itself. Yet there are compounds and compounds, and we must not carelessly lump them together in our estimate of Keats's epithets.

We come now to classes which are more important.

1. The first I will call *neological* or *quasi-neological*. This class includes those adjectives which Keats seems to have actually coined; those which, though used before, have been used so seldom that Keats's use constitutes their practical literary origination; and those to which, though well-known, he has attached a special signification. The neological tendency is very marked throughout Keats's vocabulary, and its results are of various merit. Many adjectives ending in *ed* and *y*—e.g. 'lavendered,' 'mouthed,' 'pipy,' 'rooty,' 'sluicy'—are but a more or less endurable poetic slang, set on foot or kept going by an adventurous individual. But it is far otherwise with others which Keats seems to have either invented, or picked up in desultory reading, or honoured with a meaning and context of his own. A large number of these are striking efforts of fancy or imagination, expressing efforts to escape from verbal platitude or routine, and to characterize afresh, with a beauty-seeking instinct. Take, for instance, the word *pettish*¹ (common enough in non-poetic contexts), used by Keats for the first time to characterize (what we know he felt so vividly) the close neighbourhood and shifting boundaries of pleasure and pain. By calling these boundaries 'pettish,' the poet gives us, in one word, the philosophy of his *Ode on Melancholy*. The value of *slabbed* and *throated*² depends on the value of the first syllables. In both cases the poet wishes to give emphatic or intense characterisation of the object. In the first he wishes to characterize marble steps, and to do so (as the whole context shows) with an artistic realization of marble so intense as makes the word *marble* itself, e.g. (with which

¹ Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain,
To unperplex bliss from its neighbour pain,
Define their pettish limits. (*Lamia*, i. 192).

² Phosphor glow
Reflected in the slabbed steps below. (*Ibid.* 381).
The thrush
Began, calm-throated. (*Hyperion*, iii. 38.)

as an adjective, many poets would have been content in the circumstances) wholly inadequate. By choosing (or rather inventing) the word 'slabbed,' he tells us that the steps were of marble, not as a mineralogical or architectural fact, but as a pictorial revelation, which the following lines amplify. Similarly, in the second instance, and in the 'full-throated ease' in which the nightingale sang of summer, the syllable *throat* gives emphasis to that which the poet wished to express, namely, the singing (and nothing else) of the bird. Both may therefore be pronounced free from the laziness or vulgarity so often discernible in *ed* epithets.

It is difficult to like or to praise *soft-conchèd*¹; it is not euphonious, and the hardness of 'conchèd' seems to be made worse rather than better by the softness of 'soft.' Its best defence is one that must be set up for many of Keats's words, that it is an attempt to stereotype with vivid clearness and yet without commonplace, an artistically beautiful object.

Pictorial intensity explains the application of *globèd* to the peony.² Its application to brain, in a line from the *Fall of Hyperion*³, is not quite clear. Moneta, who is suffering infinite anguish because of the overthrow of the Titans, feels and shows her pain chiefly in the aspect of her head and face; the poet, looking at her, looks to see

What high tragedy
In the dark secret chambers of her skull
Was acting.

'But for her eyes,' he says, 'I should have fled away'; and even her eyes had but a 'blank splendour.'

¹ Pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conchèd ear.

(*Ode to Psyche*, 4.)

² . . . on the rainbow of the salt sand-waves,
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies.

(*Ode on Melancholy*, v. 2.)

³ The scenes
Still swooning through my globèd brain.

(*Fall of Hyperion*, 245.)

Moneta herself refers to her cerebral suffering with physical intensity. She could not rid her brain of what she had seen ; she felt it, in fact, as a kind of circular chamber round which fearful images moved in endless recurrence and with the swift intensity of lightning. They were

Scenes

Still swooning vivid through my globèd brain
With an electral changing misery.

Vineyarded, in the context in which it occurs,¹ is very characteristic of Keats's pictorial imagination. The whole stanza expresses in a series of far-fetched (in the best sense) similes the inmost essence of unscrupulous self-regarding commercialism, the very heart of 'ledger-men.' The poet compares the two Florentines to Jews ; the image of Jews suggests the image of the Bible ; and then comes the image of the vineyard—one of the chief forms of wealth familiar to Bible-characters and Bible-readers. And so he is not content with imagining the Florentines as Jews ; anybody might do that. He sees them and their riches as a vineyard, fenced not only against theft but vision ; and what he sees he conveys suggestively in one word.

Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies.

Disanointing, applied to an oil poured by Fate on the head of the overthrown Saturn ('disanointing poison'),² expresses, with an imaginative force much helped by the rarity of the word, the completeness of the overthrow and the utter reversal of greatness.

The two adjectives *piazzian* and *psalterian*, both of which seem to have been coined by Keats, are characteristic of one phase of his fancy, which he shares with other romantic poets—a fondness for objects merely because they are far-fetched. The commonplace Italian word *piazza* has had this kind of attraction for English speech, and has been pressed

¹ *Isabella*, 17.

² *Hyperion*, ii. 98.

into connexions alien from its native use. We must admit that Keats's 'piazzian,' applied to Mulciber's columns,

Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line,¹

sounds and looks worse than even 'piazza' in American or English prose. The meaning of *psalterian* is doubtful: is it with a sound like that of a psaltery, or with the solemnity of a psalm? In either case, it is made the climax of a very vivid characterization:

Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.²

It is the oath of an amorous god that is characterized: and we hear in the whole line an attempt to blend the two ideas of human passion and divinity; the first two epithets expressing the former; 'devout' marking a kind of transition; and the last, whatever its exact meaning, raising the whole to a superhuman level.

We must not fail to notice, among Keats's quasi-neologisms, the use, apparently unique, of *gaunt* to express an aspect of colour or light. Among the portents ushering in Endymion's vision of Circe:

Groanings swell'd
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew
The nearer I approach'd a flame's gaunt blue,
That glar'd before me through a thorny brake.³

Here 'gaunt' would seem to be quite indefinitely suggestive, and to mean, perhaps, ghastly or weird. 'Blue' itself, in the same phrase, is not wholly unambiguous. Does it mean blue in the ordinary sense, or in the sense (of tone rather than colour, cf. Scots *blae* and see *New English Dictionary*) in which it is used, e.g. by Shakespeare: 'The lights burn blue' (*Richard III.*, V. iii. 180); by Carlyle in his description of the battle of Dunbar: 'The moon gleams

¹ *Lamia*, i. 212.

² *Ibid.*, i. 114.

³ *Endymion*, iii. 493-5.

out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds'; or
by Shelley:

The cold white light of morning, the blue moon
Low in the west? (*Alastor.*)

2. Next, I notice a small group of adjectives, so frequently and significantly used by Keats and so characteristic of him, that they may be called *favourite* epithets. Of these perhaps the greatest favourites are *cold* and *pale*. Here one can give only a few salient instances, which are no index of numerical frequency.

Cold is used very often, and almost always with something more than its primary literal meaning.

There is the childishly pretty line:

The stars look very cold about the sky. r

In a stanza of the great lyric in *Endymion*, *cold* and *pale* work together for a superb effect of romantic beauty :

O sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among ?

In the same lyric mushrooms are called *cold*, to express abstinence in contradistinction to vinous indulgence.²

Curiously enough, the feeling of low temperature, which is so marvellously conveyed in the *Eve of St. Agnes*, is not once expressed by the word 'cold.' Cold is, however, once used figuratively, with deep suggestiveness :—

he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.³

¹ From Sonnet beginning :

Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there.

2 For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;
For wine we left our heath and yellow brooms,
And cold mushrooms.

3 Eve of St. Agnes, 15.

Here the word emphasizes by contrast the warmth of actual passion. Madeline was no nun : the legends in whose lap she slept were amorous legends, and she was on the outlook for a lover. But it was all in the ideal ; and Porphyro's heart was astir with a most actual passion.

We cannot forget how, in *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, the epithet seems to gather up the whole atmosphere of the poem, physical and spiritual, in itself :—

And then she lulled me asleep
And there I dreamed—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dreams I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.¹

Pale is, perhaps, the prime favourite among the epithets of Keats. It is with him a late rather than an early word. In *Lamia* it gives tenderness to a beautiful phrase about the nymph beloved of Hermes harassed by her many suitors :

Pale grew her immortality, for woe
Of all these lovers.

It is an intimate word in the expression of passion.² As such, and also as an epithet of moonlit colour, it is one of the keywords of the *Eve of St. Agnes*. But, in Keats's use, the epithet has its apotheosis in *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. Who could ever forget the effect of the adverb in the second line :

Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and *palely* loitering ?

In the awful tenth stanza, the stanza of climax, the adjective seems to monopolize the expression :

¹ The correlative characteristic of warmth is, naturally, much insisted on by Keats as epithet-giver.

² *Lamia*, i. 145, 289.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;
 They cried—La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall !

Akin to pale in its beautiful vagueness is 'wan,' with its humming sound. This, too, may be classed as one of Keats's favourites.¹

Lush, as characterizing vegetation, is a favourite in Keats's early work. The origin of the word is clear, but its meaning is not without dubiety. It is mainly an Elizabethan word. Shakespeare uses it once in *The Tempest*, where (II. i. 50) Gonzalo exclaims :

How lush and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

Here it is explained (Caxton Shakespeare) as 'succulent, juicy, luxuriant.'

Keats seized on the word and introduced it into modern poetry. Though in its extra-poetic use it probably, like 'lash,' means only flaccid and watery, Keats's instinct divined the onomatopoetic value of the *sh* sound for expressing a combination of luxuriance and moisture. Woodhouse has suggested that lush means dark-coloured ; but no context really bears this out.² In Keats's later and greater work the word is not to be found.

The last favourite I mention here is *rich*. It does not occur often, but when it does it is instinct with character and significance. By four uses³ Keats has done as much as any modern poet (and many modern poets, e.g., Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, have done a great deal) to make the suggestiveness of the epithet noble and imaginative.

The most striking use is in the *Ode to a Nightingale* :

¹ See *Endymion*, iii. 82, 506 ; 'wannish' (cf. Tennyson, *Maud*, Pt. I., vi. 1) *Lamia*, i. 57 *Isabella*, 55. *Hyperion*, ii. 113-14.

² 'I stood tip-toe,' 17. *Sonnet to T. Wells*, 3. *Endymion*, i. 46, 631, 941 ; ii. 53.

³ *Endymion*, ii. 316. *Eve of St. Agnes*, v. *Ode to a Nightingale*, vi. *Ode on Melancholy*, ii.

Now, more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !

The suggestion here is purely pagan ; the rich death is not that of the Christian or other believer in a life beyond ; it is a mere falling asleep into oblivion, even of the beauty which makes the oblivion desired :

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod !

' Rich ' is fitting in the context of the Ode, because the whole poem expresses sensational fullness, dependent on the moonlight and bird-music, in contrast with the meagre attenuation of daylight experience without illusions. Better infinitely to die into nothingness (the poet implies) while this fullness is felt, than to be called back, when *forlorn* ! is struck upon the bell, to the poor life of to-morrow on which the sun shines.

3. I notice, thirdly, the very large and important class of epithets which may be called *figurative*. The majority of Keats's adjectives are of this class. With him the literal descriptive epithet (good enough for Homer, Spenser, Landor, Matthew Arnold) is comparatively rare ; and, when it does occur, it is sometimes rather commonplace and conventional. It was not one of Keats's gifts to be able to feel and convey the poetry of common life in this sense—the infinity in characteristics expressed by common, though beautiful, literal words. His imagination worked by comparison rather than penetration.

Among Keats's figurative epithets the place of honour should probably be given to the rare and wonderful prolepsis in *Isabella* (27) :

So the two brothers and their *murdered* man
 Rode past fair Florence.

Such dramatic intensity is hardly characteristic.

The simile-like or metaphorical epithet ('star-like eyes,' 'craggy brow') is too near literality to be favoured by Keats; indeed, I doubt whether, in its purity, it occurs anywhere in his poems. *Starlight*, in 'the starlight hand of Hebe' (*Endymion*, iv. 421), just escapes being a pure simile-epithet. As indicating a celestial tincture, it is almost as literal as *moonlight* in 'the little moonlight room' of the *Eve of St. Agnes*. The hand of the divine cup-bearer is made of starlight, or lit by stars, rather than of the colour of stars.

The paradoxical epithet is rare: Keats is not a poet of paradox, nor does he aim at succeeding by surprise. A strong exceptional instance is the *aching pleasure* of the *Ode on Melancholy*. In the expression *sweet-shaped lightnings*¹ there is, no doubt, a paradoxical element; for sweetness is a quality one would hardly attribute to the most harmless summer lightning. But Keats probably did not *intend* paradox; the whole passage is a rendering of the inexpressible glories of sunrise, and lightnings are thought of, not as electricity, but as flashes or gleamings of mere light.

Nor does the epithet of personification play—quantitatively, at least—a much larger part, though instances of it are remarkable and beautiful. Personification is apt to involve what Ruskin called 'pathetic fallacy'—a phrase not only somewhat unhappy in itself, but misleading, as tending to depreciate not only harmless but noble expressional effects. All symbolism is fallacy, if we choose to call it so. Symbolism or emblem is the noblest motive of personification; and the criterion by which we judge emblematic epithets is not the presence or absence of fallacy, but the fitness of the emblem chosen to receive the attributed qualities. Keats's two finest emblematic epithets are *earnest* and *patient*, applied to the stars, both in *Hyperion*:

¹ *Hyperion*, i. 276.

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
 Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream . . . ; ¹

and :

Hyperion arose, and on the stars
 Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide ;
 And still they were the same bright, patient stars. ²

In such personification there is surely no 'fallacy.' If the stars are to be treated as emblems (and they have been so treated from Genesis onwards) they could hardly be credited with fitter attributes. And neither epithet, it is remarkable, is determined by the context: the stars, the poet makes us feel, are *always* earnest and patient, just as they are always bright.

The largest and most interesting class of Keats's figurative epithets is that which may be called *metonymical* or transferred. Such epithets are a stock-in-trade of versifiers, and are often platitudinous enough. In Keats, the obliquity, the contiguity implied by his epithets of this class, greatly vary. Some of the adjectives are in no way distinguished. *Silver* is sometimes beautifully transferred.³ So fond is Keats of making 'silver' relative to sound, that he uses the very rare adverb *silverly*, which he had already (*Endymion* i. 541) used of the appearance of a stream :

harmonies, stopped short,
 Leave the dinned air vibrating silverly. ⁴

The uses of *gold* and *golden* are more noteworthy. Perhaps the most splendid use of the glorious word gold is in 'gold Hyperion' ⁵, where the monosyllable seems to sum up all the attributes of the God of the

¹ *Hyperion*, i. 74.

² *Ibid.*, i. 353. Cf. 'the most patient brilliance of the moon,' *Ibid.*, iii. 98.

³ *Endymion*, iv. 197. *Hyperion*, ii. 356.

⁴ *Ibid.*, ii. 128.

⁵ *Hyperion*, i. 95.

A shine of hope
Came gold around me. ¹

So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won.

I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave filled it, as my sense was filled
With that new blissful golden melody. 3

the ruddy strife
Of hearts and lips ; 4

Now when the wine has done its rosy deed. 5

Ah, desperate mortal! I ev'n dared to press
Her very cheek against my *crowned* lip ⁶

'Realmless eyes,' in the description of Saturn at the beginning of *Hyperion*,⁷ is one of Keats's most

7 *Hyperion*, i. 19.

impressive metonymies in epithet. The word is of the poet's invention ; and never, surely, was there a more immediately self-justifying neologism. The whole sentence in which it occurs is magnificent, both in melody and harmony. Every epithet deserves careful study ; and no one can fail to notice the effect of 'realmless' (suggested, no doubt, by *unsceptred*) among the others, and the part it plays in expressing the utter abnegation of royalty, the utter depression of power. The boldness of calling eyes realmless is striking. We may take the word as meaning either the opposite of kingly (an epithet which might well be used of eyes), or as suggesting that Saturn's vision had been only for his kingdom, and that, the kingdom gone, there was nothing for the eyes but to close. On either interpretation it is original and charged with significance.

Two more epithets of this kind we may select for notice :

On he flared
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of *fragrant* and enwreathed light. ¹

'Fragrant light' is in strict analogy with the 'embalmed darkness' of the *Ode to a Nightingale*. But what is 'enwreathed light' ? Can light be spoken of literally as either entwined *with* something, or surrounded *by* something as a wreath ? The answer must be that with such a conception of the sun-god and his dwelling as Keats transmits to us here, anything may happen, at all events to and by light. As in earthly bowers wreaths and garlands are of flowers and leaves, so in the heaven of Hyperion they must be light. And the idea of light woven into wreaths is, like 'sweet-shaped lightnings,' the poet's own.

In order to feel the force of Keats's epithets in his poetry we must not be content with considering them singly. Much of their power is in their mere abund-

¹ *Hyperion*, i. 217-19.

ance ; and we shall never realize what Keats could do with adjectives until we hear or see them, so to say, in mass. Every reader knows how much the poet relies on plural effects of epithet—on repetition, multiplication, and accumulation :

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new ;
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed . . . ¹

When the whole stanza is carefully read, it is evident that the sixfold repetition of 'happy' is meant to express, by strong and subtle rhythmical emphasis, the wholesome purity of the emotion portrayed on the urn, in contrast with the inferior emotion of acted experience, the comparative unwholesomeness of which is, in turn, expressed by a little group of noteworthy epithets :

All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart *high-sorrowful* and *cloyed*,
A *burning* forehead and a *parching* tongue.

Multiplied epithets, threefold, fourfold, or more, are common, e.g. :

She took an airy range,
And then towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid—²

where the words express the moodiness and 'infinite variety' of love, especially feminine love.

In the *Eve of St. Agnes* (13) a multiplication (practically fivefold, if not sixfold) makes a carefully com-

¹ *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, 3. Keats evidently loved the reduplication of 'happy' for its sound. Cf.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree ;

and from the *Ode to Psyche* :

The winged boy I knew,
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove ? His Psyche true !

² *Endymion*, i. 635.

plete picture in Keats's most characteristic manner :

He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.

In the line from the *Ode to a Nightingale* (3) :

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last, grey hairs,
the monosyllables follow one another like strokes on
a passing-bell.

No view of Keats's ways with epithets would be complete which left out his effects of accumulation ; his massing of adjectives in a passage, and jewelling it with them. Here, however, it is not necessary to spend time on this aspect of Keats's style, since accumulation is an agency, not of characterization, but of verbal effect in general. It is a decorative or pictorial, rather than an analytic or intellectual agency. In the following stanza, e.g. :

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez ; and spiced dainties every one
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon *

the verbal delight given by the whole is given equally by adjectives and nouns. Characterization is at its minimum of importance ; we accept the attributed qualities, as we accept the dainties, on the poet's word. It is well worth notice, however, that there is in Keats little or none of the verbosity into which lovers of beautiful words, whether in verse or prose, are apt to fall. Even in the early poems, including *Endymion*, the plethora is of images rather than words. And, in the supreme poems, the epithets are often most heavily massed where the interest is spiritual, and the effect is entirely chaste ; e.g., in the lines (one of which has been already quoted) :

* *Eve of St. Agnes*, 30.

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last, grey hairs ;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

We may now register the results we have obtained, and we may best do so by trying to answer the question : What light do Keats's epithets throw on the working of his imagination ; i.e., on his efforts to express the beautiful or powerful truth of things in an interrelated world ?

We may begin by making two negative generalizations.

1. Keats's epithets are collectively novel, striking, and indicative of the most careful verbal option and even invention ; and yet we cannot describe them as making any strong appeal to the imagination. Their suggestiveness is limited ; they arrest, without surprising or puzzling us. Nor are they unfailingly distinguished ; sometimes they are conventional or imitative ; sometimes objectionable to the verge of ugliness. They are the epithets of a great artist, but not of a fastidious or finicking one.

2. They show constant regard for beauty of sound and archaic picturesqueness, yet that is not their chief characteristic. They are not the epithets of a poet much given to alliteration ; they are not otiose, or rhetorical, or (in the invidious sense) 'aesthetic' ; most of them, doubtless, are beautiful for both ear and eye ; but their chief interest lies in their meaning, in their success for characterization.

We come now to what is more positive.

3. Keats's epithets, we cannot fail to see, are statical ; i.e., they characterize objects in repose rather than movement ; they express effects rather than powers. We prepare ourselves for the recognition of this by recognising that Keats's subject-matter, expressed by his nouns, is concrete rather

than abstract. His characteristic themes are, not God, but this god or that god ; not spirit, or nature, or life or death—not even day or night, storm or light, darkness or air ; but men and women and anthropomorphic powers ; the sun and moon and stars ; the leaves and fruits of trees ; scents and jewels, and all that is pleasant to eye, or ear, or nostril, or touch. A world of such things is a world chiefly in repose ; a world not of infinite potentiality and endless process, but of achieved and satisfying results.¹ It follows naturally that Keats's epithets are material and sensuous rather than spiritual. They are epithets of vision, hearing, scent, and touch ; and for the most part, though not invariably, they aim at definite, rather than vague, characterisation, such characterization as satisfies the senses. In the opening stanza of the great *Endymion* lyric ('O Sorrow !') Keats is as abstract and spiritual as he ever is ; but how concrete and sensuous, on the whole are the imagery and epithets ! And it is the same with the spiritualities and humanities, the 'moral ideas,' as Matthew Arnold reckoned them, of the great Odes. Now and again a personified abstraction, a vague word, a figure of indeterminate suggestion ; but, on the whole, objects in sharp relief in a clear air ; objects with outline and human or animal characteristics, objects recognizably constituted and of fixed and lasting presence.

So far as vision is concerned, they are epithets of tone rather than colour. Keats's world, unlike Shelley's, is not one of intense or subtle hues. He is fond of the romantic and rather conventional 'vermeil,' and he likes white and blue ; but he prefers silver and gold and sapphire and diamond, and still more, things that are 'wan,' or 'flushed,' or

¹ Cf. in this connexion the passage in *Sleep and Poetry* (96—162), in which Keats distinguishes between lower and higher worlds of imagination, and notice how concrete and physical is his imagery for the latter. Contrast Wordsworth's imagery in the fragment from *The Recluse* beginning :

On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,

'faint,' or 'pale,' 'bright' or 'hoar,' 'rosy' or 'dusky' or 'cloudy.' He cannot be said to be rich in epithets expressing either sound or scent, though as regards the latter, in the *Eve of St. Agnes* 'fragrant bodice' clings to the memory; and by the two phrases, 'spiced dainties' and 'perfume light,' Keats seems to fill the whole poem with winning odours.

It is to touch and taste that he makes his chief sensuous appeals; and epithets of touch and taste are numerous, characteristic, and important. In considering his use of 'cold' and 'warm,' we have already seen how much he thinks about the temperature of his world and the objects in it; but it is only when we remember his epithets of temperature as literal rather than metaphorical, and notice, along with them, his adjectives appealing otherwise to touch and to gustatory experience and suggestion, that we realize how powerfully Keats's imagination was moved by those sides of things.

4. We are now ready to make our last reflection on Keats's epithets, namely, that they are distinctly the epithets of an artist of the type to which painters and sculptors belong. If, for the moment, we choose to divide poets into three classes, those who paint (or carve), those who sing, and those who prophesy, we must unhesitatingly place Keats in the first class. His genius is not predominantly lyrical: he had not the lyrist's spontaneity and flow, which make epithets seem inevitable, in a world as living and moving as the verse. Nor has he as his special gift the genius of a prophetic poet like Wordsworth, whose world is of common things and persons, testifying of infinite heights and depths; and whose epithets seem often to reach into eternity. Keats's world is detached from him, and its contents are detached from each other; they are concrete, reposeful, may be visualized, heard, smelt, tasted, touched, moulded, painted. If

we say that Wordsworth's objects reveal imagination's infinite, may we not say that those of Keats *are* that infinite, and that, as with the great poet or sculptor, the clearness of the vision, the sensitiveness, firmness and boldness of the touch, are the index of the imaginative power ?

However that may be, we must not part from Keats as from a poet who could not occasionally triumph in pure, vague suggestion.

It is true that, when he wrote those three lines of the *Ode to a Nightingale*, he was thinking of a picture he had seen ; but the power of the poetry lies wholly in its untranslatable message of the unseen—a message concentrated in an epithet :

The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn !—The very word is like a bell,
To toll me back from thee to my sole self !

DR. JOHN BROWN

IN the article on Tolstoy, which was one of Matthew Arnold's last contributions to literary criticism, the critic, speaking of *Anna Karénina*, says : ' We are not to take *Anna* as a work of art, we are to take it as a piece of life.' The antithesis, like so many antitheses, is far from satisfactory. A ' work of art ' *Anna Karénina* needs must be ; and the nearer to life, the better the art.

Again and again, however, in reading certain books, we are forced to make some such reflexion as Matthew Arnold's. We cannot help saying at such times : here is something more than literature ; here literature, it may be in the verisimilitude of its realism, it may be in the delicate fantasy of its idealism, goes beyond itself, shows a character abnormal, inexplicable ; this is one of the passages, one of the books, one of the writers, that we feel rather than merely understand ; that we love rather than merely admire ; here is more than talent, more than even genius ; this is nature, not art.

The Germans have a word, the word *innigkeit*, which, better perhaps than any single English word, expresses the kind of quality which is here indicated. If we render it by *inwardness*, we may help ourselves to realize its character and recognize its manifestations. Inwardness on the part of the writer, a naked, telling sincerity, making itself inevitably and unmistakably evident to the reader ; requiring on the reader's side, sympathy and simplicity and a sense of kinship ; in both writer and reader, the sense that literary trappings and adornments and outworks are dispensed with, that the pulse and nerve of that which the writer would show us are made bare.

Unquestionably Dr. John Brown, the Edinburgh physician and essayist, belongs to those, a small and select band among writers of the first class, who possess this inward, secret power and charm. To the British reader of these hurried days, whose literary memory is short, and whose ear can hardly be reached by the silver tones of our shyer teachers, a service has been done by the editor of the late John Taylor Brown's critical and biographical study of his cousin. Nothing could be more fitting than that a critical duty to Dr. John Brown, the most modest, spontaneous and occasional of writers, should be done in this slight, discontinuous and unsystematic way ; nothing could be more fitting than that a biographical duty should be done by one member of a highly gifted and most affectionate family to another.

For one element in the inwardness of Dr. John Brown's work was that personality which only relations and friends could pretend to know. With him the personal equation counts for very much. To those who, like myself, had the privilege of knowing him, of not only being familiar with the delicate face which all Edinburgh knew as well as it had known, earlier, Sir Walter Scott's limp or the stride of the mighty Christopher North, but of having felt the pressure of that kindly hand, and the pale sunshine of that sweet and sad smile, it seems at first almost profane to direct critical searchlights on so dear a form. Of him as of Wordsworth's poet we are apt to feel :—

You must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

Yet the indulgence of such a feeling, in his case as in that of other writers of his kind, would be a sentimentality which, while seeming to shield him, would hurt his memory and his fame. No critic would be allowed to enter the presence of Cowper or of Charles Lamb without taking the shoes from off his feet ; yet, as to them, the utmost reverence for sorrow, the

deepest compassion for shortcoming, the fullest adoration of virtue, may co-exist with the recognition of literary merits which stand in need of no heightening or allowance. And the literary work of John Brown, so little in his own estimation, so much in that of his friends and contemporaries, has, one may venture to predict, an assured immortality for generations by whom his gracious personality, the delicate and luminous envelope formed by his friends and his nationality, and the recurring eclipses of his happiness, may be little understood.

When a writer has been nearly twenty-two years in his grave, it is time to reconsider him. Dr. Taylor Brown's essay, which gives an immediate pretext for reconsideration, though it is called a Biography and a Criticism is, strictly speaking, a critical study of personality and writings; the biography is hardly more than a collection of interesting reminiscences. It may be well, therefore, to rehearse very briefly the main facts of Dr. John Brown's life. The son of a minister of the Secession Church in Scotland—himself a man of sincere piety, sound learning, deep and reserved feeling, and remarkable personal beauty, he was born in the small town of Biggar, about twenty-five miles south-west of Edinburgh, in 1810. Of his childhood we know little except one piercing fact of which he has told us in his own wonderful way. When he was five years old he lost his mother. 'On the morning of the 28th May 1816,' he writes in his *Letter to John Cairns, D.D.*, 'my eldest sister Janet and I were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meek, our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. . . . We all knew whose voice it was, and, in our night-clothes, we ran into the passage, and into the little parlour to the left hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement,

his face white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, slowly and gently, "Let us give thanks," and turned to a little sofa in the room; there lay our mother, dead.'

Like so many Scottish ministers' sons, Brown had his early education up to the age of eleven or twelve in his father's manse. In his case the character of that education was much affected by the shock caused to his father by his wife's sudden death. The effect of that shock was to increase greatly the paternal reserve too apt to hang like a frost over Scottish family life. 'The manse became silent,' Dr. Brown tells us; 'we lived and slept and played under the shadow of that death, and we saw, or rather felt, that he was another father than before.' In 1822 the Secession minister of Biggar moved into the wider atmosphere of an Edinburgh cure of souls; and young John was forthwith sent to school, entering the High School in 1824. It was then famous under the Rectorship of Carson, (and still in its old premises at the bottom of that Infirmary Street up which 'Bob Ainslie' and his friend walk for ever in the first sentence of *Rab and his Friends*). In 1826 John Brown entered the University, beginning his medical studies in 1828. Besides the ordinary advantages open to an Edinburgh student of medicine, Brown had the privilege, from the outset of his medical education, of being apprenticed to James Syme the surgeon; one of those practitioners of whom the word great may be used without extravagance, and whose greatness was determined as much by personality as by professional skill. Dr. John Brown has commemorated Syme in one of his best portrait-sketches. For his fame his apprentice was passionately jealous all his life. Once, when giving one of his readings in Edinburgh, Charles Dickens had occasion to consult Syme. Dickens afterwards

wrote a letter about his interview, in which he made good-natured game of the great man, with references to 'goot' (gout), and other infelicitous southern efforts to represent Syme's accent. When Dr. Brown, who had no literary appreciation of Dickens, came across this letter, he wrote to the newspapers, indignantly denying the accuracy of the novelist's little sketch, and thinking it worth while even to contend about the accent.

In 1833 John Brown took his M.D. degree; and from that moment to his death in May 1882, he led the life of an accomplished, hardworking and much beloved Edinburgh physician. Happily married, though left all too soon a widower, he had children and much love from his own mother's children as well as from those of his father's second wife. During the lapse of the fifty years of his active professional life he came in contact with everybody that was most interesting in Edinburgh, giving, in most cases, at least as much as he took. His gentleness, his sociability, his humour, and that fine insight which, when he took to his pen, gave a fresh gift to British literature, secured his popularity in the best sense. Nor, home-keeping, as he had to be, and intensely national as was the basis of his character and genius, were his intimate friends none but Scotsmen. Perhaps the most intimate of all were Ruskin and Thackeray; and, in spite of Ruskin's Scottish descent and parentage, it would be absurd to call him a Scotsman.

The vein of melancholy, which from his early years was to be seen in Dr. John Brown, became at times painfully evident in the latter part of his life. It happened, not seldom, that his depression became inordinate, and he had to leave work and friends that he might recover mental tone. At such times the heaviest of all crosses would weigh him down, and, like Cowper, he would doubt of his standing within the circle of the Divine Mercy. But the darkness

always passed ; and for months before his death he was in cloudless air.

Unconventionality, originality, immediacy, are the words which come when one calls up the image of Dr. John Brown, in his habit as he lived. Who else ever had such quaint direct ways ? Who else in social intercourse ever dispensed so completely with beating about the bush ? If you met him in the street, he would, while he was playfully twisting your fingers in his, feel the texture of your coat with his other hand, commenting, perhaps, on the discord between its colour and that of your necktie. As Dr. Taylor Brown tells us in his book, he would suddenly say to an interlocutor : ' Were you ever drunk ? ' But whatever he said or did, would be so prompted by kindness and insight, so instinct with humour, so irresistible in its sincerity, that meaningless social barriers went down before him, and wherever he came he brought radiance and harmony.

Dr. John Brown's writings, on which, after all, his fame must hang, are the expression of the qualities which made up the individuality of the man. Of them, as of him, it must be said that their distinctive character lies in their unconventionality, originality and immediacy. No more formal garments than those of the essay will fit any of them ; and we all know how hard it is for any thoughts and words to look really well in that loose-fitting suit. As early as the 'forties Dr. Brown was an occasional contributor to periodicals. He began as a critic of Art. In the *North British Review* of Feb. 1847, a review by him of the first two volumes of *Modern Painters* was one of the first criticisms which set Ruskin in his right place before the world. Even earlier, as he himself tells us, in the year 1846, he made his absolute literary beginning.

' One evening, in the spring of 1846, as my wife and I were sitting at tea . . . a note was brought in, which, from its fat, soft look, by a hopeful and not

unskilled *palpitation* I diagnosed as that form of lucre which in Scotland may well be called filthy (the paper money of the Scotch banks). I gave it across to Madam, who, opening it, discovered four five-pound notes, and a letter addressed to me. . . It was from Hugh Miller, editor of the *Witness* newspaper, asking me to give him a notice of the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy. . . . I can still remember or indeed feel the kind of shiver . . . on encountering this temptation ; but I soon said, " You know I can't take this ; I can't write ; I never wrote a word for the press." She, with " wifelike government " kept the money and heartened me to write, and write I did, but with awful sufferings and difficulty, and much destruction of sleep.' When this little scene was enacted, John Brown was in his thirty-sixth year. His reminiscence of it introduces the *Notes on Art* which are to be found in his collected works, and which consist of parts of the old *Witness* article pieced together with other bits of art-criticism. It is here that Dr. Brown tells us that ' his hobby has always been pictures, and all we call Art.' To this section of his work belong also the papers on John Leech and Sir Henry Raeburn, dating respectively from 1864 and 1874.

But had this kind of thing been all, and even had it been reinforced by the many interesting papers on purely medical themes which may still be read with deep interest, Dr. John Brown would hardly be among the immortals. *Tout d'une pièce* as his work is, we cannot appreciate the circumference until we have first known the centre. And the centre is *Rab and his Friends*. Let there be no misunderstanding. It is not meant that because *Rab* is the most widely known it is the best of Dr. Brown's writings. It is only meant that the genius and charm, the humour and pathos, the salient individuality of the famous little piece are those of the writer at his most characteristic and his best ; and that the other

writings in which those qualities appear, in which the whole man utters himself, would probably never have been born, had *Rab* not seen the light.

Rab's birth into literature was a most unexpected event. In 1858 Dr. John Brown, now 48, was still a diffident author. 'Four years ago,' he writes in 1862, 'my uncle Dr. Smith of Biggar asked me to give a lecture in my native village, the shrewd little capital of the Upper Ward (of Lanark). I never lectured before; I have no turn for it; but *Avunculus* was urgent, and I had an odd sort of desire to say something to those strong-brained primitive people of my youth. I could think of nothing to give them. At last I said to myself, "I'll tell them Ailie's story" . . . But it was easier said than done. I tried it over and over, in vain. At last after a happy dinner at Hanley . . . and a drive home alone through

The gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme

of a midsummer night, I sat down about twelve and rose at four, having finished it. I slunk off to bed, satisfied and cold. I don't think I made almost any changes in it. I read it to the Biggar folk in the school-house very frightened . . . I gave it, on my return home, to some friends, who liked the story; and the first idea was to print it . . . with illustrations . . . But I got afraid of the public, and paused.'

It seemed worth while to quote all this as an illustration of our author's curiously casual relation to literature, of his unconventionality and immediacy. Never, surely, had any piece of work, at once first-rate and famous, a more sudden and unpremeditated origin. 'Ailie's Story,' when its author at last conquered his fears, got into print among those *Horae Subsecivae*—idle hours—three series of which, appearing between 1859 and 1882, contain the chief part of Dr. John Brown's literary legacy to mankind. As we steep ourselves in the three volumes, now

accessible in charming pocket-size, what do we find that is of permanent value for literature ?

To begin with the most prominent feature, we find a strong and pervasive nationality. In a writer so closely tied to, and so satisfied with, Edinburgh and Scotland as Brown, and in a man whose writing was so sincere an outcome and transcript of his very self, Scotticism was inevitable. It shows itself not only in choice of Scottish themes and fondness for Scottish anecdotes, still less in Scotticisms of phrase, — the ‘ able for’s ’ and ‘ better of’s ’ that he fearlessly sent to press—but in a deliberate outlook on men and things from the spot on the globe which he thoroughly understood and on which he was entirely at home. And could there be a sounder foundation for literary merit ? What great national literature could be great without its nationality ? It is, fundamentally, because Dr. John Brown was, and was proud of being, a Seceder minister’s son, and was himself to his dying day a convinced member of his father’s sect ; it is because he led the life of a stay-at-home Edinburgh doctor, and knew best, and was most interested in, the big Scotsmen of his youth and manhood,—Scott, Chalmers, Syme, Christison, Dr. George Wilson, the Duke of Atholl, and the rest of them, including his own noble father,—that his writings are and will remain, important. True, nationality will do little for a writer if he is without genius. Nor, genius or no genius, will he do any real literary service to his nationality if his fidelity to it takes the form of a servile adulation, if he cloys you with its peculiarities, deafens you with its idiom, and shows you that he sees no horizon beyond its bounds. From all such degradation Dr. John Brown saved himself and his country. He did so by his exquisite and unfailing humour ; by his fine tact ; by his brevity and self-restraint ; by the unsleeping shrewdness of his critical insight ; by the clear-eyed cosmopolitanism of the lover of Thackeray and

Tennyson, of Arthur Hallam and Vaughan the Silurist and John Leech. His nationality issued in inclusiveness and transcendence ; not in exclusiveness and provincialism.

Pre-eminently indeed, Dr. John Brown's genius was critical. We have seen that he began his literary career as a critic of pictures ; and both the *Notes on Art* and the *Essay on John Leech* contain art-criticism which is thoughtful and suggestive as well as characteristic in style. In his philosophy of Art in general Dr. Brown is perhaps a little hampered by the weight of the theological atmosphere in which his mind grew up. ' The truth is, Art, unless quickened from above and from within, has in it nothing beyond itself, which is visible beauty—the ministration to the lust, the desire of the eye. But apart from direct spiritual worship, and self-dedication to the Supreme, I do not know any form of ideal thought and feeling which may be made more truly to subserve, not only magnanimity, but the purest devotion and godly fear ' : this kind of thing is ' properer for a sermon ' than satisfactory to one who would press to the heart of the matter. Much better is the delightful little physico-psychological discourse on laughter and humour which introduces *John Leech*.

For music, too, as well as pictorial art, Dr. John Brown had sensibility and intelligence ; and among the *Horae* there will be found a little paper on a recital by Charles Hallé, which no better instructed musician need despise.

But it is in Dr. Brown's literary criticism, and especially in his criticism of poetry, that his most distinctive and distinguished critical note is to be found. Such language, indeed, seems too highflown for these brief, terse *dicta*, those gleams and glimpses of insight, those immediate and imperishable snapshots, by which, again and again, secrets of beauty and truth are revealed. Often it is done by quotation only ; quotation so original in method, so faultless

in tact, that the meaning and value of the author quoted is put in a new light, and that without any strain or sacrifice of truth. Sometimes, indeed, Dr. Brown could be minute and elaborate in criticism ; as, for example, in the long note at the beginning of the essay on Arthur Hallam, in which he comments on the seven lines from *Much Ado About Nothing*, beginning :

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep.

But it is chiefly by his brief *dicta*, as e.g., this about *Lycidas* :—‘ We must confess that the poetry—and we all know how consummate it is—and not the affection, seems uppermost in Milton’s mind, as it is in ours : the other element, though quick and true, has no glory through reason of the excellency of that which invests it ’ ; or even by his epithets, as when comparing Thackeray with Scott, he calls him ‘ deeper, more to the quick, more *naked* than he,’ that he shows his critical gift. And as to his implicit criticism by quotation, we may cite one of the wonderful sentences from *Rab* which describe Ailie in her delirium. She fancies she is holding to her breast the child she lost years ago. ‘ She held it (a bed-gown) as a woman holds her sucking-child . . . holding it close, brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied.’ Could the inner poetic force of the glorious Bible phrases be better shown than by this homely and sublime juxta-position ? Or, to take another and a different instance of the same principle, could a more delicate and kindly appraisement be made of a minor poet whose work only just falls short of total oblivion, than that which is implied when *Jeems the Doorkeeper* is made to wind up with Henry Kirke White’s strenuous hymn :

Once on the raging seas I rode ?

It is as a humourist that Dr. John Brown has won his best fame ; as a humourist, and, as we ought to

add immediately, as a master of style. The broader senses in which he is a humourist are plain to all who read. He had, for one thing, in unusual force, the central quality of every humourist, sympathy. His sympathy with men and women, leading him to vivid portraiture of out of the way people with the necessary streak of distinction ; his sympathy with animals, making him the prose-poet of the dog ; his sympathy with the poor, which gives literary quality to his homely lectures on health ; this is the beginning of all genuine humour. Again, there is his insight, his shrewd critical perception. Without this, sympathy may fail to go on to humour ; may stop short of producing the humorous result. It may lead to mere sentimentalism ; it may degenerate into the lachrymose. But with such insight, such keen sense of boundaries, or proportion, as Dr. Brown constantly showed, there was no fear of this. It was the co-working of the two gifts, the gift of sympathy and the gift of shrewd critical insight, which made Dr. John Brown such an acknowledged master of those twin powers, the ludicrous and the pathetic. For him every person, every event, had his and its other side, had both tragic and comic relations, tragic and comic potentialities. And besides and beyond all this he had the love of drollery,—especially Scottish drollery—and the hearty belief in laughter which secure the popularizing and publication of humour, which bring it to the surface, that all men may see it and rejoice in it. ‘ If man was made to mourn,’ he says at the opening of his essay on John Leech, ‘ he also, poor fellow ! and without doubt therefore, is made to laugh. He needs it all, and he gets it. For human nature may say of herself in the words of the ballad, “ Were na’ my heart licht, I wad dee.” ’ In these words the sources of smiles and tears are seen side by side, and they sum up Dr. John Brown’s philosophy of humour, its theory and its practice.

But when a writer not only possesses humour, but

may fairly be called a *humourist*, we may be sure that the gift is shown in more underlying regions, in the very tissue of his style. So it eminently was in the case of Dr. John Brown. From him, indeed, better than from most writers, and that because of his transparent sincerity, as well as because he was a minor writer, and thus can be easily seen through and on all sides, we may learn most valuable lessons as to the inter-connexion of humour and style.

The most fundamental quality of Dr. John Brown's style, taken as a whole, was its brevity. He was essentially, much more than accidentally an essayist; it is difficult to believe that if the exigencies of his busy physician's life had given him leisure, he would even have succeeded as a writer of extended and complicated works. For exposition and argumentation, as well as for the more massive achievements of literary architecture, we may, I think, assume that his mind was not made. In his essays treating of medical questions he was fond of emphasizing the antithesis between art and science, greatly to the credit of the former. If we extend science so as to make it include philosophy, and if we think of system as one of the chief qualities of philosophy, we shall realize, I think, that for philosophic writing, for the patient, tolerant construction of system, Dr. John Brown had no gift. And we shall be confirmed in this view, we shall feel how the land lies, when we come across such words as the following from the essay called *Excursus Ethicus*:—'System is good, but it is apt to enslave and confine its maker. Method in art is what system is in science; and we physicians know, to our sad and weighty experience, that we are more occupied in doing some one thing, than in knowing many other things. System is to an art, what an external skeleton is to a crab, something it, as well as the crab, must escape from if it means to grow bigger.' Indeed the whole *Excursus*, if we have ears for its undersong, will teach us what

we ought to know about our author's mind and style. He was a man of fixed and somewhat obstinately held opinions, many of them traditional and hereditary ; a man of strong vivid intuitions, with admirable and original power of putting them into words. In style as he conceived it, Dr. John Brown was much interested. ' Let no one despise style,' he exclaims. ' If thought is the gold, style is the stamp which makes it current, and says under what king it was issued. There is much in what Buffon says—Style is the man himself. . . . No man has a right to speak without some measure of preparation, orderliness, and selectness. . . . Whately, in reply to a youth who asked him how to write clearly, answered, " Think clearly." This is the secret.'

Dr. John Brown's method being a consistent brevity, his way of throwing light on his subjects being by spurts of lucifer and flashes of lightning, it is not wonderful that his chief effects of style are to be found in his choice and use of words and in his framing of sentences. His use of epithet, for example, is one of the most remarkable in British prose, and is indeed, more that of a poet than of a prose writer. Hardly a page of *Horae Subsecivae* but yields evidence of this : in *Rab and his Friends* alone there are countless instances. The crowd looking on at the dog-fight, ' *annular, compact, mobile, centripetal* ' ; Ailie's face, ' pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine ' ; and again, in its pain, ' pale, with its grey, lucid, reasonable eyes, its sweet, resolved mouth ' ; the whole woman : ' gentle, modest, sweet, clean and lovable ' ; Rab, just before the operation, looking ' perplexed and dangerous ' ; his face, like Fuller the Baptist preacher's, ' large, heavy, menacing, combative, sombre, honest,' with ' deep inevitable eye.' In such a use of adjectives as this, by which they are made to reveal and to suggest whole worlds of the intelligible, the pathetic and the humorous,—a use at once per-

fectly spontaneous and perfectly restrained—lies a very large part of Dr. John Brown's power and charm.

What he could do with adjectives he could do with nouns and other parts of speech: witness the 'mobility' the 'instantaneousness' of Rab's 'bud' of a tail, its 'twinklings' and 'winkings'; or, in a very different vein, this, from the essay on Dr. Chalmers: 'There is to us a continual mystery in the power of one man over another. We find it acting everywhere, with the simplicity, the ceaselessness, the energy of gravitation; and we may be permitted to speak of this influence as obeying similar conditions; it is proportioned to *bulk*—for we hold to the notion of a bigness in souls as well as bodies—one soul differing from another in quantity and momentum as well as in quality and force, and its intensity increases by nearness.' What a telling, smiting force in each noun, and what reality in the metaphors, as if, indeed, they were not metaphors at all!

Occasionally, Dr. Brown's verbal tact led him into questionable courses. He would use words like 'cordialize' or 'ununderstandable,' as if the accredited vocabulary were inadequate to his needs. Less dubious—indeed, finely artistic, and one of the most original qualities of his style, was his constant play with Scotch and Latin words. 'With regard to the quotations,' he says once, 'and the much Latin and some Greek, the world of men, and especially of women, is dead against me.' And so far as the Latin goes, and even a good deal of the Scotch, the world would not have been far wrong, if it had not been for Dr. John Brown's marvellous tact in helping himself to and making his own, the foreign and dialectic signs and sounds. With him there was such a feeling for the perfect word in the proper place, such a genius for expression as a whole, that a free trade in words and phrases, a cordial though reasonable and restrained cosmopolitanism, was inevitable. Such licence of verbal imports is intolerable if it

arises from any want of command over one's own native store, from pedantry, or from love of display. Even in the case of Dr. John Brown, it was at times, perhaps, too free; it gave to his style, at times, a patchiness, an eccentricity, it would have been better without. It had need to be an impressive essay that would follow the Title: 'ΑΡΧΙΝΟΙΑ—Nearness of the ΝΟΤΣ—Presence of Mind 'ΕΡΕΤΟΧΙΑ: Happy Guessing'; or Dic *Mihi*, or *Cur* Why? But at its best, and as a rule, this habit of Dr. Brown's gave to his style not only great effectiveness, but a rare melody and harmony. It was, indeed, in most cases a special instance of that power of quotation, about which something has already been said. Take a sentence from *Rab*:—'The end was drawing on! the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula*, *blandula*, *vagula*, *hospes comesque*, was about to flee.' To announce the approaching death of a simple carrier's wife, the author does not find the perfectly adequate phrase in his own language, he has recourse to another; and not only to another language but to sources Hebrew and Pagan, to the Preacher of Jerusalem and the Emperor Hadrian. Why not? It was no more pedantic to use the beautiful Roman sequence than the familiar Bible words; and, as for their relation to poor Ailie's end, Death, the supreme equalizer, knows no differences of rank, no gulfs of time, no distinctions of language. Such homage to the words of others is modesty in a writer, not display.

Dr. John Brown's delightful story-telling was a phase of the same assimilating and reproducing faculty which presided over his general use of foreign sources. Not only were both his text, his notes, and his prefaces full of delicious stories deliciously told, but he would not scruple, as in the case of the paper called '*Oh, I'm Wat, Wat*,' to use a whole anecdote as a motto. Of his anecdotic gift as a vehicle of his humour; of the unconventional directness of his

sentences ; of his feeling for scenery ; there is no space to speak.

But one word must be said, in conclusion, about one of his greatest gifts, the gift of portraiture. In drawing individuals and making them known to others, all his powers found scope ; his sympathy, his veneration, his insight, his love of the concrete and the particular, the originality of his graphic style. He has drawn many portraits which must live ; but none are so good as those of his father and of Dr. Chalmers. The long *Letter to John Cairns, D.D.*, the first paper of the second series of the *Horae*, in which the splendid filial service is done, must be read by all who would know the inner and finer sides of Scottish Presbyterianism, and also the inner shrine of Dr. John Brown's spirit. Nowhere is his characteristic inwardness more marked, more irresistible ; nowhere does ' art ' more visibly seem to be giving way to ' life.' In all he says of his father the son never forgets the primal and indispensable reverence ; nowhere does he come near turning his father into ' copy.' Nor does he ever dishonour him by an undiscerning eulogy. There is in all his praise a noble restraint, a fine discrimination, which assure us of its truth. ' I shall miss his great knowledge ' he says in characteristic sentences, ' his loving and keen eye—his *ne quid nimis*—his sympathy—himself. Let me be thankful that it was given to me *assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.*'

From an essay of which the interest is so pervasive, it is difficult to know what to cite as illustration. As showing the relations of the father and the son here is a ride they had together. The son had to pay a distant medical visit :—' My father said, " John, if you are going, I would like to ride out with you " ; he wished to see his dying friend. . . . My father had not been on a horse for nearly twenty years. He mounted and rode off. He soon got teased with the

short pattering steps of Goliath, and looked wistfully up at me, and longingly to the tall chestnut, stepping once for Goliath's twice, like the Don striding beside Sancho. I saw what he was after, and when past the toll he said in a mild sort of way, "John, did you promise *absolutely* I was not to ride your horse?" "No father, certainly not" . . . "Well then, I think we'll change; this beast shakes me." So we changed. I remember how noble he looked; how at home; his white hair, and his dark eyes, his erect, easy, accustomed seat. He soon let his eager horse slip gently away. It was first *evasit*, he was off, Goliath and I jogging on behind; then *erupit*, and in a twinkling—*evanuit*. I saw them last flashing through the arch under the Canal, his white hair flying. I was uneasy; though from his riding I knew he was as yet in command, so I put Goliath to his best, and having passed through Slateford, I asked a stonebreaker if he saw a gentleman on a chestnut horse. "Has he white hair?" "Yes." "And een like a gled's?" "Yes." "Weel, then he's fleein' up the road like the wund; he'll be at Little Vantage" (about nine miles off) "in nae time if he haud on." I never once sighted him, but on coming into Juniper Green there was his steaming chestnut at the gate neighing cheerily to Goliath. I went in, he was at the bedside of his friend, and in the midst of prayer; . . . he was not the less instant in prayer that his blood was up with his ride. . . . On coming out he said nothing, but took the chestnut, mounted her, and we came home quietly. His heart was opened; he spoke of old times and old friends; he stopped at the exquisite view at Hailes into the valley, and up the Pentlands beyond, the smoke of Kate's Mill rising in the still and shadowy air. Then as we came slowly in, the moon shone behind Craiglockhart hill among the old Scotch firs. . . . As we passed through Slateford, he spoke of Dr. Belfrage, his great-hearted friend, of his obligations to him, . . . of his mother,

and of himself—his doubts of his own sincerity in religion, his sense of sin, of God—reverting often to his dying day. Such a thing only occurred to me with him once or twice all my life ; and then when we were home, he was silent, shut up, self-contained as before. He was himself conscious of this habit of reticence, and what may be called *selfism* to us, his children, and lamented it. I remember his saying in a sort of mournful joke, “ I have a well of love, I know it ; but it is a *well* and a *draw*-well to your sorrow and mine, and it seldom overflows, but,” looking with that strange power of tenderness as if he put his voice and his heart into his eyes, “ you may always come hither to draw.” ’

Perhaps this picture may be added : ‘ I am in Rose Street on the monthly lecture, the church crammed, passages and pulpit stairs. Exact to a minute, James Chalmers—the old soldier and beadle, slim, meek, but incorruptible by proffered half-crowns from ladies who thus tried to get in before the doors were opened—appears, and all the people in that long pew rise up, and he, followed by his minister, erect and engrossed, walks in along the seat, and they struggle up to the pulpit. We all know what he is to speak of ; he looks troubled even to distress ;—it is the matter of Uriah the Hittite. He gives out the opening verses of the 51st Psalm, and offering up a short and abrupt prayer, which every one takes to himself, announces his miserable and dreadful subject, *fencing* it, as it were, in a low, penetrating voice, daring any one of us to think an evil thought ; there was little need at that time of the warning,—he infused his own intense, pure spirit, into us all.

‘ He then told us the story without note or comment, only personating each actor in the tragedy with extraordinary effect, above all, the manly, loyal, simple-hearted soldier. I can recall the shudder of that multitude as of one man when he read, “ And it came to pass in the morning that David wrote a

letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die." And then, after a long and utter silence, his exclaiming, "Is this the man according to God's own heart? Yes, it is; we must believe that both are true." Then came Nathan, "There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb"—and all that exquisite, that divine fable—ending, like a thunderstorm, with, "Thou art the man!" Then came the retribution, so awfully exact and thorough—the misery of the child's death; that brief tragedy of the brother and sister, more terrible than anything in Aeschylus, in Dante, or in Ford; then the rebellion of Absalom, with its hideous dishonour, and his death, and the king covering his face, and crying in a loud voice, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom! my son! my son!"—and David's psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions,"—then closing with, "Yes; 'when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' It is first 'earthly, then sensual, then devilish'"; he shut the book, and sent us all away terrified, shaken, and humbled, like himself.

In the paper on Dr. Chalmers, another and a greater Scotsman—a Scot to the core, yet a world-figure in his way—stands out in bold relief. The portrait indeed, is inferior to that of Dr. John Brown's father; the inwardness is wanting, and, as there is no humour in the treatment, there is some artificiality of style from which the writer was not always free when in a purely grave mood. The elaborate prelude was hardly wanted, and it misses the mark. But the portrait of the man, great and

greatly beloved, is excellent. Not a point is missed ; not a quality is misunderstood. The 'solar man' seems to shine before us ; we are made to feel his light and heat.

When Dr. John Brown was an Edinburgh school-boy and student, his beloved Sir Walter was still limping about the streets ; and, in the vigour of his manhood, he was alive with John Wilson and Sir William Hamilton and Hugh Millar and Chalmers and Jeffrey. He outlived them all ; he lived to see his Edinburgh, his Scotland, passing into a new phase ; the great space-killers, the railway and the telegraph, had long been at work when he died ; attracting, modifying, equalizing influences were flowing over the northern land, over the beautiful city that looks from its heights on the three makers of Scotland's destiny, the mountains, the fertile fields, and the sea. Something of the old flavour and distinction passed away from the country and the capital while Dr. John Brown's life ran out ; much of them, it must be said, are buried in his grave. But his three volumes of *Horae Subsecivae*, born of his modesty and genius, remain ; generations of readers will find there the soul and brain of a man of true genius ; a Scot of Scots ; a prince among humourists ; a delicate critic ; a lover of dogs and men. It will be Scotland's dishonour and the loss of the world if this name and fame are allowed to grow pale.

EPILOGUE

LETTERS AND APPRECIATIONS

From Sir James Crichton Browne, Crindau, Dumfries, N.B., 10th October, 1923 :—

DEAR MRS. RANNIE. It was with a pang of poignant regret that I read in to-day's *Times* the announcement of your husband's death. He was a valued friend and I have many happy memories of the old days at Conheath. A man of gentle nature, of high aims, of fine literary culture, he was esteemed by all who knew him. I have sometimes met him at the Athenaeum of late years and have always regretted that our pathways in life have diverged so widely. You have my deepest sympathy. You have your son to console you.

Mr. P. V. M. Benecke, of Magdalen College, writes :

My acquaintance with Rannie goes back to a time about thirty-five years ago when we were both undergraduates. Though slightly my junior in University standing, he was my senior in years ; and this was no doubt part of the reason why he made on his contemporaries an impression of great maturity. Both intellectually and morally, his character was much more definitely formed than is usual with undergraduates. But it is possible that, if one had known him a few years earlier and had been his exact equal in age, one would have noticed the same qualities. It would be quite untrue to suggest that his character did not grow : on the contrary, it grew continuously under that self-discipline which he had taught himself long ago. But I cannot think of anyone whom I have known for thirty-five years who has changed

so little during that time. On the intellectual side he adopted a most severe standard with himself. He was reluctant to regard his opinion as formed on any subject until he had weighed every consideration which seemed to him to bear on it, and still more reluctant to express any opinion, except with the most explicit qualification as to its provisional nature, until his mind was fixed. It was only natural that he should have been tempted to feel some lack of sympathy with that opposite state of mind which impels many people to utter their thoughts aloud and to commit themselves to provisional opinions which they are continually being obliged to disown, whether consciously or unconsciously. But he was saved from the consequences of this temptation by his wide intellectual interest and by his sense of humour, which, closely allied as it was to the strength of his moral character, gave him that tact which made him instinctively shrink from any touch of priggishness, and allowed full sway to his sympathy with those whose difficulties were different from, or greater than, his own. It is hardly necessary to add that, when once Rannie had decided what was right, he would never have had a moment's hesitation before deciding further that he must, at whatever cost, act accordingly. Some men may have felt that his standard was in this respect so high as to make it almost useless for imitation; but all his friends knew that his essentially human nature prevented it from deterring in any way by its austerity.

He did not worry himself about the recognition of his work, though, like other scholars, he appreciated it when it came: it was enough for him that he did the best work of which he was capable.

He always lived up to the highest light that was in him: and, reticent though he was on certain subjects, it was difficult not to recognize that that light grew clearer with advancing life. If he had been asked what he would have liked to have said of him after his death, he would almost certainly have replied that the less said the better: but it would be hard to say less than is set down here.

Professor Montague, of Oriel College, writes in the *Oriel Record* :—

When Rannie came up to Oriel he gave himself to the studies of the place with the earnestness of a mature mind. A First Class in the Final Honours School of Modern History, the Stanhope Essay Prize in 1890, and the English Essay Prize in 1895 rewarded his exertions. He devoted himself to historical and literary pursuits. For such a man Oxford as a place of residence has many attractions. To enjoy the conversation of learned men and free access to noble libraries—what more could the scholar desire? Rannie, therefore, after his marriage took perhaps the pleasantest of the many pleasant houses in St. Giles's, where he and Mrs. Rannie welcomed a large circle of friends. Although he afterwards removed to a country house on the edge of the Down overlooking Winchester, in a brisker atmosphere than the Thames Valley can afford, he never lost his affection for Oxford and often returned to spend a little while within the walls of Oriel, of which he was always a loyal member.

One of Rannie's earliest works was the History of his own College. A College history extending over nearly six centuries is a difficult thing to write. Rannie discharged the task with fidelity and skill, neglecting none of the essential matters. . . . Rannie's own critical remarks are always worthy of attentive consideration, he had many of the qualifications of a good critic, especially the love of literature. He was a man of remarkably well-balanced and judicial mind. He was conscientious and painstaking, and he had a high standard of literary excellence, with a corresponding dislike of trumpery and affectation. No man was less liable to be carried off his feet by those passing extravagances of literary fashion which so often lead more brilliant men into eccentricity and affectation. In conversation he always had substantial reasons to give for his own opinions, and always allowed full weight to reasons advanced by others in defence of theirs. His conversation was, indeed, singularly agreeable, for it was marked by

unfailing amenity, and he had a mellow voice and a winning smile.

He will be long and deeply regretted by many friends. It is but an imperfect consolation to reflect that his life was blameless and happy, cheered by domestic affection and devoted to noble studies amid favourable surroundings. He has left a son, for whom the best wish we can form is that he may throughout resemble his father.

From Mrs. Stewart of Culgruff, Crossmichael, Scotland :—

MY DEAR THERESA. I have just learned of your great loss and sorrow and write to send my very real sympathy to you and Alan.

The feeling of aloneness when one's best beloved moves away is so overwhelming. Mercifully you have your son, and I am sure he will be your support and comfort, but, oh dear, how one can suffer. Thank God, the end is not yet. Another to welcome you in the Father's House. We must just follow on. Death has indeed been among us during the last twelve months, my sister, Lady Gordon, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Maxwell, Sir Mark Stewart, and, last month, my brother, Sir William Maxwell, have all been called away. One has to remember as this world empties for us, and as those who are His cross the river, our real Home is filling for us.

Indeed, indeed, I feel for you.

From the Honble. Mrs. Joyce, St. John's Croft, Winchester :—

MY DEAR MRS. RANNIE. I am quite stunned by the terribly sad tidings I have just heard.

I cannot put into words my sorrow and sympathy with you, but you have the great consolation of remembering

how your dear husband spent his life in caring for his Master's lambs and that the seed he and you sowed together in their young minds is, and will be, bringing fruit in these boys and their children to the Great Master's honour and glory. I pray that you may be comforted.

May I express a hope that you may continue to carry on your daily work for boys, who in their future lives have so much influence, and who have need of a deeply religious faith as a foundation to guide them to meet the perplexities of their lives.

From Sir Reginald Wingate, Knockenhair, Dunbar, Scotland :—

MY DEAR MRS. RANNIE. Kitty and I were terribly shocked to read in the *Times* of the sudden death of your dear husband—we do feel so much for you and your son in this overwhelming blow. We knew how devoted you were to one another in your happy married life, and I can conceive no more grievous loss in the world than that which has so suddenly fallen upon you. We pray that you may be given strength to carry on until the happy reunions on the other side.

Our ways are far apart in these recent years, but we shall never forget all your kindness to us at Oxford and again at Winchester, where you so often mothered our dear Malcolm when we were in the far-off Sudan. How far away those old days seem !

Our hearts are with you in your great sorrow and I hope you have your own son with you. I beg you will not think of answering this.

From Cedric Tuckett, Esq., The Penn Club, 8, 9, 10, Tavistock Square, W.C.1 :—

DEAR MRS. RANNIE. May I send you my deepest sympathy in your loss—a loss which must surely be shared by a very great circle of friends and acquaintances. When we

were all little boys with you we had an immense respect for Mr. Rannie because he was so essentially kind and fair. Afterwards, looking back in later years, my respect certainly ripened into admiration and appreciation at realising fully how wonderfully he ran West Hayes, and of the things you taught us to live for and aspire to.

Those West Hayes days will never, never fade in memory, and I can still see perfectly clearly all of us listening to a history lesson from Mr. Rannie and myself failing singularly to answer all questions asked by him and feeling very ashamed, not so much at my actual ignorance, but at the thought of Mr. Rannie's opinion of me.

I am about to start hospital work in London. In unpacking many things which have been stored for the last five years, I've come across many remembrances of you—I had quite forgotten a certain volume bound in vellum with "To my mother" stamped on the outside, and a whole flood of memories came surging back when mother hung up again a present you helped me once to give her with the words "My mother's birthday. May my love be with you all the days of my life."

Is there any chance of having the pleasure of seeing you again one day? There is so much I want to hear from you and also tell you. If you ever have a few moments when in town, it ought to be possible to arrange.

From Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, 10 Portman Square, London, W. :—

MY DEAR MRS. RANNIE. It was so good of you to write. I return the notice of his death with feelings of the deepest sorrow and sympathy for you and Alan. At such a time, I know that words sound so trivial and impotent, but I also believe that every syllable of heart-felt compassion uttered by one's friends brings with it some measure of comfort and help to support one's grief.

Annie and I owe so much to you and dear Mr. Rannie, and we shall always think of him with deep affection and

admiration. I pray that you and Alan may be given strength to bear your loss.

From Sir Malcolm Seton, India Office, Whitehall,
S.W.1 :—

MY DEAR ALAN. The sad news in your letter comes as a great grief to me—to us both.

There are very few men for whom I have so warm an affection and regard. It is over thirty years since, when I was a Freshman at Oriel, I first met him as a friendly and kindly senior, and the years between have been just a continuation of that. And thirty years of kindness and sympathetic interest on his part have meant a great deal to me. If one had happened not to meet him for some time, it made no difference: I found my friend unchanged. I think that possibly his influence on his friends' lives may have been deeper than he knew. He was so modest, and so instinct with what one might call the right kind of austerity—the kind that shrinks from anything approaching sentimentalism—that he may not quite have known how much one admired his infallible sense of humour in practical life, and his fine judgment in matters of the intellect. And with all this he was so lovable in a human way. This friendship and his example have always been strong influences in my life.

I need hardly try to say how deeply I sympathise with your Mother and yourself. My wife is writing to her. I know what the blow must mean to her, for I knew them throughout their married life. Will you tell her that our thoughts are with her at this time of sorrow?

I write to you in the first instance because I think I knew to some extent how much you and your father meant to each other. I was an only child myself, and my father was my best friend and dearest companion. I lost him when I was 35, and had been married some years, and though the blow was really as severe, it would have seemed more crushing had it come at an earlier stage in life. But it is idle at such a moment to attempt to speak of consolation. I know

that your father will be a life-long inspiration to you, as mine has been to me. Do not let us lose sight of you as the years go on ; the son of two such dear friends must always be a man with whom we should hope to keep in touch, even if you were much more of a stranger to us than you are.

From Lady Newdigate Newdegate, Medecroft, Winchester :—

MY DEAR MRS. RANNIE. It was only yesterday evening after dark that I caught sight of the honoured name of Rannie in the *Times* obituary ! I have been laid up myself for the last three or four weeks and have had to miss church and to keep quiet, except for a drive when possible. I have been greatly touched at receiving your letter, for I was among the many who looked upon Mr. Rannie as a pillar of S. Thomas', and an invaluable member of Winchester for good.

Thank you for writing. I wish I could be at the last sad ceremony, my thoughts will be with you.

From Lady Seton, 11th October, 1923 :—

DEAREST MRS. RANNIE. This is indeed sad news for us. Malcolm loved your husband so sincerely and had a very great respect for his judgment and opinion, he looked on him always as one of his very best and closest friends. He was always so charming and kind and simple in his ways and made one feel that no human interest was beneath his notice, in spite of his great abilities. He was a perfect friend and a perfect host, and we feel that something of great value has gone out of our lives. It seems almost an intrusion to speak of what his loss means to you and Alan, but we, who were privileged to be inside your home circle, are able to appreciate something of what you feel. Your loss is shared by very many by whom your husband's memory will always be honoured and loved. You must not think of answering this, but we do want you and Alan to know that our hearts are with you in this very deep sorrow.

From the Rev. Gerald Dicker, Newstead, Shanklin :—

MY DEAR THERESA. I am grieved beyond all words at the sad news contained in your letter which has just reached me here, and I do ask you and Alan to accept my truest and most affectionate sympathy. The loss and shock must be well-nigh overwhelming for you both, and I only wish it were in my power to help you bear this weight of trouble and responsibility.

Alfred will be very much upset. He thought so much of David, as indeed did we all.

Again asking you both to accept my most affectionate sympathy.

The Reverend Alfred Dicker (Rector of Lowick), quotes the following words as true of David :—

“ He had a presence gladdening and beneficent. This man was true to his friends, true to his convictions, and true without effort, as the magnet is to the North. He was ever found on the right side, helpful to it, not obstructive of it. He had a gift to see reality, nothing adorned, but an atmosphere of light elevated and beautiful . . .

“ His luminous, sincere intellect laid bare to him, in all its abject incoherency, the thing that was untrue, which henceforth became a thing which was not tenable, that it was perilous and scandalous to attempt maintaining. There shone in his whole conduct a beautiful veracity as if it was unconscious of itself, a perfect spontaneous absence of all cant, hypocrisy, and hollow pretence, not in act only, but in thought and instinct, a spontaneously clear man.”

An Oxford friend writes :—

He had a quite astonishing gift of summarising—of collecting all possible truth about any intellectual matter, and of then giving a casting vote—one of the most difficult

things to do. For when any subject had been thrashed out on opposite sides by people anxious for truth and with keen and clear minds and the very strength of each side had made a conclusion seem to be almost impossible, he could sum up all and give the additional word that took both sides just that one step forward to where all the conclusive truth possible to find on the subject in question was to be found.

He it was who taught many that we have already the keynotes of the eternal harmonies—taught it almost without words sometimes, for it radiated from his life.

His goodness was not of the oppressive sort that drives us elsewhere to seek for charm, but by that very goodness and the gleam and sparkle of the humour that was joined to it, he could all unknowingly charm people of all kinds. So humble he was, and yet having ever a beautiful dignity, so brave in the very inmost recesses of the spirit, so great and yet so simple, so unknowing of his greatness.

Healing came in that dear and beneficent presence. When brought into it, jarring, irking troubles became bearable. Ills can never be ruled out of life, but all that was unnecessary or wrong about them, due to a wrong view or treatment was ruled out by him. All was softened, healed, and very often cured, and to those who had to deal with evil, and the many results of it, came the knowledge that here was a true measure of things and that by those spiritual laws life could be adjusted, as surely God meant it to be for us—the natural life and its needs, the claims and trials and benefits of this civilisation of ours, all touched and illumined by his sane and pure philosophy.

I think that he possessed that high and fine attribute of kingship which is the fulfilling of a continuous human need—that which all down the years people have desired and sought and sometimes have surely found. It is a quality most rare and difficult to define, made, as it is, from the finest, ultimate essence.

So unceasing is that need, so constantly, undeterred by countless shams and disappointments, have human beings thus desired and sought, so inevitably must they for ever seek, because the desire springs, not from an ancient de-

lusion kept alive by words, but from the eternal longing for perfection, and therefore, for those true leaders of men, who, after the inner victory, have gone on step by step, in themselves, and standing for the whole race, carrying it forward till it has received its destined crown.

In his life was a stern beauty, like that of Scottish mountains in the silence, with the sunset clouds and the heather and the gorse.

And another tribute is his due. I mean the accentuating of some ringing, spiritual Northern quality. Doubtless the actual scholar's life, the gentleness and tenderness for humanity, shut out that view, covered it up, and yet it was always there, perhaps something in his ancestry, somehow the glint of steel, and so he fought a very great fight."

From Miss de Gasparin, 54 Rue de Varenne,
Paris :—

DEAR MRS. RANNIE. I have been deeply moved in reading and re-reading the beautiful, the most touching letter that you so kindly wrote to me, and the appreciation of him. All this answered a true longing of my heart ! I had been waiting for it ever since I got acquainted with the sad news of my dear " Master's " death.

I am very thankful to you for having done it ; I so longed to know what had been Mr. Rannie's last days. He has been spared both physical and mental anxieties and sufferings, his end has been a peaceful and blessed one, such as he deserved, and, as you say, he was ready.

But, of course, the blow is still greater for you and for your son than it would have been if you had been prepared through a longer illness. I am sure Mr. Rannie was still more remarkable *inside* than his modesty ever allowed him to show to bystanders—even to friends. It will remain one of the blessings of my life to have guessed and appreciated, even in my youth, the beauty of such a pure soul.

The Provost of Oriel (Dr. L. R. Phelps) writes :—

If we would know how far an old foundation is doing its work with good and lasting effect, we must find an answer to the question. How far does it inspire its members with the spirit of loyalty? The life and character of Rannie is such an answer. He came to us at an age and from a country not given to unreasoned enthusiasm, and all through his life, from his matriculation onwards, he was a loyal and true-hearted member of our Society. He did his work for the Schools and for University prizes thoroughly and with the credit of his College as not the least of his motives. So long as he lived in Oxford he was a constant visitor to our Common Room and he was generous in hospitality to its members. When he ceased to reside he came down and stayed in College year after year, bringing with him for our Library the fruits of his study—that he should write the history of the College was most fitting, and he made it the expression of his loyalty. Then again coming in as he did from the outer world, of which we see and know so little, he corrected our judgments, put things in a new light, and helped us to a sense of proportion. He was never a random talker, for all that he said was the outcome of a fastidious mind and of wide reading. With him criticism was at once shrewd and genial, as far removed as possible from the spirit of modern memoirs, dealing with matter, not with persons, free from all taint of littleness or personal passion. Such a man is in his place in an Oxford Common Room, and helps to make the life of it dignified, open-minded and sociable. °

We in Oriel all owe him much and I am grateful for the opportunity of saying so.

MEMOIR OF LIONEL HELBERT

LIONEL HELBERT

NO record of my husband's life would be complete without attempting a brief survey of the fourteen years in which his educational work was deeply influenced by his friendship with Mr. Lionel Helbert of West Downs.

They became acquainted while they were both at Oriel College, Oxford, my husband being some years his senior. It was for Mr. Helbert's sake, and with his approval, that we moved to West Hill, Winchester, when our son went to West Downs. The constant association with him when we began our educational work as his near neighbours and friends, and the tragedy of his illness and death made so deep an impression on our lives that I was only able to omit the following resumé of his life because I feared to cut across the book "Memorials of Lionel Helbert" which was shortly to appear, edited by Mr. Nowell Smith (then Headmaster of Sherborne) and Lady Goodrich, Mr. Helbert's only sister.

In the years during which my husband and I saw so much of him, I rashly used to say that I would like to be his biographer. But after his unexpectedly early death, when I felt I owed him a debt I could never repay for his influence and help, and I attempted to put into words what the impression of his life had been on us, I found the task difficult and elusive, and was heartily glad when I heard that it was undertaken by those so well suited to do it.

As many old friends of West Downs are still asking for more "lines left out" concerning Mr. Helbert, my son and I think it right to supplement the brief allusion which has been made in these pages by the

following sketch, through which my husband's interest in Preparatory School work will be better understood.

Though my husband had known Lionel Helbert at Oriel it was not until we spent a night at Winchester, in order to put down our son's name for Winchester College, that we came across him again. At Mr. Nowell Smith's house, in speaking of Preparatory Schools, he said, "Have you seen Helbert's place? He has a wonderful school on the top of West Hill, on the borders of Teg Down. I should like you to see it." I was inclined to start off at once to see this school from Mr. Nowell Smith's description, but my husband deferred the visit until the next morning, when he went alone to West Downs and brought back a glowing account of the school, saying, "I think Helbert is the man who would knock a boy into shape." I spent a night in Winchester shortly after and went up to see West Downs just as the boys were coming out from tea. Mr. Helbert welcomed me and took me to the Drawing Room to see Miss Manton, a pleasing lady who acted as hostess. Mr. Helbert returned in a few minutes proposing to show me round. In the Dining Room we found a party of boys being rehearsed for a French play by Madame Calviou. We stayed listening and it was most amusing. The boys were delightful, Madame Calviou's teaching remarkably artistic and clever, and Mr. Helbert's comments full of insight and fun. The perfect order and scrupulous cleanliness of the house, with its up-to-date classrooms, reminded me of Dartmouth, but it was not until we got to the dormitories, where the little boys were going to bed, and I saw Mr. Helbert's sympathy and gentleness when talking to a small boy who had some ill, that I had an insight into his quality of tenderness and perfect understanding of boys. I decided then and there that our boy and his friend John must go to West Downs.

Mr. Helbert asked me to come up to Chapel at 8.45 the next morning. The Chapel was then a room in the house, carefully furnished and with the spiritual atmosphere of a place of prayer.

There was a difficulty about a vacancy. There were no vacancies in the following September when Alan and his friend John must both start Preparatory School. Mr. Helbert was however sufficiently interested to propose a visit to us at the Briary, Freshwater, where we were then living. He arrived in the afternoon, when Mr. Benecke of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a Master from Cheam were staying with us. Mr. Benecke played to us with his magical interpretation of Schubert. Mr. Helbert listened and appreciated, as only those who are truly musical can do. Mr. Benecke and he (so different in types of character) understood and liked each other. Mr. Helbert, full of bonhomie, especially to men and boys, with such sallies of wit, had also a curious power of withdrawing into himself, as though he was a spectator of the scene before him. His gift of reserved strength was perhaps one of his greatest.

After dinner we had a long *tête-à-tête* about the boys and about education generally. I found him expansive, full of original thought and in sympathy with our training of Alan and his little friend John. Next day he went to our schoolroom, then under Miss Marion Crook. He greatly approved the methods and listened to a lecture of hers on Caxton and the first printing press, while the boys were taking notes. He said "These boys have a very gifted teacher."

The difficulty remained ; there were no vacancies in September, but Mr. Helbert said that Alan and John were boys he would like to take and he could imagine no better preparation for the aims of his school than our home teaching at the Briary. It was just what he was always looking for.

My husband and I thought over his words and

encouraged by his approval we decided to move to Winchester, to send the boys as day boys and to try to help him for his generosity in taking them by training any other little boys for West Downs that he cared to send us. Full of this hope (which so closely concerned our son and his future going to school at Winchester College) we took a house close to West Downs, approved by Mr. Helbert as being out of the town and free from the dangers of infection. Difficulties arose as to the adjustment of affairs and John was taken from us while things hung in the balance. Mr. Helbert visited us a second time at the Briary to inspect Alan's work and to see where to place him at West Downs.

"I never quite knew Helbert at Oriel," my husband said to me and I answered "He is a mixture of the practical and the spiritual; the dramatic and the go-ahead." I think that this summary, so hastily given, was true.

When Alan first went to West Downs we seemed to know Mr. Helbert less than we did before. We naturally kept away that Alan might settle down. He was amazingly busy and absorbed in his work. He asked us to come to Chapel on Sundays, and to come over on Saturdays to lectures or sing-songs and these were our only contacts with him until the holidays.

It is only possible in this sketch to give, as it were, a few imperfect pictures of the life at West Downs at this time. I remember the deep impression made on my son by his first Advent Sunday there, when the Chapel was beautifully decorated with white flowers to commemorate Confirmation Day at Winchester College, and Mr. Helbert addressed all the boys of the school alone in Chapel on the Sunday morning. He spoke to them of the early Communion at Winchester College Chapel on the first Sunday after Confirmation, telling them some details of this event in his own life. He told them the wonderful story

of Helen Keller, the gifted American girl who was deaf, dumb and blind so that her mind had no outlet and her eyes no vision until her wonderful instructress came into her life giving her the power of sight, hearing, and the power of expression through writing in Braille. He told how the instructress had striven to convey to Helen Keller the thought of God's love for her, and that Helen had immediately replied "Yes, I knew that all the time." This fact Mr. Helbert asked the boys to grasp and to know that which this blind girl knew by instinct, and to remember it at every hour of their daily life. The singing of "Saviour, Blessed Saviour" completed the service, which was to West Downs boys the pivot of the year, fraught with deep solemnity.

The boys' reverence in Chapel was marked and profound. If by any mischance or sudden call they were kept waiting in Chapel, they would sit in perfect silence for a period long or short. They were taught to love their Chapel, both while in the tin building and afterwards in the fine new building which was only finished a few years before Mr. Helbert's death and was the gift of very grateful parents.

Mr. Helbert told us that when he first began school at West Downs with a very few boys, he was quite alarmed at having to take Chapel, feeling he had no credentials or pretensions to conduct Divine Service, yet all parents who went there with their boys would agree that the spirit of worship and the realities of a pure and simple religion were present in a marked degree, bringing ineffable joy to the parents that their boys were there. Perhaps this spirit of devotion was mostly shown at the morning and evening prayers when he was alone with the boys in Chapel. Finding the ordinary prayers beyond a boy's grasp he wrote two prayers, one for the morning and one for the evening, beautiful in their simplicity and very dear to those who heard them. I give the words as he wrote them and before they were altered by critics.

Morning Prayer.

Into Thy hands, O Lord, we commend ourselves this day : bestow, we pray Thee, Thy merciful blessing upon our School. Teach us to remember that as without Thee we cannot live, so with Thy help we cannot fail : give us strength to carry out our appointed tasks in work and in play, with all our might. Help us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us, and in all our thoughts, words, and actions keep us honest, brave and pure. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Evening Prayer.

O God, who didst bid children to be brought unto Thee,* take us to Thyself this night : forgive us the sins which we have committed this day ; accept our thanks for all the happiness and blessings which we have enjoyed by Thy good mercy. Guard us through the hours of darkness, bless and keep our dear ones at home, and teach us all to love one another for the sake of Him who so tenderly loves all of us, even Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

His words in Chapel fell on the attentive ear of a boy who said to us " I don't think there is anyone like L.H. for putting great thoughts into simple language."

The words at the end of the Morning Prayer " keep us honest, brave and pure " had a deep significance for him. He had been sent early to a Preparatory School at Brighton, the Second Master of which, Mr. Charles Harper, commanded his deep respect and affection. Separated as he was from his father, who was abroad, and by death from his mother, his hungry heart obtained great comfort from the fatherly care and high ideals of this master. While the teaching was good—good enough to enable Lionel Helbert to win a Winchester Scholarship before the age of 13—this master cared supremely that the daily conduct of the boys should justify their religious teaching, and thus he asked the boys,

* The Old Testament teaching bids children to be brought to God.

whom he trusted for their sincerity, to put into his post box through his study door every night before going to bed a slip of paper with the letters H.B.P. whenever they felt justified in doing so. This pledge, acting on the sincere nature of this boy, made a life-long impression and its effect on his own character made him desire to give this legacy to his boys at West Downs. No boy left West Downs without receiving from L.H. after the last confidential talks, a small gold cross engraved with the letters H.B.P. These crosses the boys cherished through many years, and some found their way to the trenches in France.

When Mr. Helbert first started School with only a handful of boys, he said to them, "Now boys this School is going to be what you yourselves make it. Will you join with me to make it the best Preparatory School in England?" The buildings of West Downs, before it got its new name under Mr. Helbert, had been an unsuccessful Secondary School called West-fields. Each classroom had a panel of glass in the door. "I suppose," said a boy to Mr. Helbert, "you have those glass panels in the doors in order to peep in and see what we are doing?" "If you think that," answered Mr. Helbert, "we will certainly have no glass panels here. I trust the boys." The glass panels were straightway done away with. In response to this spirit of West Downs, he taught the boys to carry on with order and good conduct when he and the masters were called away. He had a prefect system for each room and was often delighted to find when he returned what trust had done for these boys in the silence observed, and in the amount of work conscientiously done in his absence.

In all he did he was original and this characteristic was never more amusingly shown than when he came to ask advice. Miss Dix, whose ministrations were wonderful in their single-minded and devoted service, said he would come and ask her advice. She would give answer of all she best knew and Mr.

Helbert would listen gently and go away and do exactly the opposite. This was not from puck-like caprice (in which he did often indulge) but from the certainty in his own mind that he must trust himself and act in a particular way as his intuition urged him. He was nearly always right. He would take immense pains over details with the boys himself. A fine coin was one day missing from the Museum. Enquiries about it; painstaking questioning of the boys with a great desire to trust their word and avoid the pain of thinking there could be a thief among them or that they could lie to him. In spite of all efforts the mystery remained unsolved and months passed on.

Late one afternoon a Missionary arrived at West Downs asking to speak to Mr. Helbert. Might he address the boys in Chapel? He wished to give them the Christian message and Mr. Helbert demurred struck by his earnestness but not wishing to upset the routine of work, but gave his consent to the Missionary taking morning Chapel instead of himself. The Missionary stayed the night. He journeyed from place to place relying on hospitality or putting up with its deficiency or loss. Next morning in Chapel he made an earnest appeal in true and simple language. He challenged them to follow the way of Christ, and having delivered his message he went on his way. Later in the morning there came a tap at Mr. Helbert's door from a boy aged eleven who asked if he might speak to Mr. Helbert. The boy had evidently something on his mind but had not the courage to be quite straightforward. He said it was such a pity that the coin was missing from the School Museum and that he and his parents wished to give a coin to take its place. Mr. Helbert, knowing very well what the boy really wished to say, asked him where the coin was. The boy replied that it was at home. Mr. Helbert then said that it was very kind of the parents to wish to give him this coin

and he would at once telephone to thank them while the boy remained in the room. He then walked to the telephone and was giving the number to the operator when the boy ran to him, begged him not to telephone, and then confessed to having stolen the coin but said he had left it at home and now longed to give it back. Need I relate that the boy was forgiven but he had received a lesson concerning the miseries that follow dishonesty that he could never forget.

As years went on we grew to know L.H. very well and I think of him as one of the greatest teachers I have ever known and one with the greatest social gift. If this had been all, the impression of his personality would have faded into the ordinary, and he would have taken his place, in the Gallery of Memory, among the many gifted people we have known. But this was not all. Kept out of sight, but underlying all he did, was his deep and spontaneous Christian faith and sense of God.

"That I may do everything as in my great Taskmaster's sight"; from this sprang his tender conscience and fear to wound, his spiritual insight, his good nature, his pity and his tolerance. "A very feeling gentleman" as a servant of his once said whose wife had died, and who was surprised at the depth of sympathy Mr. Helbert gave him.

• He rose at six o'clock all the year round. Known only to his Maker can be the lonely prayers and strivings that enabled him to master his natural qualities and to give him calm for the day's work, and judgement with his boys, and the sustained effort for their good through the long days, ending as they sometimes did in the early morning. Those who saw his look of fatigue after 9.30 p.m. will have realised how dangerous to physical health were the vast demands he made upon his energy and brain power, but he was so gay, so boyish and so free in his forgetfulness of self, that he was indeed the most joyful of com-

panions and time spent with him was a pleasure to remember. His unrivalled narration of common events, his convincing mimicry and sparkle none can forget. With this light-heartedness and joy in the present, and with the boys and their sayings and doings, there went an underlying sternness and an extraordinary knowledge of what a boy was capable of and ought to be. He had an unerring instinct about such things as how a boy should be trained, what his morals and conduct should be, how to put into the boy courage, endurance, hard work and a simple and workable religion. In such things his touch was certain. He noticed every detail of character and got to work to cure faults and insufficient home training. He knew how to turn out the courteous gentleman. "The Beatitudes," he would say, "make the true gentleman." This was his strength, his unerring knowledge of how to shape a boy into a fine noble manhood. No excuses were allowed; they were humorously torn to shreds by his wit or unmitigatingly condemned in himself first and afterwards in others around him and a high standard of untiring duty expected.

Of his talks with the boys before Confirmation, of his aid to the boys if they fell into trouble at their Public Schools, of his good-bye talks, and his letters to his boys in the trenches, no one but those whom they sustained can express the value. His kindness to boys other than his West Downs boys struck me as rare. A boy in the road playing round our steps, the boys who came up to cricket at West Downs in the holidays, a casual child in trouble, he was instantly there to help. The house boy at West Downs was a very familiar figure to us with his cheerful and reassuring smile as we came up to the front door. He developed heart trouble and lingered some weeks in the Hospital. After the early Celebration at the Hospital, when I went in to see the boy, I found that Mr. Helbert had already been sitting with him

for half an hour before the 7.30 service, thus comforting his dying hours.

Of his talks to the boys in Chapel in Holy Week some will forever retain the impression. He allowed me to go and I can recall the intense reality with which he spoke of Christ's sufferings on the Cross, as if he himself had been at the scene. He attempted no theories of why Christ said, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me." But after a pause of deep feeling he said, "To that question no answer was given."

The intense truth of his nature did not admit of palliatives to the sufferings of Good Friday.

Mothers whose boys were at West Downs in 1907 and onwards will recall with me those delightful days there when Mr. Helbert was in his full vigour, cheerful, ready in wit, and a courteous host, considerate and full of intuitive sympathy for his guests. The high days and holidays the parents will remember as being like nothing else. Shall we recall the Christmas Concert with its programme of music and part songs arranged and conducted by himself? The amusing French plays produced by Madame Calviou who was a consummate artist: the little boy trying to play his piece of music, with the occasional wrong notes, which he would have given anything to avoid for Mr. Helbert's sake, knowing that each was a bad prick to him. The efficiency of the whole performance, drawn forth by the first-rateness and high standard of its leader and alert conductor. How he was capable of restraining his power was shown in many ways, but not least in his conducting, and in his playing of accompaniments in which there was a subordination to the interest of the singers, shown in gentleness of touch and sympathetic helpfulness. His accompaniment was a rebuke for ever to loud self-assured accompanists. It was the artist.

With a certain psychological blindness towards womanhood, he did not understand the deep respect and admiration with which the mothers viewed him. I think what they admired in him was his boy nature, his cheerfulness, his lack of sentimentality, and his care for their most cherished possessions—their sons. Their gratitude showed itself in constant letters and sometimes gifts of thank-offering. Sometimes he mixed up gifts of game, etc., and thanked the wrong mother at Waterloo, and great was his glee in repeating this to us. He loved to score off the too fashionable mother, he could show harshness from lack of sympathy with them. One of these ladies, a really charming woman, said to me in a moment of confidence, "I have had a conversation with L.H. He made me feel a worm but he has promised to take the boy." He was in reality thoroughly good-natured, but his penetrating eye and quick perceptive mind had made her fear his judgement. This lack of sympathy was perhaps caused by the too early death of his own mother. This mother—"a very saintly person"—was too dimly remembered, and he thought of her with deepest reverence. Her photograph always stood on his writing table and he told us that he had just one shadowy remembrance of her face, her glance, perhaps wistful, at her little sons who she was about to leave to the world's mercy. She died beset with anxiety and sorrow, bequeathing the care of the children to her little daughter, who faithfully fulfilled the charge. This sister was very dear to him for her beauty and attraction, for her high breeding, her wit and wisdom and her unceasing faithfulness to him, for, in spite of many friends, he was a lonely soul gathered within himself with deep reserve, outgoing to his boys, but "having a life hid."

Deprived as he was of home ties and of a real home, he tried to make West Downs nice for others during the holidays, giving a party on Christmas Day to

his servants and asking us as neighbours. In the windows stood upright pieces of holly, there was a Christmas tree or other festive doings and he would preside at the Carols, and perhaps give one of his inimitable sketches of old Oxford days, such as Mark Twain's description of Rubenstein's playing. If boys stayed behind to convalesce in the sanatorium, he would buy a Christmas tree and deck it before their eyes, saying that nothing had ever given him such fun as he watched their delight.

For boys who were sick he had, as I have said, a most uncommon tenderness. His calm left him at once if there was an illness in the school and his anxiety was more than paternal. The most skilled doctors and nurses were called in, and once, when a boy had to be watched hour by hour lest an operation for mastoid abscess should become necessary, he sat up with the boy all night persuading the doctor to go without his night's rest also. The boy was saved, though death had hovered near and had seemed imminent.

The incident of his father's serious illness in London has been alluded to in "Memorials of Lionel Helbert," but only those who were his near neighbours can know what that occurrence took out of him. After a long exacting day which had begun at 6 a.m. he would take a train to Town as soon as the boys had gone to bed, and there hasten to the rooms near Victoria where his father lay dangerously ill. He would keep the night watch with him and catch the milk train to Winchester next morning, relying on sleep in the train, but fearful that he should be so overcome with sleep as to fail to get out at Winchester. Then the day's work had to be done and the same train caught to London in the evening. This state of affairs lasted for about a fortnight; he did not heed his irritable nerves and was ready for the inevitable humour that sprang like a light even from these untoward circumstances.

He really enjoyed the little excitement of the strain he was putting on himself regardless of the penalty. He was too wilful to heed remonstrances or pleadings, and also too restless when any work was before him.

But if there were dark days at West Downs caused by illness and anxiety, there were also plenty of gay and merry ones. Which of us parents of West Downs boys can forget the week-end gatherings and the pleasant and inspiring talk from Sir John Simon, the Headmaster of Harrow and Mrs. Ford, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Admiral and Mrs. Hope, Lady Betty Balfour, Lord and Lady Lytton, Sir Robert Morant, Sir Edmund Phipps, Captain and Mrs. Wentworth, Mr. and Mrs. Holland-Martin and many others. Old boys from Winchester, Eton and the other Public Schools added a youthful sparkle to these gatherings and brought out the best of Mr. Helbert. On the day of the Pageant not only boys, but any parents who wished, were invited to join the party and sit with their sons. On Mr. Helbert's birthday, the 13th of June, a selection of parents were invited to go to the New Forest with the whole School and Staff, starting early in the morning and having dinner and tea in the depths of the Forest. A day full of quiet, leisurely hours of sitting about and enjoying the beauty around us.

When Mr. Helbert took the boys who were studying Greek to Oxford for the day, to see the Greek play "The Frogs" in which he had himself acted the principal part when at Oxford, my husband and I were invited to the luncheon at Oriel before the play and afterwards went on to see the performance.

The reading of marks was always a magnificent occasion when Mr. Helbert sat in gown and hood, flanked by his Masters, also in gowns and hoods. Lady Goodrich, whose coming to West Downs was always hailed with delight, gave away the prizes,

and Mr. Helbert seemed to characterise almost every boy in the School.

L.H. was not a cricketer, but he of course shared the Englishman's point of view of the value of games—and the virtue of boxing—especially as a training of the temper. First rate games masters had good material to work with—such boys as the Lionel Fords with their Lyttelton tradition.

He was fond of a game of football with the boys. "*You see Mother,*" said a boy, "*L.H. is not any older than his boys really, or certainly not older than his seniors.*"

His schoolmaster friends were amused at L.H. spending half his summer holiday in learning Swedish drill, by going three days a week to Osborne with the Sergeant to be personally taught in the latest approved method for the growing boy.

He was fearful of having too advanced a type of drill (as for the army) lest the young boy should be injured by what was too strenuous and he thought there was nothing like experiencing Swedish drill in his own person to know.

Sloyd was another of his pet methods of instruction, teaching the exactitude and patience so hard for a boy to acquire.

Mr. Helbert never forgot his friends and a telephone message would come over to West Hayes to say that Mr. Plunket Greene (whose son was at West Downs) would give a song recital or that Lady Waterford and her daughter were giving some violin music accompanied by the piano and Mr. Rose would sing. Would we come over?

Mr. Helbert would ask me to recite selections from "*Enoch Arden,*" or to lecture on General Gordon to a large and impressive audience of boys and their parents. Very occasionally he would act and sing with the Masters, but this rarely happened.

On Guy Fawkes night there was always a bonfire and singing of songs round the field, culminating in

the moment when the "rotter"—the boy who would not work—was thrown into the flames. This was a most satisfying bogey, made by Sergeant and dréssed in old clothes.

But perhaps my clearest memory is of the "bread and water" feast on the summer evening just before my son was leaving West Downs for Winchester. The day had been very warm, and beginning with a luncheon, Mr. Helbert had entertained the parents of as many boys as had been able to come down. There had been mark-reading, tests of swimming in the baths, tea and other festivities, and when the greater part of the company dispersed only the parents of leaving boys were left to enjoy, not a "bread and water" feast, but a goodly supper. I recall the failing light of the summer evening, the tables surrounded by boys and guests, the largely written motto at the end of the Hall reminding us that "Manners makyth Man." There was some wistfulness and regret in the hearts of both parents and boys at their coming departure from West Downs. There were speeches from the leading boys, from Lord Shaftesbury and Sir Robert Morant, which last was of so enthusiastic and flattering a nature in its heart-felt thanks for what Mr. Helbert had done for his boy, and also so eulogistic about the success of the school, that Mr. Helbert rose to his feet, like one at bay, and said how little he deserved such a speech, and that though he could only say it in a company of friends such as those around him, and had never said it in a speech before, how entirely he knew that any success that he had had, had only come to him through the gift of the Giver of all Good. The words were simple; he had a goaded expression as of one who could not accept praise, but the moment was somehow very impressive.

When we all adjourned to the Chapel for the short evening service, I remembered the words of the prayer with which he had started at West Downs, "As with-

out Thee we cannot live, so with Thy help we cannot fail."

Mr. Helbert, so busy in Term, was glad of our company in the holidays when he had more leisure. On one occasion when we were going to the midnight service at St. Thomas's on New Year's Eve, and he had hoped to come with us, he invited us to return to West Downs for a bread and milk supper. It was at such times as these, delightfully simple in themselves, that he would open out and tell us some of his secrets. He told us that when he threw up his work at the House of Commons and took to schoolmastering, many of his best friends thought that he was merely wasting his time, not knowing of the inspiration he had received from his Preparatory schoolmaster. The conviction that this was his true life's work was so strong that when he went to Messrs. Gabbitas and Thring and asked if they had on their books a suitable house in which to begin a Preparatory School near Winchester, they told him they had nothing except a building which was utterly out of the question, which would take more than one hundred boys: he answered in a very humble voice that he thought that "might do."

On a day of exceedingly high wind he and his sister visited the then empty building of the Secondary School called Westfields, afterwards to become celebrated throughout the Empire under the name of West Downs, a name he gave it as it actually stands on the confines of Teg Down, 360 feet above sea-level. It is a charming and favoured spot. There he began his labours with an Oxford friend and two boys, whose parents were his friends and who trusted him. My husband and I did not see the School until 1905 and by this time it was fully on its feet. Mr. Helbert had earned a reputation as a keen educationalist, fully up-to-date, with modern ideas, and much sought after for his personal influence and his capacity for turning out boys fit to

take their place in their Public Schools, especially if that School should be Winchester, which he never failed to honour as the best of Schools.

During the years my son was at West Downs Mr. Helbert was at the zenith of his powers. At Winchester, Eton, Harrow, Sherborne and other Public Schools his work was known and his preparatory training valued. Boys of well-known families were brought to him to be accepted or rejected. He made it a rule never to take a boy until he had visited the parents and seen the boy at home. The north of Scotland, Land's End, the west coast of Ireland were visited, with lightning speed, in the interest of a boy, if he could only see their homes by going thus far. This plan added power and insight to his work and he started with a new boy aware of his background and ready to help forward his best qualities and to seek to eradicate his faults and mistakes. The parents greatly valued this mark of devoted service to their boys. He was in fact an artist with a swift perception and a desire to give all that he had to the art of education. He was never a pedagogue, but always, towards those in his charge, a sympathetic fatherly and boyish friend, capable of great severity when that was required, yet succeeding in making West Downs a thoroughly happy and exciting place. Something was always happening there; the life was never dull and humdrum simply because of Mr. Helbert's vitality and surprisingness.

What my son—and others of his old boys who have taken up education as their profession—owe to the inspiration of their years at West Downs can never be measured.

He used, at my husband's request, to inspect West Hayes once a Term and he continued to do this after it became a Preparatory School for the Public Schools. The boys always tried to do their best on these occasions. Here is one of his reports after inspection.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. RANNIE,

I wish my visit could have been a longer one but I was with the boys long enough to feel that there had been a forward movement all along the line since we last met.

The Latin is more advanced, and the boys seem to be getting an idea of parsing and translating their inflections.

The German poetry was very well said, and they seem to be growing familiar with the sounds, if not all the meanings, of German words. All the boys entered with gusto into the French recitation. I did not see much of the Arithmetic. The teaching is keen and good, and at least one of the boys is considerably above the average.

The English maintains the reputation of West Hayes for that subject. The reading is very distinctly improved; the text-book of English Literature is a most useful as well as a most delightful one; and the recitations, "Young Lochinvar," "The Method," and "Mr. Nobody," all bore witness to first-rate training.

The Examination papers were neatly done, and the standard of handwriting is higher than it was a year ago. Hubert Rankin, by the way, is amply repaying the care bestowed upon his writing; his examination here has been particularly neat and well written.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) LIONEL HELBERT.

P.S. I send these general impressions for what they are worth, in case I may not be able to get over again this Term. L.H.

Extracts of a speech made at Prize-giving at West Hayes. Mr. Helbert said:—

"It is my privilege to come in to West Hayes once a Term to examine the work done, and I must congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Rannie on the work here that I have seen and heard. My visit is often hurried, yet I carry away some very distinct impressions. I must congratulate you all on the teaching of the reading here and the progress in it,

and also on the educational work generally, and especially on the way you boys are taught to enunciate your own language, and to speak out. I wish I could get our boys to do it as well.

A boy at home, taught by a governess or tutor, soon finds out that he is himself the centre of everything at home ; but if he is working here with other boys he learns something about other people, and above all he is taught in class to attend.

I have been much delighted by the Greek play you boys have just acted. You have in this, as in so many other pleasures and opportunities which you get here, to remember all those who arrange these things for you. This routine of work and pleasure does not come by chance, but means great trouble for some one, working early and late to get you these advantages.

And now, boys, you have learnt here what is good and worth knowing and holding, haven't you ? Well then, I say Stick to it ! when you leave this place, wherever you are going, don't be laughed out of it. Stick to it yourselves and so show your gratitude to West Hayes."

In the Easter holidays of 1909 Mr. Helbert came to us in the Isle of Wight. He thoroughly enjoyed excursions in the Island, always accompanied by a book of Latin Prose, for he was coaching Alan for Winchester.

I remember our going to the three hours' service with him at the Parish Church, Freshwater ; a very beautiful and peaceful occasion. On Easter morning he brought chocolate gifts to Alan with a Latin verse :—

Salve feste dies ! semper valeatis amici,
Piscis Aprilis inest : ne nimis Alan edas.

Hail festal day ! my friends may you always flourish,
There is an April fish inside ; don't eat too much Alan.

The coaching was carried on for some hours every

morning, relieved by occasional comic verses such as this concerning his youthful amanuensis at this time.

The moon her light doth shed.
Where is that rascal Ted ?
Where is his wandering head ?
My letters are misled,
Where is that rascal Ted ?

Sometimes his wit ran into such a succession of amusing little jokes almost whispered to himself, so that one had to be on the alert to follow him and miss none of the fun. He was extraordinarily free and merry on a holiday. His grudge against the Term's hard work was that it killed the joyous fun and humour to be perceived in daily life. Boys were always attached to him and an amusing illustration of this occurred when he was visiting us in the Isle of Wight. We were singing round the piano and I had in my arms the baby boy of the lodgings, so stout and big that we called him "Julius Caesar Pompey Green." As we ceased singing the baby leaned over from my arms, stared at Mr. Helbert and then suddenly planted a kiss on his cheek. I said "He is asking to come to West Downs some day." He pretended to be very wrathful, but before leaving a nice box of sweets was sent to me "for Julius Caesar Pompey Green."

On a certain wintry Saturday afternoon, when Mr. Helbert had shut himself up in his small bedroom to be free from molestation in order to prepare his Advent address, he issued the strictest orders, as always, that no one should come near him. This Advent eve, the day of Confirmation at Winchester, was the one Saturday on which Mr. Helbert never entertained. Shortly before tea-time H.R.H. The Duke of York and a Naval friend arrived, asking to see Mr. Helbert and the School. Sister (Miss Drought) went to the Drawing Room to receive them and sent a message to ask Mr. Helbert to come down

but he replied that he could not do so. However, Sister Drought, being a lady of great loyalty and with a charming Irish gift of persuasion, decided to personally storm the fortress, knocking at Mr. Helbert's door and telling him that she was not going to undertake the responsibility of a son of the King arriving at West Downs and not being properly entertained by its Master. Miss Drought was of course right and she carried the day and deprived Mr. Helbert of nearly an hour of his much cherished time of preparation for his yearly address, about which he was always diffident and anxiously responsible, but perhaps the breezy talk with so gallant a sailor and gentleman was able to add something to the Advent address next morning.

His breakdown came swiftly, as many had foretold it would. His friends had watched with dismay the pitiful spectacle of his self-destruction, the ignoring of headaches and nature's warnings, and had seen at times a wistful appeal in his expression as of one longing to be delivered from this self-made prison of incessant toil.

In 1914 he had foreseen that war was coming and had tried to prepare his boys for it. Nevertheless the proclamation of War, the retreat from Mons, and the uncertain victories at sea, shocked and affected him more deeply than the average unreflecting man. Many West Downs boys were serving in the Army and in the Navy and the rapidity of their deaths brought the shaft of sorrow home, with regrets that he himself might not go and serve. All he could do, he did generously, namely to give up one Master after another until the Staff had dwindled to almost nothing and he was prepared to shoulder the whole burden of the School himself. He felt that he must prepare the younger generation to go out and serve as soon as they were old enough. He therefore took up Scouting with great enthusiasm, and for the first time in their lives West Downs boys were seen in

pairs going into the town on Scout duties, and once even to London on a message to the War Office, and their manhood and independence being brought out in various ways. Mr. Helbert was soon asked to be District Commissioner. He was connected with St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and the Central Committee in London. The Chief Scout soon recognised his quality, and came down to Winchester to inspect the West Downs and West Hayes Troops.

At this time General Smith-Dorrien's sons were at West Downs, and their father, from the Western Front, wrote them full and vivid letters of his experiences, and these were allowed by the General to be read at the Pow-wows, to which we were often invited. It was a wonderful sight to see the boys sitting about in their Scout kit in all attitudes of ease, after a hard day's work, listening to General Smith-Dorrien's letters, which had a first-hand touch, quite apart from anything one could read in the newspapers.

During this time of stress Mr. Helbert had a great fight against what he called "Pessy." He was cruelly overworked and was losing his Masters one by one. In the Chapel services I heard him use for the first time the prayer which has since become so familiar :—

Teach us, Good Lord, to serve Thee more faithfully : to
• give and not to count the cost ; to fight and not to heed the
wounds ; to toil and not to seek for rest ; to labour and
not to ask for any reward save that of knowing that we
try to do Thy Will.

He had put up outside the Chapel, printed in large letters

KEEP ON HOPIN'.

Keep on lookin' for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hopin' that the sun will rise,
Keep on singin' when the whole world sighs,
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

Keep on sowin' when you've missed the crops,
Keep on dancin' when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,
And you'll get there in the mornin'.

The boys sang this at the Wednesday singing class and at their Autumn Concert.

When owing to the inclemency of the weather during that terrible autumn and winter of 1915 the troops and horses were ordered at a few hours' notice to quit the soaking camp at Hursley and to find quarters where they could in Winchester, West Downs was seized upon and requisitioned in Mr. Helbert's absence in the Christmas holidays. He returned to find the Welch Fusiliers sleeping in every room and even in the corridors and passages and their heavy Army baggage all over the fine parquet floor of his new Shakespeare room. He of course took the invasion in high good humour, welcoming it as an opportunity of service and making the Welsh officers as much at home as possible. We shared with him in a small measure the burden of their hospitality, if burden it could be called when it was such an honour to minister to those men who were so grateful for small kindnesses, and of whom so many did not return after they left us for the Front. At this time Colonel du Maurier came to see us. He had just returned from the Cape in order to take his regiment to the Western Front, and he was the author of the play "An Englishman's Home" which had sounded such a valuable warning of the coming war some years before. He was a brother of Sir Gerald du Maurier and we had known them when boys at Hampstead in our youth. Colonel du Maurier narrated how he had only just returned in time to be at the death bed of his mother, the beautiful lady of du Maurier's pictures in *Punch* at the end of last century. He did not long survive his mother and was killed in France soon after leaving Winchester.

As the strenuousness of the war progressed, with all its horrible details, Mr. Helbert decided to sit up through Friday nights to write to his old boys in the trenches and those serving in the Navy. This he did regularly without complaint. One winter night at 4.30 a.m. a policeman arrived at his study window angrily calling attention to the fact that a light was burning and apprehending that a burglar had entered the house. Mr. Helbert answered the constable penitently, "It is only me," when he was left unmolested to finish his pile of nocturnal letters.

My husband and I were just leaving Winchester on a brief holiday when we heard that Mr. Helbert had been taken ill, that he had been moved to the Nursing Home and that Lady Goodrich had come. We delayed our going in case we could be of use.

His brother told us that he had found himself misspelling well-known words and substituting wrong words in his letters. The long strain had brought its inevitable consequence and Sir Thomas Horder ordered complete rest. For many months after that his trusted Masters and friends Mr. Hayward, and afterwards, Mr. Brymer, carried on at West Downs.

Mr. Helbert spent some months with his friends Captain and Mrs. Wentworth at their home, Blackheath, Norfolk. The family life at the quiet country place and the affectionate solicitude of his friends helped him to recover. He appeared from time to time at West Downs at a Christmas party or at some other occasion, but generally felt that the strain of coming back was so great that he preferred to keep away and to know all that was happening through letters.

Sir Thomas Horder recommended a sea voyage and through the influence of Mr. Helbert's brother-in-law, Sir James Goodrich, it was arranged that he and Sir Thomas Horder (who would not leave him) should go on a cruise on Captain Henley's man-of-war, *Emperor of India*, which was leaving for southern

waters on active service. It was thought that no personal danger was involved in this experiment and that the novelty and the entire change of scene might do much to restore health. He returned, after some exciting experiences off the coast of Turkey, supposed to be convalescent, but as soon as he took up the Term's work the strain immediately told.

During this last summer of his life an extraordinary gentleness was added to his intercourse with his friends. At the Doctor's advice he took up his abode at Melbury after Term but the quiet of the place did not suit him, and he fought the fiend of melancholy by extra kindness to those around him.

He proposed to come over to supper on a certain Saturday night in August. When the time came he was not up to it but asked to come over on the Sunday afternoon. He was to bring over a paper concerning Bryan Kay's entrance to West Downs. I spoke to him of the time when Bryan would enter the School, and all at once I heard him saying that he would not be there when that time came. It was a great shock which made one feel dumb, but prepared us for what was so swiftly to come to pass. We were sorry to go away again so soon, and Melbury transformed itself in imagination into a sort of melancholy prison of Mr. Helbert's naturally gay spirit. Even the quacking of the ducks at Melbury seemed to make an ominous sound, so that my husband and I were relieved when we heard that he was going to join his closest friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nowell Smith, in the West. However he returned apparently in good heart for Term and was soon at work as usual preparing time-tables with his faithful and efficient secretary, Mr. Edward Russell, who said to us, before leaving Winchester, "Mr. Helbert is all right now, but how will it be when the strain of Term begins?" Mr. Rose and Mr. Brymer were doing all they knew to shield him, but in vain.

He promised to come over to give a lecture to our

boys describing his wonderful tour on the battleship in the Mediterranean and in Turkish waters. This engagement he fulfilled before the middle of October, all our boys delighting in his coming and ready to laugh at all his jokes. He stood under the Minstrel's Gallery in the then Music Room, but shortly asked my husband if he might sit down to give his lecture, and it was evident that he was unfit to stand. He said to the boys, "You see it is nearly my bedtime—not *your* bedtime, of course." This joke greatly appealed to the boys and they laughed merrily. He recounted in a manner that was vivid and telling the incidents of the voyage, the wonders of the battleship and his talks with the sailor boys on board. The ship advanced up the Dardanelles and lay off Constantinople and permission was occasionally given to land and do some necessary shopping. After being cooped up in a ship for so long, it was a great relief, he said, to get on shore and he did so on as many occasions as possible. Once when in a narrow, steep street of Constantinople doing some shopping, the sound of bombardment was heard, the ships in the harbour answering one another. He said that whenever there was trouble the inhabitants of Constantinople immediately shut all their shops. In a moment railings were dragged forward and locks were fastened. Mr. Helbert found himself just able to squeeze behind one of these barricades when he saw a poor old woman, frightened almost to death, standing outside the cage and unable to get in. He was able first to get out and then push the old woman into a safe place, when the cage was shut and he was left standing in the street. Mr. Helbert added, "I suppose you boys think that I felt brave at that moment, and glad of my chance, but I can tell you that I have never been in such a blue funk in my life as when I heard the guns from the harbour and was deprived of my shelter. What do you think the row was all about? An Admiral's ship had come into port and

all the warships in the harbour had fired a salute. The inhabitants of Constantinople immediately concluded that the English ships had started a bombardment and in panic they shut all their shops and were ready to fight any Englishman they happened to meet. However, the mistake was soon corrected, peace restored, shops opened again, and we, with our scattered party, returned to our ship in safety." Mr. Helbert said that on another occasion they did come in for a real bombardment though at very long range. At another part of the Turkish coast (and it must be remembered that we had not yet signed any peace with Turkey) the Naval guns were turned on the ship and a few stray shots came rather near. The Admiral immediately ordered a bombardment. Sir Thomas Horder and Mr. Helbert would fain have remained on deck to see something exciting but they were promptly ordered below and the bombardment lasted for some hours. The ship was too far away for the crew to know the result, but Mr. Helbert described the sensation as being one which induced extreme fatigue, lasting for many hours, on the part of all who heard it.

My husband was grieved that Mr. Helbert had evidently taken much out of himself by the exertion of this lecture. He offered to go back to West Downs with him, carrying the things he had brought over, but this was declined and my husband did not see him again.

On the last Sunday, before he left West Downs for the last time I went over, as was my usual custom, to evening service. We heard that one of his old boys, Crossley, was seriously ill, and this seemed to strangely affect Mr. Helbert. He came in late and seemed hardly to be able to raise himself from his knees after the opening prayers. When during the last prayers Mr. Helbert prayed for Crossley's recovery, most pathetically he appeared to be also

praying for himself that he might endure and carry through.

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work done. Then, Lord, in Thy mercy, grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

He seemed to rise with difficulty and to look round tenderly at everything and everybody. As I passed the study door on my way out I saw him standing there and he appeared to beckon me in, but seeing him so exhausted I adhered to my rule of never speaking to him on Sunday night after his strenuous day with its unremitting duties. I did not then know that he had made up his mind to leave West Downs next day. "It is not fair of me to remain," he said to those around him. He left next morning and consulted his doctor in London on his way to Norfolk. The night nurse was with him as he was unfit to travel alone. He had a wish to get back to his friends, the Wentworths, and their quiet home at Blackheath, Saxmundham. When he arrived there in the evening Mrs. Wentworth was away but Captain Wentworth made him as welcome as possible, but he did not know that the Doctor had warned him never to get up early in the morning and to rest at least till mid-day. This rule Mr. Helbert ignored, fearing to trouble the household. He would come down to breakfast like any other member of the family and then go out and lie all day in the heather, having, as his friends said "A hunted expression," and he seemed to be wistfully facing with himself what was coming. He was now homeless, having decided not to return to his beloved West Downs. Captain Wentworth was perplexed, not knowing how to help him except by saying, again and again, how very welcome he was in their home. When Mrs.

Wentworth returned she insisted on his lying in bed, but the strain had been too great. They saw that life was ebbing and telegraphed to Lady Goodrich. She arrived just as he was lapsing into unconsciousness, he had just time to grasp the hand she put into his and say "You here—this is heavenly" and in a few moments he was gone.

At the time of his passing my husband and I were awake before dawn on the November morning and the morning star was shining into our room. I walked to the window to look at the pure beauty of the planet Venus and said to my husband "There is something holy and something strange about this morning." That impression passed away, but somehow we were not surprised when Madame Calviou came over from West Downs at 11 a.m. and told us that they had heard by telegram that Mr. Helbert had died that morning. To us it was hardly a shock; we had been prepared by his words and we found much to be thankful for that he had not been called upon to suffer more.

The funeral was at Woking on the following Friday. Old friends, old masters and old boys were assembled in the cemetery Chapel, where masses of wreaths were banked around his coffin. For a moment as we saw that sight it seemed cruel that he should die at 49, and the same thought came back to us at the grave, where Lady Goodrich whispered to me after the service "He is not here." My son had come from New College, Oxford, in company with many other Old West Downs boys, to be present at that service. His brother Basil said to my son, "Don't sorrow for *him*, it is all right for him; his head has always been among the stars."

I append a letter written by a Public Schoolboy who had only known him on his visits to West Hayes

in the boy's schooldays here. It conveys an impression of his influence, even over those with whom he had slight acquaintance.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL,
BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

November 24th, 1919.

MY DEAR MR. RANNIE,

I have only just heard to-day from Fitzmaurice about the death of Mr. Helbert. I am so glad to have been able to read the account which you sent to Fitzmaurice. Although I was only privileged to meet Mr. Helbert a few times, his death came to me as a shock and has cast a great sorrow. It is my regret that I was not old enough to appreciate what a great man he really was. I never realised what his intimate friends were fortunate to realise, the great Christian gentleman they had among them. I remember so well his scholarly head, his beautiful voice reading the lesson in St. Thomas's Church, his wonderful eyes that told what his fellow man was worth. The last time that I remember seeing him was in the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral on a very memorable day of my life.

The reason, I think, why I knew so little about his striking qualities was because of his wonderful humility. He was a saint of simplicity. One of the truest things said about him is the gift he had of looking at the best side of men. The comments on him made by his old boys in their unconscious moments are worthy of his love for them.

Permit me to offer Mrs. Rannie and you my sympathy, it is the snapping of a link, a golden link with you and all West Hayes. The consolation is in the undying memory which he has left to the world. His life is an open page in an open book. As he stood for all that was brightest and best in life, so much the more are his friends able to carry on the good work.

Yours affectionately,

RUTHVEN FORBES.

From an O.W.D. who knew him very intimately :

“ No single O.W.D. could write of what L.H. meant to all of those who passed through his hands, so much did he mean to each. For he had such sympathy that, of all the boys with their differing personalities whom he taught, hardly one, I am sure, has been unable to regard him as a friend from the moment of their first meeting.

Memories of him as a Head Master are radiant with his jolly sympathy, his twinkling humour, and his very boyishness. His fun, which bridged the gulf of age so happily, and melted quickly one's first shyness, was never confined to a Master's sing-song. With the call of “ Grapes ! ” instead of “ Grace ! ” he sometimes silenced the buzz of conversation before breakfast on April Fool's Day, and at many an unexpected moment he would sparkle with a joke or prank, so that no barrier or reserve could long stand between him and the hearts he successfully set himself to capture.

And so, when he came to strike a deeper note, he was able to speak without our feeling that he was preaching from an eminence : but as if he was one with us in the experience of sternness in life, which was not easy to be met with light-hearted children, tumbling constantly into pitfalls unaware. He always had a smile ready for the disappointed, and he wove the silver thread of his humour into every pattern.

Like an elder brother he would stretch out a helping hand to us in difficulties, with a fire in his eyes which kindled enthusiasm, and with a tender severity in his voice which breathed into others the infection of his own superb courage. Thus it was easy to trust him and respond to his leadership.

When the little vessels which he provided with chart and compass left the sheltered waters of West Downs for the stormier seas of Public School or University, and those beyond, they carried with them,

therefore, a firm confidence in their first pilot who, for his part, never lost touch with them, although some sailed far away.

During the War especially, his letters and the Hesperid Supplements for which he used to give up many a night's rest were eagerly expected by those in the trenches and in the ships. There was no swifter cure of the "Pessy" as he called them. And always an old boy knew that whenever he chose to go down to the School, he would be welcome and would be able to sink down again into the red leather chair, while L.H. stood in front of the fireplace, one hand in his coat pocket and the other hanging down a little behind him and with his shoulders back. (How often he used to press back those shoulders, as if he was constantly bracing himself to further alertness). He would turn his eyes upon you like swords, clean and sharp, but yet very tenderly, which seemed to pierce you through and through, and to cut away any rubbish which could block up the channel of sympathy along which he hoped, and rarely in vain, would flow the tale of adventures encountered, of victories and defeats, of wounds perhaps, received in the midst of battle, of hopes of further discoveries and conquests.

And if there was any cheering word needed he would be sure to utter it, any steadying advice to give it, or any other help to render it, swiftly and ungrudgingly. It was always a relief to escape for a moment from the whirlpool of conflicting opinions and oppressive events, and to enjoy a breathing space upon the rock of his faith and courage. Few men, surely, have more fully enjoyed "the royalty of inward happiness and the serenity which comes of living close to God." Fewer still can have been such glorious diffusers of life to others as was L.H. to his loving and beloved West Downs."

I cannot leave the story of West Downs without

speaking of some of the wonderful people there, who were Mr. Helbert's helpers. He had a great gift of winning service from others which was ungrudgingly given in response to his courage, enthusiasm and devotion to his work. Of these Mr. Walter Kirby, the cricketer, courteous, gentle, and unselfish, was his right hand, helped by his friends Mr. Hayward, Mr. Wilfred Brymer, Mr. Rose and other devoted Masters. But what could he have done without the ladies of his household, who bore the brunt of the incessant demands of the School so magnificently? Of these Miss Dix, Miss Helena Drought and Miss Hills deserve the highest praise. Miss Florence Dix, guileless and single-minded, gave the best of her years and her whole physical strength to the School, acting with rare tact and discretion and carrying on with unflinching courage to within a few months of her death. Miss Hills went to West Downs in her early youth on the recommendation of Lady Goodrich, who perceived in her an uncommon gift of disciplining boys and of teaching. She entered with perseverance and ready adaptability into all Mr. Helbert's new methods of teaching and of guiding the youngest boys.

In seeing over the School, one of Mr. Helbert's greatest pleasures was to show Miss Hills's Schoolroom, and the cheerful youngsters around her. It contained some fine models from India and elsewhere, which gave a toyroom effect, as well as that of an educational workshop of the highest order and discipline. Miss Hills would tell the Bible stories in her own words, until the boys were old enough to understand the same story read from the Bible by Mr. Helbert at Morning Chapel, and no little homesick boy could long remain miserable with so kind and perceptive a guide. In proof of Miss Hills's gifts as a teacher I must add that she is still at West Downs carrying out those same principles with which the School began.

Mr. Helbert at his death left the School to his sister, Lady Goodrich. Some Schoolmasters of fashion made a bid for it, but Lady Goodrich, feeling the School to be a most sacred charge, took the advice of Mr. Nowell Smith, and asked Mr. Tindall, an old Wykehamist and a Housemaster at Sherborne School, to come to Winchester, and undertake the Headmastership. Mr. Tindall had wished to have the School, but did not press his claim; therefore, when he was heartily invited, he accepted the responsibility gladly. He and Mrs. Tindall have carried on the work for more than ten years with happiness and success on lines of their own individuality.

Founders Day is observed on a Saturday near to June 13th, Mr. Helbert's birthday; this day is marked by a cricket match with the Old West Downs boys, a Society formed immediately after Mr. Helbert's death.

Advent Sunday is reverently kept by Mr. Tindall in the old way, and November 7th, the day of Mr. Helbert's death, is marked by an early celebration in the Chapel, which is attended by Lady Goodrich, and many old friends and old boys. When kneeling at the Altar, so near to his last written message, in the place which he strove to make beautiful through Art, as well as through prayer, Maeterlinck's words come to the hearts of the worshippers—

“There is no death.”

* * * *

My son thus describes his Headmaster :—

There is general agreement amongst those who came into contact with Lionel Helbert that he was a remarkable man. In the majority of cases they would probably pay him the tribute of being the most remarkable man whom they had ever met.

He was highly gifted in many directions. He was

extremely musical and could accompany with an unusual amount of sympathy. He was an excellent mimic and actor, and he partook in no small degree of that "universal mind" which is attributed to Shakespeare. He had also the indefinable quality known as personal magnetism, and he was born to command. He was quick, alert, sensitive, and had a great gift of humour.

But these characteristics, which are often found in showy but unsubstantial persons, were associated in him with other qualities of a different type. He possessed a manliness and courage which caused him to "live dangerously," and to be an inspiration and an acceptable leader to many men and boys, who would not have been attracted by his purely intellectual gifts. He had an excellent tact and judgement which ensured a high standard and the seeds of success in all his undertakings. And though he had plenty of self-confidence, there was a humility about him, as genuine as it was attractive, which was based upon religion and which lay at the very roots of his character.

He was intensely serious of purpose, and there was an austerity in his nature which contrasted strangely with his nimble wit. Such occasions as "Revision," when he took each class and put it through its paces, or his Advent address to the boys alone in Chapel, were extraordinarily impressive. Nor do I think that their effect would have been lessened if he had been dealing with grown men instead of boys. Other very solemn events were the formal "challenges" of one boy by another which resulted in a secret boxing encounter, and the reading of Marks at the end of the Term. In all this Helbert made much use of symbolism, and also of Wykehamical customs and names; he was the most loyal of old Wykehamists. He was exceedingly severe to any boy who showed a tendency to shirk things, and he had a great belief in the efficacy of cold baths, the high dive and other small

tests of physical courage. He had the seriousness of an Arnold, but what might with others have seemed tedious or exaggerated, was with him relieved not only by his intense sincerity, but by his flashes of wit, and by an element of unexpectedness in all that he did.

His movements and his probable course of action were alike incalculable. Enough has already been heard of the way in which he overstrained his physical powers to a degree which caused his premature death. But while his strength lasted, his complete disregard of personal comfort, of regular meals, of the ordinary standard of sleep or leisure, lent a peculiar magic to his personality. He was liable to appear at any moment in any place and he almost seemed to acquire the power of being in two places at once. He was also full of original suggestions, as when on a pouring wet night in February, when work in the class which he was taking was not going particularly well, he suddenly announced that we would go for a run. We all changed, including Helbert of course, and covered about two miles of country, returning wet through, but, after hot baths, none the worse for our unconventional lesson. He was an inspiring teacher of Greek and Latin, enlivening the dulllest pages by constant puns or other jokes, but also full of severity when the need arose. Occasionally he would call for extra efforts, and once he appeared to be treating his Greek class intolerably, filling up all their spare time with extra work. But at the end we were told that he was going to take us all to Oxford to see a performance of "The Frogs"—a play in which he had himself played the chief part whilst in the O.U.D.S. On another occasion he suddenly announced a whole holiday simply on the ground that it was the first really fine day of Spring. But these "alarums and excursions" did not really interfere with the smooth working of the School, which was a model of good organisation, and followed in the main a well ordered routine.

A good example of his humility is furnished by his attitude to the War. Instead of being daunted, he rose magnificently to its opportunities, whether he was called on to surrender his masters one by one to their country's service, or to hand over West Downs in the Christmas holidays, for use as a Divisional Hospital. And he set himself to learn all that he could, from every soldier that he came across, looking up to all his old boys who were serving in the Army, not only as heroes but as instructors. It was in the same spirit that he threw himself heart and soul into Scouting, and quickly became one of the Chief Scout's most trusted advisers. At the same time he felt the tragic side of the War to the full, and the deaths in action of so many O.W.D.s undoubtedly contributed to the strain which killed him.

It is unnecessary to speak here of the brilliant military record of so many products of West Downs, both Masters and boys, but a word must be said about Walter Kirby, who died shortly after the War, and largely as the result of it. He was Helbert's second in command for many years before the War and acting Headmaster in his absence in the early part of 1919. He was a singularly perfect example of an English gentleman, brave, loyal and unselfish in an exceptional degree. Without the natural optimism and enthusiasm of Helbert, he carried a heavy share of the burden of West Downs, and the high standard which he set was one of the most important elements in the success of the School. He made no bid for popularity but he won, from most of us, an admiration which increased rather than diminished as time went on.

Helbert himself had an unfailing fund of enthusiasm and apparently never became disillusioned. He was always ready to experiment, and saw unlimited possibilities in any new idea which he thought worthy of adoption. His extraordinary personal interest in each boy, and his sense of the potentialities of each

one have often been described. His boys and his Masters were naturally of different types, but it is difficult to meet one who was not deeply impressed by him, and full of admiration for his character, even though his understanding of the individual may sometimes have been imperfect. It is indeed, possible that he over-rated the motives and sensibilities of some of his boys, but it is impossible not to believe that he enlarged the vision, and raised the moral temperature, of them all.

Apart from the fact that he was a gifted man of intense vitality who would certainly have made his mark in any walk of life, the true secret of Helbert's remarkable influence was, by common consent, his complete devotion to Him whom he regarded as his Master. There was undoubtedly that in him which helped one to understand the power which Christ exercised over His disciples. Religion, intense and real, was the mainspring of his life. I can remember very little of what he said to us in his Divinity lessons, but I think I shall always remember his reading at an ordinary week-day Chapel, the end of the XI. Chapter of St. Matthew, beginning "I thank thee O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth," and continuing with "Come unto Me, all ye that labour." And I feel that this one memory is sufficient to compensate for a great deal that I have forgotten.

His early death is usually regretted ; for myself, I am inclined to doubt if I would have had it otherwise. I have an idea that life can only be lived so intensely for a comparatively short space of years. And I also think that he belonged essentially to the era which culminated at once so splendidly and so disastrously, in the War. Essentially dynamic and modern as he was, he would not have failed to adapt himself to a new, and in some ways less attractive, order of things, but I imagine that the second part of his career must to some extent have lessened his

boundless enthusiasm and thus dimmed a little, the lustre of what we remember.

And so, like Socrates, Helbert is for very many "the justest and wisest and best" of the men that they have known. And to some of us at any rate, he appears to be numbered amongst the saints.